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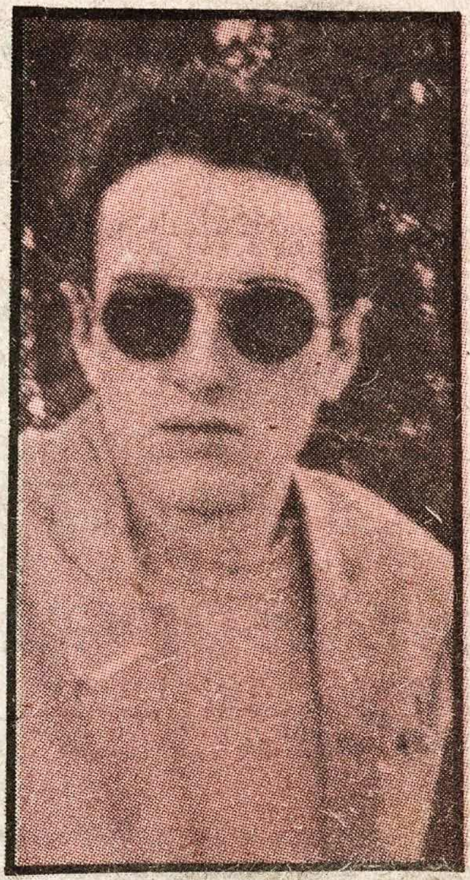
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

JOE STRUMMER

ACE CUB REPORTER

On Assignment With The Clash USA

Pages 19-20



GRAHAM PARKER looks to the future/Pic: BRIAN GRIFFIN

GRAHAM PARKER

SHIVER YOUR SPINE WITH THE GEEP TREATMENT

pages 34-35

Leyton Buzzards
Saturday Night Beneath The Plastic Palm Trees
CHS 2288
THE FIRST SINGLE FROM THE WINNERS OF THE SUN NEWSPAPER & RADIO ONE BAND OF HOPE & GLORY CONTEST
Chrysalis

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French rock'n'roll translates
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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending March 5, 1974

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
2	1	JEALOUS MIND	Alvin Stardust (Magnet)
1	2	DEVIL GATE DRIVE	Suzi Quatro (Rak)
5	3	THE AIR THAT I BREATHE	Hollies (Polydor)
4	4	WOMBLING SONG	The Wombles (CBS)
7	5	YOU'RE SIXTEEN	Ringo Starr (Apple)
10	6	REMEMBER SHA-LA-LA-LA	Bay City Rollers (Bell)
3	7	REBEL REBEL	David Bowie (RCA)
13	8	THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL	Charlie Rich (CBS)
23	9	BILLY DON'T BE A HERO	Paper Lace (Bus Stop)
18	10	JET	Paul McCartney & Wings (Apple)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending March 5, 1969

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
1	1	WHERE DO YOU GO TO	Peter Sarstedt (United Artists)
2	2	HALF AS NICE	Amen Corner (Immediate)
3	3	I'M GONNA MAKE YOU LOVE ME	Diana Ross & the Supremes & the Temptations (Tamla Motown)
8	4	THE WAY IT USED TO BE	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
16	5	SURROUND YOURSELF WITH SORROW	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
6	6	PLEASE DON'T GO	Donald Peers (Columbia)
10	7	WICHITA LINEMAN	Glen Campbell (Ember)
4	8	DANCING IN THE STREET	Martha & the Vandellas (Tamla Motown)
11	9	I PICK A ROSE OF MY ROSE	Marv Johnson (Tamla Motown)
18	9	I HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE	Marvin Gaye (Tamla Motown)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 6, 1964

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
1	1	ANYONE WHO HAD A HEART	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
3	2	BITS AND PIECES	Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
2	3	DIANE	Bachelors (Decca)
5	4	I THINK OF YOU	Merseybeats (Fontana)
4	5	NEEDLES AND PINS	Searchers (Pye)
10	5	NOT FADE AWAY	Rolling Stones (Decca)
27	7	LITTLE CHILDREN	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
6	8	I'M THE ONE	Gerry and The Pacemakers (Columbia)
8	9	CANDY MAN	Brian Poole & the Tremeloes (Decca)
16	10	BOYS CRY	Eden Kane (Fontana)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending March 3, 1979

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	HEART OF GLASS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	6	1
2	(3)	TRAGEDY	Bee Gees (RSO)	2	2
3	(2)	CHIQUITITA	Abba (Epic)	4	1
4	(8)	OLIVER'S ARMY	Elvis Costello (Radar)	3	4
5	(13)	I WILL SURVIVE	Gloria Gaynor (Polydor)	4	5
6	(5)	WOMAN IN LOVE	Three Degrees (Ariola)	6	3
7	(6)	I WAS MADE FOR DANCIN'	Leif Garrett (Atlantic)	5	6
8	(4)	CONTACT	Edwin Starr (20th Century)	4	4
9	(16)	GET DOWN	Gene Chandler (20th Century)	4	16
10	(14)	AIN'T LOVE A BITCH	Rod Stewart (Riva)	4	10
11	(—)	CAN YOU FEEL THE FORCE	Real Thing (Pye)	1	11
12	(7)	DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA	Shadows (EMI)	6	4
13	(9)	MILK AND ALCOHOL	Dr Feelgood (United Artists)	5	8
14	(—)	LUCKY NUMBER	Lene Lovich (Stiff)	1	14
15	(17)	SOUND OF THE SUBURBS	Members (Virgin)	3	15
16	(15)	TAKE ON THE WORLD	Judas Priest (CBS)	3	15
17	(10)	KING ROCKER	Generation X (Chrysalis)	5	10
18	(—)	INTO THE VALLEY	Skids (Virgin)	1	18
19	(20)	GET IT	Darts (Magnet)	2	19
20	(27)	SHAKE YOUR GROOVE THING	Peaches & Herb (Polydor)	3	20
21	(—)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic)	2	21
22	(—)	HEAVEN KNOWS	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	1	22
23	(30)	YOU BET YOUR LOVE	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	3	23
24	(—)	I WANT YOUR LOVE	Chic (Atlantic)	1	24
25	(23)	COOL MEDITATION	Third World (Island)	7	14
26	(—)	KEEP ON DANCIN'	Gary's Gang (CBS)	1	26
27	(11)	HIT ME WITH YOUR RHYTHM STICK	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	11	1
28	(12)	MY LIFE	Billy Joel (CBS)	10	10
29	(—)	STOP YOUR SOBBING	Pretenders (Real)	1	29
30	(—)	WEEKEND	Mick Jackson (Atlantic)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

EVERYTHING IS GREAT — Inner Circle (Island); CLOG DANCE — Violinski (Jet); I WANT YOUR LOVE — Chic (Atlantic); MAY THE SUN SHINE Nazareth (Mountain).

ALBUMS

Week ending March 3, 1979

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	PARALLEL LINES	Blondie (Chrysalis)	20	1
2	(4)	ARMED FORCES	Elvis Costello (Radar)	7	2
3	(2)	SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN	Bee Gees (RSO)	4	2
4	(3)	ACTION REPLAY	Various (K-Tel)	7	2
5	(14)	BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN	Rod Stewart (Riva)	13	2
6	(9)	MARTY ROBBINS COLLECTION	Marty Robbins (Lotus)	3	6
7	(12)	THANK YOU VERY MUCH	Cliff Richard & The Shadows (EMI)	2	7
8	(6)	DON'T WALK, BOOGIE	Various (EMI)	9	1
9	(8)	STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT	UFO (Chrysalis)	3	8
10	(19)	NEIL DIAMOND'S 20 GOLDEN GREATS	Neil Diamond (MCA)	15	1
11	(20)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS	Boney M (Ariola Hansa)	31	1
12	(5)	THE BEST OF EARTH WIND AND FIRE VOL 1	(CBS)	8	5
13	(10)	EQUINOXE	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	10	6
14	(18)	A SINGLE MAN	Elton John (Rocket)	17	5
15	(7)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	41	5
16	(17)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	60	3
17	(11)	WINGS GREATEST	Wings (Parlophone)	10	3
17	(26)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic)	25	6
19	(13)	TRES CHIC	Chic (Atlantic)	4	13
20	(27)	GREASE	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	33	1
21	(16)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow (Arista)	7	6
22	(21)	CRUISIN'	Village People (Phonogram)	4	20
23	(22)	FORCE MAJEURE	Tangerine Dream (Virgin)	2	22
24	(15)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Jeff Wayne (CBS)	34	2
25	(—)	20 GREATEST HITS	Three Degrees (Epic)	1	25
26	(25)	THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING DICKIES	Dickies (A & M)	2	25
27	(—)	THE CARS	The Cars (Elektra)	1	27
28	(—)	LIVE HERALD	Steve Hillage (Virgin)	1	28
29	(—)	IMAGES	Don Williams (K-Tel)	23	2
30	(28)	52nd STREET	Billy Joel (CBS)	6	18

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

FEET DON'T FAIL ME NOW — Herbie Hancock (CBS); AT THE BUDOKAN — Cheap Trick (Epic); INFLAMMABLE MATERIAL — Stiff Little Fingers (Rough Trade); CRUSADER — Chris De Burgh (A&M).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending March 3, 1979

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	DO YA THINK I'M SEXY	Rod Stewart
2	(3)	I WILL SURVIVE	Gloria Gaynor
3	(2)	FIRE	Pointer Sisters
4	(4)	A LITTLE MORE LOVE	Olivia Newton-John
5	(7)	HEAVEN KNOWS	Donna Summer
6	(6)	Y.M.C.A.	Village People
7	(9)	SHAKE YOUR GROOVE THING	Peaches and Herb
8	(11)	TRAGEDY	Bee Gees
9	(5)	LE FREAK	Chic
10	(15)	WHAT A FOOL BELIEVES	Doobie Brothers
11	(12)	DON'T CRY OUT LOUD	Melisa Manchester
12	(8)	TOO MUCH HEAVEN	Bee Gees
13	(13)	THE GAMBLER	Kenny Rogers
14	(18)	WHAT YOU WON'T DO FOR LOVE	Bobby Caldwell
15	(17)	NO TELL LOVER	Chicago
16	(21)	SULTANS OF SWING	Dire Straits
17	(10)	SHAKE IT	Ian Matthews
18	(20)	DANCIN' SHOES	Nigel Olsson
19	(19)	BLUE MORNING, BLUE DAY	Foreigner
20	(23)	EVERY TIME I THINK OF YOU	The Babys
21	(24)	CRAZY LOVE	Poeo
22	(25)	LADY	Little River Band
23	(14)	LOTTA LOVE	Nicolette Larson
24	(27)	I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S RIGHT	Evelyn "Champagne" King
30	(—)	BIG SHOT	Billy Joel
26	(16)	SOUL MAN	Blues Brothers
27	(—)	I JUST FALL IN LOVE AGAIN	Anne Murray
28	(—)	FOREVER IN BLUE JEANS	Neil Diamond
29	(26)	SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT	Barry Manilow
30	(—)	SONG ON THE RADIO	Al Stewart

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending March 3, 1979

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN	Bee Gees
2	(2)	BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN	Rod Stewart
3	(3)	BRIEFCASE FULL OF BLUES	Blues Brothers
4	(6)	MINUTE BY MINUTE	Doobie Brothers
5	(7)	DIRE STRAITS	Dire Straits
6	(4)	52nd STREET	Billy Joel
7	(5)	TOTALLY HOT	Olivia Newton-John
8	(9)	CRUISIN'	Village People
9	(8)	TOTO	Toto
10	(10)	THE BEST OF EARTH, WIND & FIRE VOL. 1	
11	(11)	C'EST CHIC	Chic
12	(14)	ARMED FORCES	Elvis Costello & The Attractions
13	(17)	LOVE TRACKS	Gloria Gaynor
14	(12)	NICOLETTE	Nicolette Larson
15	(16)	LIVE AND MORE	Donna Summer
16	(18)	LIFE FOR THE TAKING	Eddie Money
17	(24)	2 HOT!	Peaches & Herb
18	(21)	ENERGY	Pointer Sisters
19	(13)	BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS VOL. 2	
20	(15)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
21	(20)	GREATEST HITS	Barry Manilow
22	(19)	BACKLESS	Eric Clapton
23	(23)	HERE MY DEAR	Marvin Gaye
24	(—)	BUSTIN' OUT OF L SEVEN	Rick James
25	(29)	THE GAMBLER	Kenny Rogers
26	(22)	PIECES OF EIGHT	Styx
27	(26)	YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS	Neil Diamond
28	(—)	GOLD	Jefferson Starship
30	(—)	CHERYL LYNN	Cheryl Lynn
30	(—)	JOHN DENVER	John Denver

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

Burnel solo concerts set

LONDON DRURY LANE CLIMAXES THE TOUR

JEAN JACQUES BURNEL's solo tour next month is now going to be much more impressive than originally intended. His initial plan was to play a string of low-key club gigs, but the tour is now being organised by top promoter Harvey Goldsmith, who has booked the Stranglers bassist into venues on the major circuit — climaxing at the plush Theatre Royal in London's Drury Lane.

Dates so far confirmed are Manchester The Factory (April 14), Glasgow Pavilion (15), Liverpool Eric's (17), Derby Assembly Rooms (18), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (20), Bristol Locarno (22), Portsmouth Locarno (24), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (25), Newcastle Mayfair (26), Leeds University (27), Lancaster University (28), Guildford Civic Hall (29) and London Theatre Royal (30).

Burnel hasn't yet completely firmed up his backing group for the tour, but it's likely to include ex-Chelsea drummer Carey Fortune, ex-Vibrators guitarist John Ellis and a female keyboards player.

Object of the tour is to promote his solo album 'Euroman Cometh', due out at the end of this month. It's a concept LP in favour of the Common Market, and includes one track sung in French and another in German, plus a song in praise of Freddie Lakes! A single will be taken from it for release at the same title, but titles haven't yet been decided.

● The Stranglers fly to Paris to record their next single in the new Pathe Marconi studios on March 30. And while Burnel is oo the road, they'll be busy writing material for their new album, which they start recording in May.

NEWS

BUZZCOCKS IN UK MINI-TOUR

ANOTHER six dates have now been confirmed for The Buzzcocks later this month, in addition to their major London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on March 31, exclusively reported by NME two weeks ago. The new bookings are at Manchester Belle Vue King's Hall (March 23), Carlisle Market Hall (24), Blackburn King George's Hall (25), Peterborough Wirrana Stadium (26), Coventry Theatre (27) and Aylesbury Friars (28).

The band return from their European tour to play these selected gigs, which they've slotted in because they won't be undertaking a full UK tour until the autumn. And as a spokesman commented: "It'll be nice to re-discover British audiences after playing to all those foreigners". Their re-vamped act contains both old and new material, including their latest single "Everybody's Happy Nowadays", issued by United Artists this week.

LONDON SHOW BY LOU REED

LOU REED returns to Britain next month to headline a concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Tuesday, April 10 (8 pm). Tickets are on sale now priced £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50, and the promoters are Straight Music.

Reed won't be appearing at any other venues in this country, although there's a good chance that he will play a second show at Hammersmith the following night, before flying to Ireland to play Dublin Stadium on April 12.

This will be Reed's first UK date since April, 1977, when he was one of the last acts to play at London's ill-fated New Victoria. He flies in at the tail end of a European tour taking in Stockholm (March 27), Copenhagen (28), Hamburg (29), Berlin (30), Dusseldorf (31), Paris (April 2), Mannheim (4), Stuttgart (5), Offenbach (6), Basle (7) and Munich (8).

His tour band comprises Ellard Bowles (bass), Stuart Heinrich and Charles Hammer (guitars), Michael Suchorsky (drums) and Martin Fogel (horns). And to tie in with his visit, Arista release Reed's new album titled 'Bells' — recorded in Berlin — on April 13.

UNDERTONES HOAXED, DURY IS CON VICTIM

THE UNDERTONES were the victims of a sick joke last week when, just as NME was closing for press, a phone call was received allegedly from the band's management — informing us that drummer Billy Doherty had died in hospital after a road accident. And this was duly printed in a Stop Press item. In fact, Billy is very much alive and hasn't even been involved in an accident! Commented a spokesman (genuine this time!): "Someone obviously has it in for us. What kind of crank would do that sort of thing?"

The band were also upset over their gig at London Marquee, originally planned for Monday last week, but rearranged a month ago for March 14. Despite the rescheduling of the date, it seems someone forgot to tell the Marquee box-office, who continued to sell tickets up until the afternoon of the original date! With their UK tour starting this weekend, the band are now hoping they're not subjected to any more hassles.

IAN DURY & The Blockheads unwittingly found themselves at the centre of a controversy last week, when they were billed to appear at Hastings Pier Pavilion on March 9. The gig was advertised, the box-office opened, and over 200 tickets were sold — before it was discovered that the promoter was bogus and had disappeared with the takings! Police are now searching for him.

Lene at Lyceum

LENE LOVICH is the latest attraction to be confirmed for one of the new season of Sunday rock concerts at London Strand Lyceum. She headlines there on March 18, supported by Squeeze and Yachts. Tickets are on sale now priced £2.50, and the promoters are Straight Music.

EUROVISION GOES REGGAE?

REGGAE outfit Misty have been invited to represent Britain in a festival called 'Counter Eurovision', to be staged in Brussels on March 30. Artists from all over Europe will converge on the Belgian capital for the event, which is described as 'a revolt against the Eurovision Song Contest'. *(What next?)*.

Meanwhile, Misty have three gigs this weekend to promote their new double A-side 12-inch single 'How Long Jah'/'See Them Ah Come' — at Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), London Fulham Town Hall (Friday) and London Ealing Technical College (Saturday). Later this month they'll be joining the massive RAR package tour, reported last week.

NEW GIGS BY LIZZY

THIN LIZZY have added more dates to their UK tour opening March 29, at venues not previously included in their itinerary. They are Birmingham Odeon (April 1 and 2) and Bradford St. George's Hall (19). Tickets are priced £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50, and postal bookings are being accepted now by both venues. The Birmingham box-office opens to personal callers next Monday (5), and Bradford opens on March 12.

RAR major package; who's playing where

LINE-UP details for the first 14 dates in the massive Rock Against Racism package tour, reported last week, have now been confirmed by the organisers. Billings for several more gigs in April have still to be finalised, and will be announced next week, as will the big London show which is to climax the tour — though it's understood that Alexandra Palace on April 14 has been pencilled in. Meanwhile, the first part of the tour features:

Cambridge Corn Exchange (March 17): Gang Of Four, Misty, Red Express, The Ruts.
Leicester Polytechnic (19): Gang Of Four, Misty, The Ruts, Wendy Tunes.
Cromer West Runton Pavilion (20): Gang Of Four, Misty, Pain Killers, The Ruts.
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (21): Barry Forde Band, The Leyton Buzzards, The Piranhas, The Specials.
Sheffield Polytechnic (22): Barry Forde Band, The Leyton Buzzards, The Piranhas and local band.
Leeds Polytechnic (23): Barry Forde, Leyton Buzzards, Piranhas, Sheeny & The Goys.
Lancaster University (25): Barry Forde, Leyton Buzzards, The Only Ones, Interference.
Edinburgh Clouds (27): The Freeze, The Mekons, Stiff Little Fingers, 15-16-17.
Stirling University (28) and Aberdeen Ruffles (29): Carol Grimes Band, The Mekons, Stiff Little Fingers 15-16-17.
Liverpool University (April 2): Angelic Upstarts, Aswad, Dead Byrds, The Only Ones.
Manchester Polytechnic (3): Angelic Upstarts, Aswad, Exodus, The Only Ones.
Birmingham Regal Cinema (4): Angelic Upstarts, Aswad, Crisis, Iganda.
Nottingham Club Malibu (6): Angelic Upstarts, Aswad, Crisis, Slip Hazard & The Blizzards.

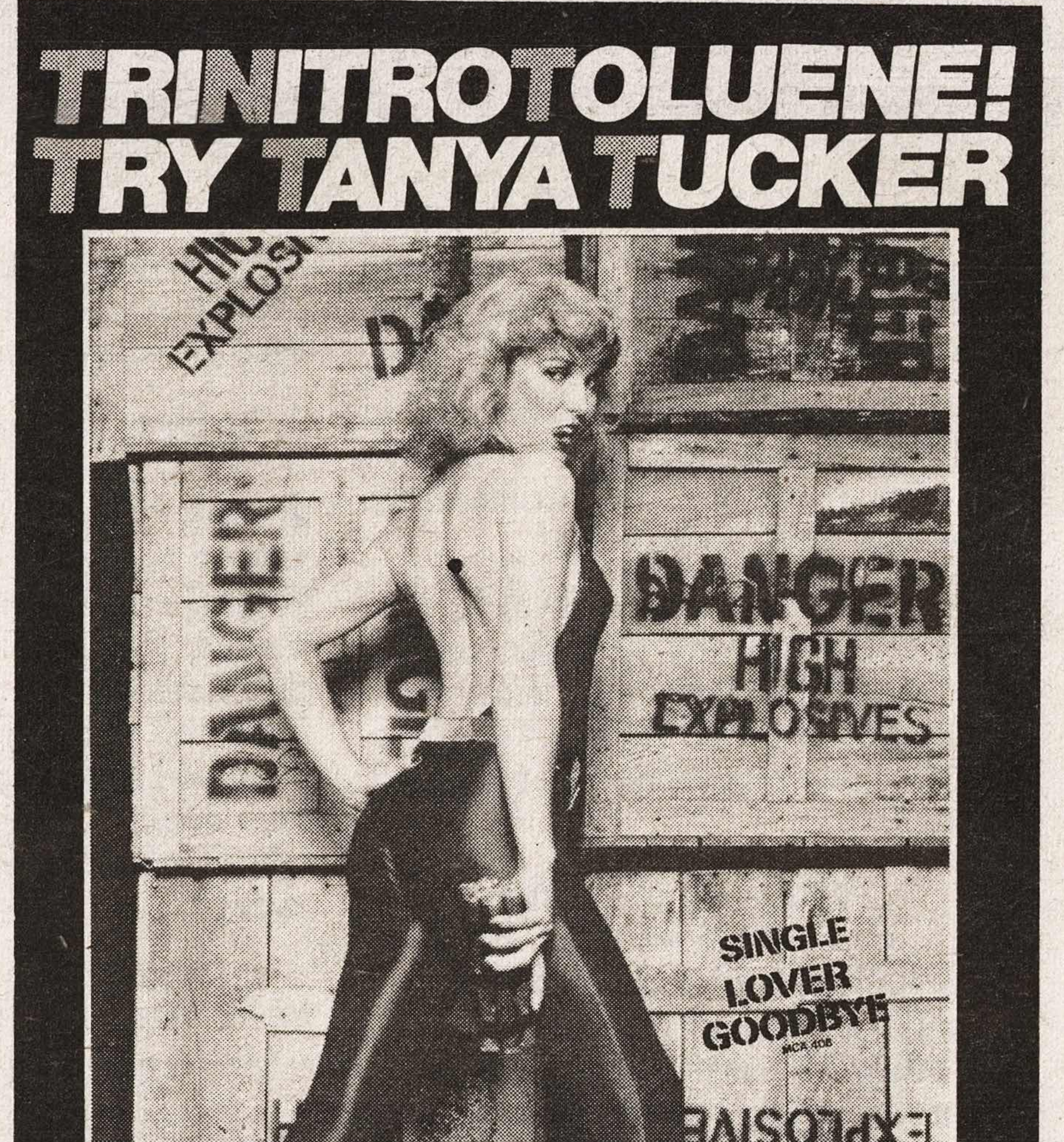
Kate's debut concert tour

INCLUDING THREE AT LONDON PALLADIUM

KATE BUSH sets out next month on her long-awaited debut concert tour, visiting eight provincial cities, and climaxing in three nights at the London Palladium from Easter Monday. Her full itinerary comprises Liverpool Empire (April 3), Birmingham Hippodrome (4), Oxford New Theatre (6), Southampton Gaumont (7), Bristol Hippodrome (9), Manchester Apollo (10), Sunderland Empire (12), Edinburgh Usher Hall (13) and London Palladium (16, 17 and 18).

Tickets go on sale at all venues from next Monday (5) — at the Palladium they are £5, £4, £3, £2.50 and £2; and elsewhere they cost £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50. Her backing band comprises brother Paddy Bush (mandolin and back-up vocals), Del Palmer (bass), Alan Murphy (lead guitar), Brian Bath (rhythm guitar), Kevin McNally (keyboards and sax), Ben Barson (keyboards) and Preston Hayman (drums).

As a prelude to the tour, Kate's new single is scheduled for March 9 release by EMI. Titled 'Wow', it's a re-recorded track from her latest album 'Lionheart', and it comes in a picture bag.



NEWS IN BRIEF

SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND are back on the road with gigs at High Wycombe Bucks College of Higher Education (tomorrow, Friday), Kingston Gipsy Hill College (Saturday), Oxford Polytechnic (March 8) and London Fulham Golden Lion (17 and 31). More bookings are currently being finalised for the interim dates.

FLYING SAUCERS and The Wild Angels, two of Britain's leading rock revival bands, are the support acts for the previously-reported tour later this month by Bill Haley and The Comets — for which the London date is the Rainbow on March 17 (8 pm).

PATRIK FITZGERALD is the author of 'Babytalk', one of two one-act plays being presented by the Activists Youth Theatre Group for a ten-day London season. It's running from today to March 10 at The Garage, Holbein Place, S.W.1 Admission is £1.

RALPH McTELL has added another two dates to his upcoming British concert tour, reported a fortnight ago. They are Sheffield Polytechnic (March 23) and Nottingham Theatre Royal (26).

STATUS QUO returned last weekend from their European tour, during whcih Francis Rossi was involved in a couple of dramatic incidents. He was carried off stage unconscious after falling from the drum riser and, two nights later, Rick Parfitt caught him a blow with his guitar neck and broke his nose! Despite these problems and the Arctic weather, Quo completed all 27 dates in 30 days.

WILD HORSES have switched their gig at London Marquee from tonight (Thursday) to March 7. And they have added extra dates at Bristol Technical College (March 6), Hitchin College (10), Bournemouth Town Hall (15), Maidstone Technical College (16) and Plymouth Polytechnic (17). Their March 8 gig at Leeds Polytechnic is now cancelled.

THE SCOTTISH MONOS arrive down South next week for a six-date tour of London venues — visiting Stoke Newington Pegasus (March 6), Canning Town Bridge House (7), Kentish Town North London Polytechnic (9), Camden Dingwalls (10), Kensington Nashville (11) and Fulham Golden Lion (12).

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS, the up-and-coming six-piece band whose line-up includes two former members of The Unwanted, appear every Wednesday in March at London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle. Other London gigs this month are at W.10 Acklam Hall (8), W.C.2 Africa Centre (9), Covent Garden Rock Garden (11) and West Hampstead Moonlight Club (23).

THE CROOKS have London gigs this month at Cockfosters Trent Park College (tomorrow, Friday), Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle (5 and 31), Covent Garden Rock Garden (7), North-East Polytechnic (8), Stoke Newington Pegasus (16 and 23), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (26) and Friern Barnet Orange Tree (29). They also play Basildon Double Six on March 30.

BILL BRUFORD has formed his own band comprising Allan Holdsworth (guitar), Jeff Berlin (bass), Dave Stewart (keyboards) and himself on drums. This is basically the line-up that played on his recent solo album 'Feels Good To Me'. The band have already cut a new LP called 'One Of A Kind', which Polydor will be releasing in the late spring, and they plan a debut tour to promote it.

CHRIS SPEDDING is now working in partnership with Robert Gordon in New York, and they'll be touring Britain together in the spring. Meanwhile, Spedding has arrived back in the UK to promote his newly-released album 'Guitar Graffiti', from which a single titled 'Video Life' is issued by Chrysalis this weekend.

WAYNE KRAMER — the Michigan guitarist and founder member of the now-defunct MC5, who subsequently gained notoriety on cocaine-dealing charges — arrives in Britain this weekend and appears at London Camden Dingwalls next Tuesday (6). At present, it's strictly a one-off, but it's possible that one or two other late gigs may be booked for him.

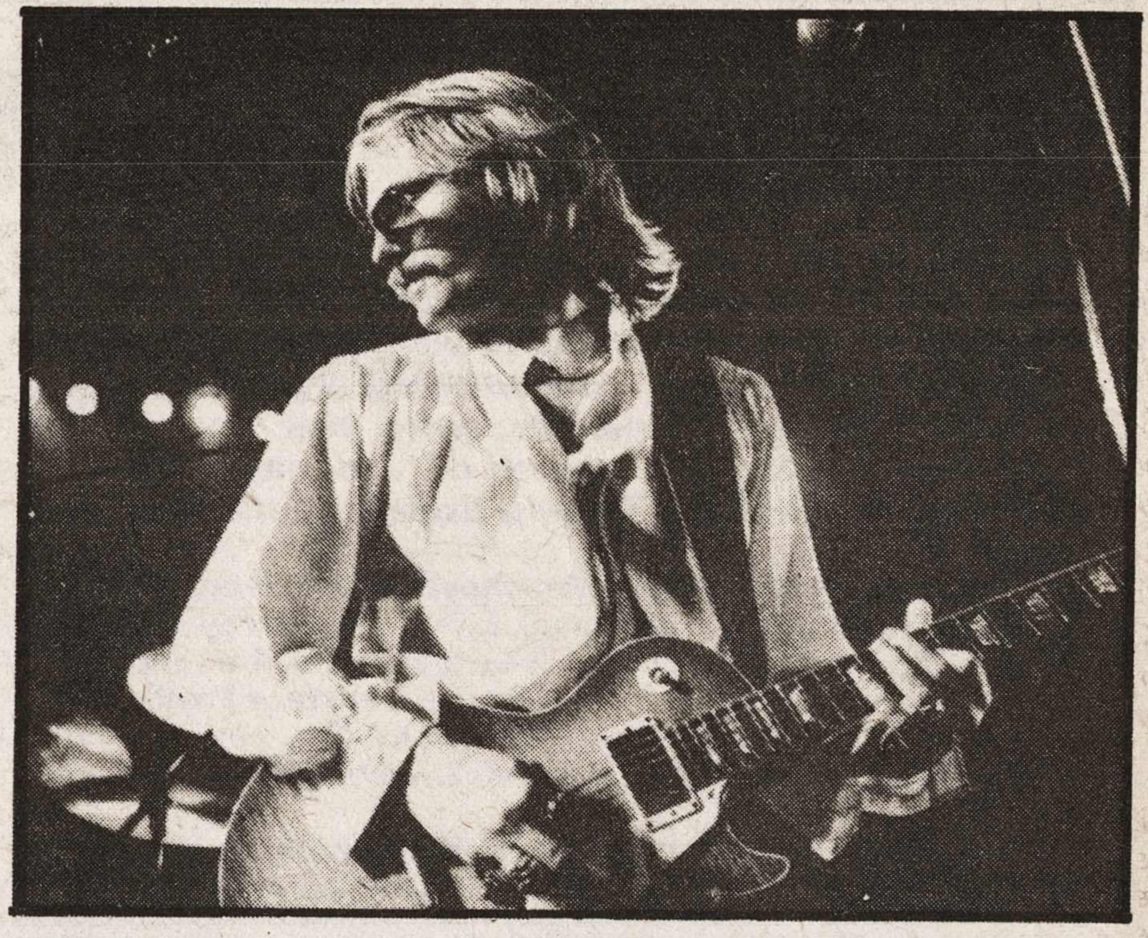
JOHN GRIMALDI's Cheap Flights appear this month at Durham University (this Saturday), Bradford Princeville Club (8), Oxford Corn Dolly (10), Newcastle Mayfair (15), Manchester University (17), Stevenage Swan (23) and London New Barnet Duke Of Lancaster (24), with more to follow. The Oxford gig is to be recorded for the band's forthcoming live cassette.

DARTS were froced to call off their projected gig at Brighton Dome last Thursday (22), because of industrial action by employees of the council-owned venue. It's now been re-scheduled for March 9, when existing tickets will still be valid. What happens if the strike is still in progress? Said a spokesman: "It will be an on-going situation, like all those football matches that kept getting postponed!"

BETHNAL have re-arranged one of the dates in their UK tour itinerary announced last week. Their gig at Chelmsford Chancellor Hall, originally set for March 18, moves back one week to March 25.

NEIL SEDAKA has added another date to his April-May UK tour, playing two performances at Poole Arts Centre on April 20, which now becomes the opening night of his itinerary.

THE DRIFTERS return yet again to the UK this month to play a two-week season at London's Talk Of The Town theatre restaurant, opening March 12. This will be followed by a cabaret and one-nighter tour,



MILES PLAYS 26 CONCERTS

JOHN MILES undertakes his first UK tour for 18 months in April — and he's making up for lost time with a hectic schedule of 26 major concerts in just four weeks, including a major London appearance at the Hammersmith Odeon.

The tour ties in with the March 30 release of his third album 'More Miles Per Hour,' recorded in France and produced by Alan Parsons. And as a prelude to the LP, a single taken from it comes out on March 9, coupling 'Can't Keep A Good Man Down' and 'Sweet Lorraine.' Tour dates and venues are:

Peterborough ABC (April 2), Oxford New Theatre (3), Liverpool Empire (4), Middlesbrough Town Hall (5), Glasgow Apollo (6), Aberdeen Music Hall (7), Newcastle City Hall (8), Manchester Apollo (9), Blackburn King George's Hall (10), Bristol Colston Hall (11), Ipswich Gaumont (12), St. Albans City Hall (14), Plymouth Fiesta Suite (16), Reading Hexagon (17), Portsmouth Guildhall (18), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (19), London Hammersmith Odeon (20), Eastbourne Congress Theatre (21), Croydon Fairfield Hall (22), Birmingham Odoen (23), Sheffield City Hall (24), Bradford St. George's Hall (25), Derby Assembly Rooms (26), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (27), Canterbury Odeon (28) and Leicester De Montfort Hall (29). Still more may be added.

The Cure—when and where it's available

THE CURE are gigging extensively this month in support of their single 'Killing An Arab'/'10.15 Saturday Night', just released by Fiction Records (distributed by Polydor). They headline at London Marquee every Sunday in March — supported by Joy Division (this weekend), Fashion (11), Local Operator (18) and The Scars (25). Their other dates are: Newport Village (tomorrow, Friday), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (Saturday), Plymouth Metro (6), Bournemouth Town Hall (7), Norwich Boogie House (8), London Isleworth Polytechnic (9), Cheltenham Plough (10), Oxford Polytechnic (13), York Pop Club (14), Leeds Fan Club (15), Nottingham Sandpiper (16), Canterbury Kent University (17), Huddersfield Polytechnic (20), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (30), two shows at Liverpool Eric's (31) and Watford College (April 6).

EW&F, Tina to open new rock TV series

GRANADA TV are screening a series of seven one-hour in-concert specials titled 'On The Road' starting later this month. They'll be seen on practically the entire ITV network, late night on Saturdays. The first show goes out on March 24 featuring Earth Wind And Fire filmed at Wembley Arena, followed by Tina Turner at Manchester Apollo (31) and David Essex also at Manchester (April 7).

Next in the series is Kate Bush (14), though the filming venue hasn't yet been decided, and the last three acts have still to be set. The only exception to these transmission dates is the London Weekend area, where viewers will see the shows three weeks later.

● In BBC-2's 'Old Grey Whistle Test' next Tuesday (7), Gordon Giltrap and The Undertones are in the studio, and Toto and Supertramp on film. The March 13 show has Lene Lovich and Duffo live, and Van Morrison and Al Stewart on film. The long-awaited film of Bruce Springsteen performing and being interviewed is set for March 27.

Upcoming on the same channel's 'Rock Goes To College' are the Steve Hillage Band at Canterbury Kent University (March 10), the new Bill Bruford band at Oxford Polytechnic (17) and George Thorogood and The Destroyers at North-East London Polytechnic (24).

Fairport to split up after farewell tour

FAIRPORT CONVENTION are to disband after a farewell UK concert tour in May. They've decided to end the band's career, spanning almost 13 years, because of linchpin Dave Swarbrick's worsening ear problems. He's just gone into hospital for a major operation, hopefully to prevent complete deafness — and in any event, has been advised not to play with an electric band in future.

Swarbrick has been with Fairport for ten years and, assuming that the operation is successful, he will subsequently concentrate on acoustic music — using different musicians in pick-up bands.

The other three members — Simon Nicol (the sole remaining founder member), Dave Pegg and Bruce Rowland — will probably work independently with other bands. There is a chance that Fairport could reunite occasionally for recording purposes only, but this is no more than a vague possibility.

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WOODSTOCK REUNION

1969 festival to be staged again

AN AMBITIOUS plan to stage a replica of the world's most famous rock festival, the near-legendary Woodstock event in 1969, was revealed in New York this week. The idea is to hold Woodstock II on the tenth anniversary of the original event — August 21 this year — on the same site, and using as many of the original artists as possible. The festival would again be filmed for worldwide cinema distribution, and there would be at least two live albums released subsequently.

NME understands that, although the farmland on which the first Woodstock was held has now passed into other hands, negotiations are well advanced with the new owners for a repeat festival. Although some of the original artists have since died (Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin among them), and several groups have disbanded, they would be replaced in the new event by a number of today's top bands.

And there are plans for some acts no longer in existence — including Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, Creedence Clearwater Revival and Mountain — to come together again specially for Woodstock II. And there is a strong probability that The Band, who quit the concert platform in a blaze of publicity last year, would rescind their decision to perform at the festival.

Approaches have already been made to many of the original acts involved — including Blood Sweat & Tears, Joe Cocker, Jefferson Airplane (now Starship), Grateful Dead, Johnny Winter, Paul Butterfield, Joan Baez, plus several others. And it's on the cards that The Who, one of the stars of the original event, could make their U.S. debut with their new-look line-up at Woodstock.

There are many complications still to be overcome, not the least of which is the contractual problems involving the recording of the various bands. But this was also a problem in 1969, and it was eventually overcome. Indications are that all interested parties are reacting to the project favourably, and that it will go ahead upstate New York in August — possibly attracting even more than the 450,000 who attended the original event.

HAMMERSMITH CONFIRMED

More Roxy gigs

ROXY MUSIC have now finalised the provincial dates for their British comeback tour in May — which, as exclusively revealed by NME five weeks ago, climaxes at Lonon Hammersmith Odeon (16-18). Newly confirmed gigs are at Leicester De Montfort Hall (May 2), Birmingham Odeon (3-4), Manchester Apollo (6-7), Glasgow Apollo (8-9) Newcastle City Hall (10-11), Liverpool Empire (12), Bristol Hippodrome (13) and Southampton Gaumont (14). Also as exclusively reported previously, the band guest in a BBC-TV Abba special over Easter. And their album 'Manifesto' is issued by Polydor on March 9.

THE PIRATES on their 'Skull Wars' tour

PIRATES AHOY

THE PIRATES begin a new series of dates this weekend, their first this year. So far 17 venues have been confirmed, with the likelihood of more to follow. Gigs set at present are Northampton County Ground (this Saturday), Newcastle Polytechnic (March 9, Glasgow University (10), Dumfries Stagecoach (11), Edinburgh Tiffany's (12), Peterborough Technical College (15), Sheffield University (16), Blackpool Norbreck Hotel (17), Worcester Hideaway Club (19), London Camden Music Machine (22), Wolverhampton Lafayette (23), Dudley J.B.'s (24), Plymouth Woods Centre (28), Exeter Routes (29), Newport The Village (30), Nottingham Boat Club (31) and Redcar Coatham Bowl (April 1).

Dusty visit in April

PLANS ARE being laid for Britain's erstwhile top girl singer Dusty Springfield to return here for a concert tour in April. A spokesman said this week: "She'll be coming over to promote her new album on TV and radio, and we're trying to organise the tour for the same period, though it's still subject to confirmation." It's understood that, if the tour materialises, it will include at least one night at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal. Dusty's new LP, titled 'Living Without Your Love' and recorded in Los Angeles, is scheduled for March 16 release on the Mercury label.

Tchaikovsky recitals

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY, the band named after and featuring the former Motors guitarist, headline a series of dates in their own right during the second half of this month. These follow their previously-reported guest spot in Uriah's Heep seven-venue mini-tour opening tomorrow (Friday).

The band's own dates are Birmingham University (March 16), St Albans City Hall (17), London Marquee (19), Uxbridge Brunel University (21), London City Polytechnic (23), Birmingham Barbarella's (24), London Kensington Nashville (29) and Cromer West Runton Pavilion (31). Further English and Scottish dates will follow before they leave for Europe.

The gigs promote their debut Radar single and album, titled 'Girl Of My Deams' and 'Strange Man, Changed Man' respectively.

RICHMAN TO TOUR

JONATHAN RICHMAN returns to Britain next month to headline a string of dates around the country. The bulk of his dates are still being finalised, and Beserkley say they'll be announcing his full schedule next week. Meanwhile, his first confirmed gig is at Liverpool Eric's on March 16.

Campi shakeout gigs

RAY CAMPI & The Rockabilly Rebels have now extended their UK visit this month into a full tour, to compensate for their cancellation last year due to Campi's illness. Besides supporting Bo Diddley at London Lyceum on March 11, they also guest with George Thorogood & The Destroyers at Leicester University (10), Brighton Top Rank (13) and Sheffiled Polytechnic (15).

And they have dates in their own right at Gt. Yarmouth Caister Holiday Centre (this Saturday), Sunderland Boilermakers Club (March 5), Swindon Brunel Rooms (9), London Camden Dingwalls (12), London Southall White Hart (14), Leicester T.U.L. Club (16), Rayleigh Crocs (19), London Southgate Royalty (22), Manchester New Osborne Club (23) and Carshalton St. Helier Arms (24).

OFF THE RECORD

● Release of the new **Sylvester** single 'I (Who Have Nothing)', planned for last weekend, has been delayed because he's decided to re-mix the song specially for the European market. Fantasy Records now expect it to be ready for late March, and his new album 'Stars' is scheduled for April

● Britain's most northerly independent label, Oily Records of Aberdeen, have signed Scottish band **The Tools** who are currently recording their debut single. Despite their location, Oily have national distribution through Company Records of Lincoln and Scotia of Edinburgh.

● Lincoln band **The Plugs**, who specialise in what they call Plug Rock, are releasing their first single independently — even the label and sleeve are all their own work! Titles are 'Sally', 'UFO' and 'Too Late'. Price is £1 including postage from Eddie King, 14 Walcott Close, Lincoln LN6 0DR.

● 'Disco Nights (Rock Freak)' by **G.Q.** is one of the hottest disco singles of the moment, but has so far only been available on import. But this week it's issued domestically by Arista.

● London independent label Battery Operated Records are releasing an EP by **The Gifted Children**, whose leader is New York guitarist Michael Morbid. Same label is putting out a debut single by Hendon-based band **The Brides In The Bath**.

TRB new elpee

TOM ROBINSON BAND's second album, titled 'TRB Two', is set for March 9 release by EMI. It marks a new stage in the development of the band's career, with a new line-up including keyboards man Ian Parker and session drummer Preston Hayman, and production by Todd Rundgren. It was recorded in London during one week in November, and it includes the band's new single 'Bully For You'.

SINGLES PRICES RISING

THE GIANT amalgam WEA Records are increasing the price of their singles from 90p to 99p, as from next Monday (5). And this can be seen as a foretaste of what's to come from the other companies, who will almost certainly fall in line before long.

● 'The Touch' by **Judge Dread**, issued by EMI on March 9, is disco material instead of his usual reggae — and, we're assured, it isn't rude! It's available in both seven and 12-inch forms.

● **Rocky Sharpe & The Replays** follow up their recent chart debut with the oldie 'Imagination' on the Chiswick label. And **Racey** try to emulated their 'Lay Your Love On Me' hit with a new Rak single called 'Some Girls'. Both are out this weekend.

● **Adam & The Ants** have parted company with Decca by mutual agreement. They had just one single released by that label last year, titled 'Young Parisians', and they are now busy looking for a new outlet.

● **Eddie & The Hot Rods** have a new single titled 'Power And The Glory' issued by Island this weekend to tie in with their UK tour — which played a few dates in late February and resumes on March 9. The track is taken from their album 'Thriller', out next week.

● **ZZ Top**, the three-piece Texas band who are currently one of the hottest box-office properties in the U.S., have been signed to a long-term deal by Warner Brothers for whom they are now recording their sixth album. And there are plans for them to tour Britain to coincide with its release later in the year.

● **Third World**, who've had a good chart run with their single 'Cool Meditation, have their follow-up 'One Cold Vibe' issued by Island on March 9. And a blue-vinyl pressing of their album 'Journey To Addis', first released last September, is being made available from this weekend — it includes the full 12-inch version of 'Now That We Found Love', which is not on the original LP.

● 'Bobbin Girls, Bobbin Boys' by Northern folk singer and composer **Tony Lauren** is issued by Alaska Records on March 9. And as a promotion boost, a Bobbin Doll Kit worth £1.99 will be given away with each of the first 4,000 copies sold.

● South Coast rock band **Staa Marx** have signed a three-year deal with Cherry Red Records, and have their first single 'Crazy Weekend' released on March 9. They'll be touring extensively in March and April to promote it, as well as recording an album for subsequent release.

● A single by the now-defunct **Deep Purple** comprising two tracks from their heyday, 'Black Night' and 'Strange Kind Of Woman', comes out on Harvest tomorrow (Friday). Out on the same day and label are a couple of early **Electric Light Orchestra** tracks, 'Showdown' and Chuck Berry's classic 'Roll Over Beethoven'.

● 'The Very Best Of **Leo Sayer**' is the title of a compilation album, scheduled for March 16 release by Chrysalis.

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SUPERCHARGE ON THE TRAIL

SUPERCHARGE are off on their travels again, and have so far confirmed nine dates for March, with more to follow. Those already finalised are at Birmingham Barbarella's (this Saturday), Newcastle Polytechnic (March 7), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (8), Bradford University (9), Glasgow University (10), Coventry Warwick University (15), Newport The Village (16), Northampton County Ground (17) and Nottingham College of Education (20).

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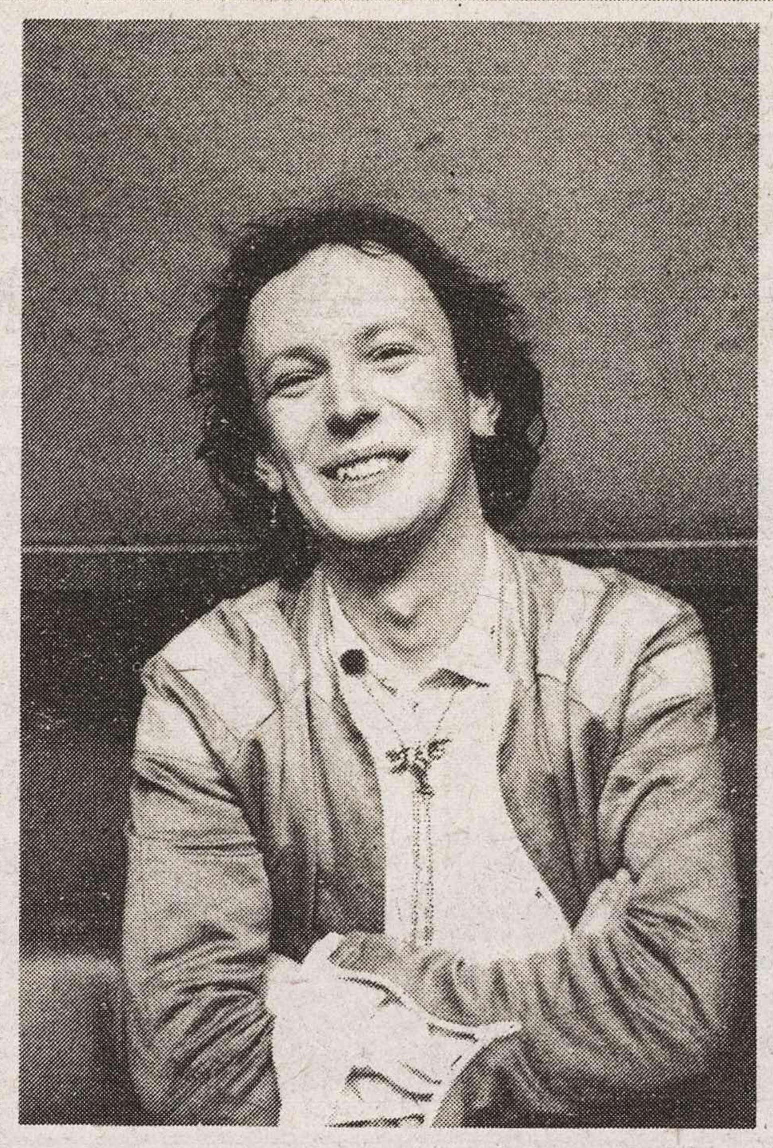
Phil Sound Mekon



Andrew Voice Mekon

Mary Bass Mekon

Tom Guitar Mekon

THE GROUP WHO FELL TO EARTH

THE MEKONS step down from the space ship of idealism and come face to face with Rock Reality. Can they and the cult of British Amateurism survive?

"NO-ONE is better than I.
But I know I'm just an average guy."

ONCE upon a time there was a rag-tag gang of Fine Arts students at Leeds University. They huffed and they puffed with a youthful enthusiasm that was tempered, wisely, by the wits they kept about them. But the house they would tear down was of a more complex construction than they had anticipated, its foundations deeper than they could have foreseen. . .

The tale of The Mekons isn't over yet. In fact, if my guess is correct, it has barely begun. But the Mekons' fairytale has come down to earth with the proverbial thump.

Prefacing this piece was a quote, admittedly out of context, from Little Stevie Wonder's '60s R&B smash 'Uptight (Everything's Alright)' which in its own eloquent way explains what The Mekons are about — or at any rate the feeling I get from them — more readily than any amount of reasoned, or even impassioned, polemic.

There is also the small matter of an unconscious — meaning effortless, spontaneous, uncontrived—dance tune sensibility that Stevie Wonder once had at his fingertips, and which The Mekons, in a similarly unconscious way, can at the right time and in the right place deliver.

It's an earthy, natural pop joy and you can find it on one side of their second Fast Product single, 'Where Were You?', or go and see them live for proof proper.

But it's that sentiment that is at the heart of the matter; that expression of pride and humility that says: 'I'm great, I can do anything, but I'm nothing special. You could do anything too.'

If you've been paying attention you'll know that there were once any number of Mekons but now there are basically six, and they began their band life by accident — sneaking in and making the most horrendous din on their mates' equipment whilst the latter — Gang Of Four as it happens — were having their tea break.

Serious intentions were the last thing on their minds — if someone had dared to suggest in a year's time they'd be a more or less stable entity with a second single that had sold nearly 20,000 copies, The Mekons would have laughed that person out of the room. But if there were no real ambitions there was still an underlying approach, attitude, ideology even, that very soon crystalised.

Kevin Mekon, who plays guitar (a battered old Burns, the result of a self-imposed budget of £10) spells it out thus: "That anybody could do it; that we didn't want to be stars; that there was no set group as such, anybody could get up and join in and instruments would be swapped around; that there'd be no distance between the audience and the band; that we were nobody special."

"But they were very quickly shattered," adds bass player Mary Mekon.

"Yeah, very quickly."

The Mekons line-up squeezes into the same pic. just.

Ufology: PAUL RAMBALI

Photo Evidence: PENNIE SMITH

INEVITABLY, the first to go was the anybody-can-have-a-bash dictum, which at an early gig precipitated a horrible uproar of guitar solos and impromptu versions of 'White Riot'.

"It just wasn't practical to do that," explains vocalist Andy Mekon, "if we wanted to foster that kind of spirit in other people. . . Basically we have to play some kind of music that people will actually pay money to come and see, and with the best will in the world not many people will pay money to come and see things like that."

"A lot of the things we started out saying," admits the other Mekons guitarist Tom Mekon, ". . .we didn't ever think we'd be in a position of having to re-think or to live with them. We just said them off the top of our heads. If someone had said 'Think about the possibilities of what you might become'. . ."

Kevin recounts a 'protracted discussion' they had with a writer who, after tiring of accusing them of being 'commies', went on to accuse them of compromising their original ideas — compromise and commie being dirty words to his specious brand of dogma (which, curiously, still finds plenty of time for The Clash).

"We tried to explain to him that it's not a question of compromise. All the time you have new information coming along and that is bound to change the conclusions you make. You can't have these sets of ideas that you put on a pedestal. They become like articles of faith, which is ridiculous."

An admirably clear headed analysis of the situation. Idealism based on a sound measure of pragmatism is the surest way to avoid getting caught in your own hypocritical trap. Ideals have to be practical otherwise they are simply irrelevant.

"If The Mekons had stuck to their original ideas we would have become like ATV, playing to twenty people in a field.

"We wouldn't even have done that. We'd have just played one gig and that would have been it."

"There was a time," says Tom, "when people thought, or seemed to imply, that there was something wrong with becoming a big group; that there was some sort of moral dilemma involved in becoming successful."

"There's nothing morally wrong with becoming a working band," comments Jon, The Mekons' hard-working drummer, "doing a job of work like playing or entertaining, and actually getting enough money to live on out of it."

"The point is" — Tom again — "you are inevitably, or as luck would have it, going to get bigger. And when that happens I don't think you should immediately turn around and say 'Right, that's it. Time to knock it on the head'."

The Mekons' approach — punk, if you want to call it that — which is not exclusive to them but for which they have become a kind of figurehead, is perfectly commendable. But to not follow it through would be in a way a cop out. If you adopt a certain way of doing things, there's almost

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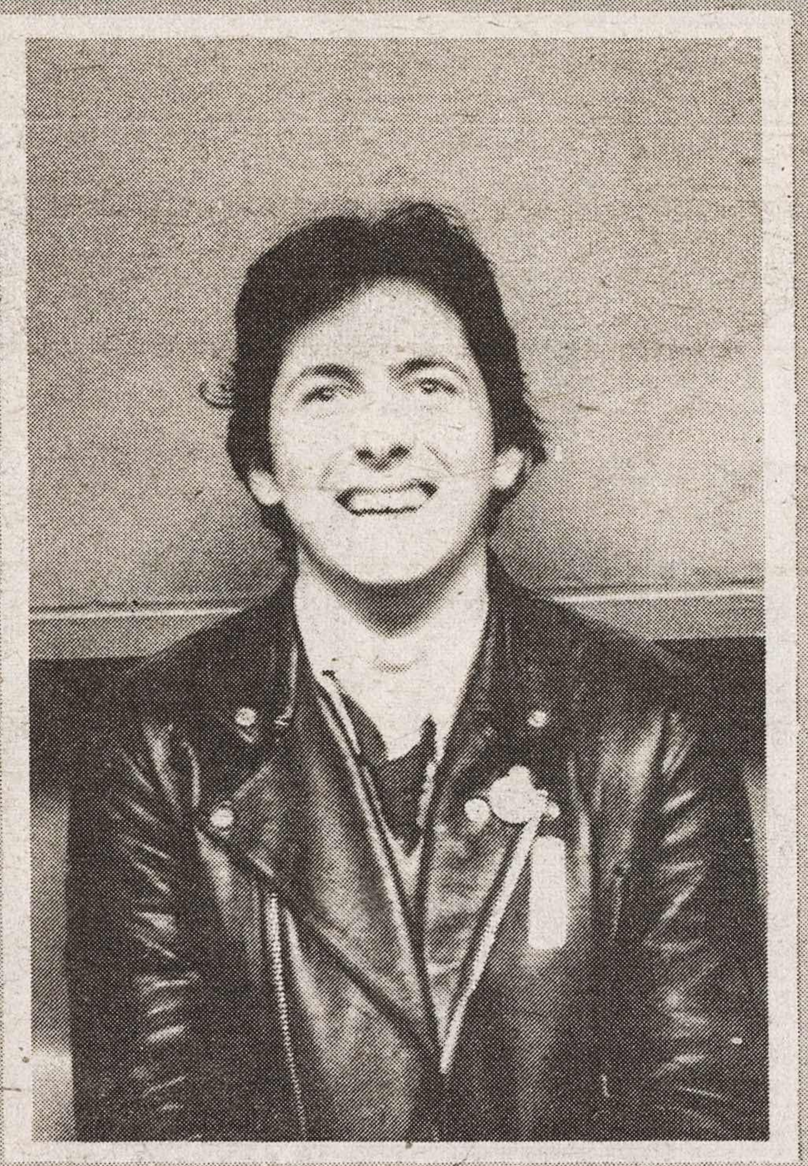
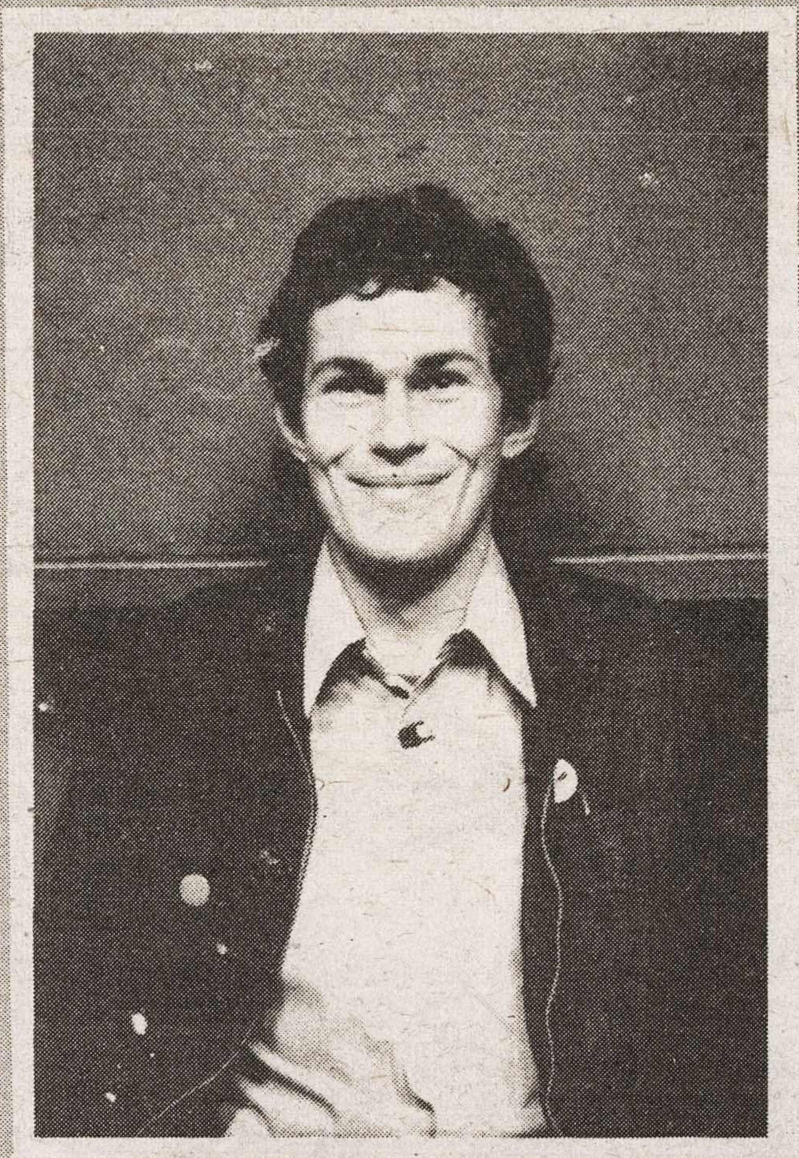
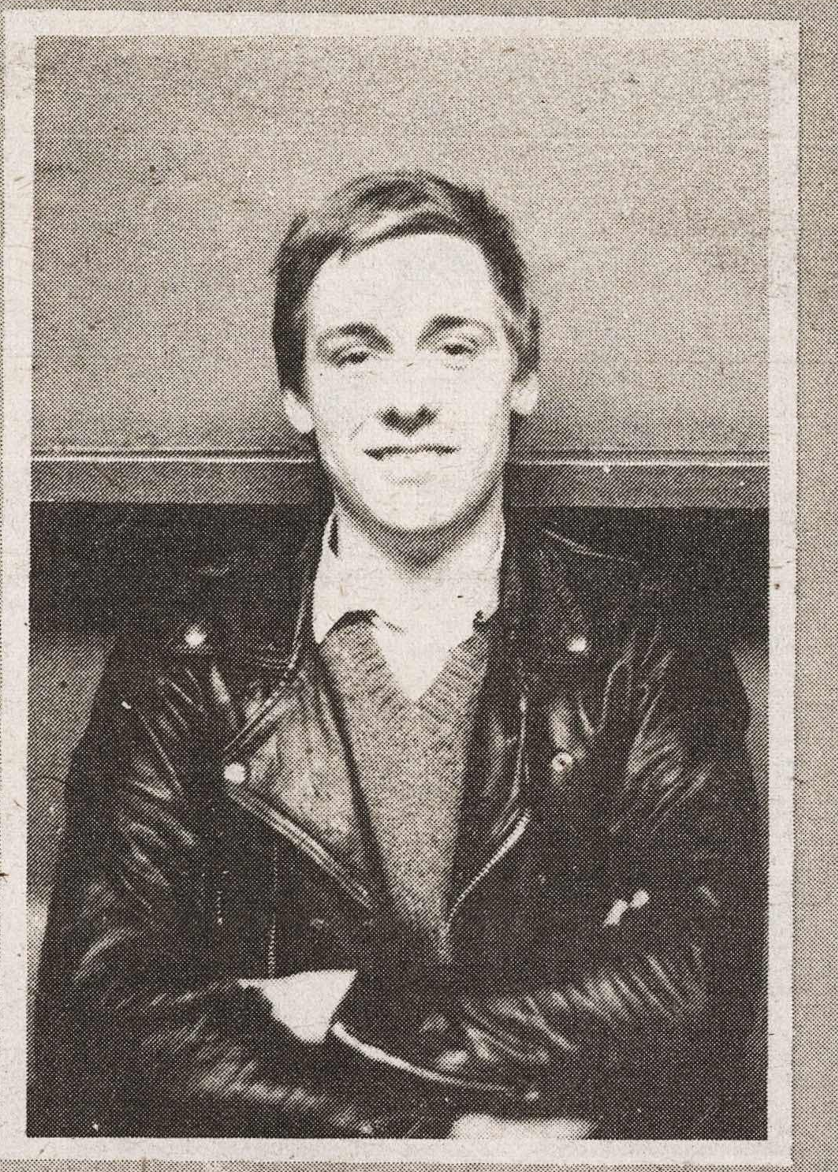


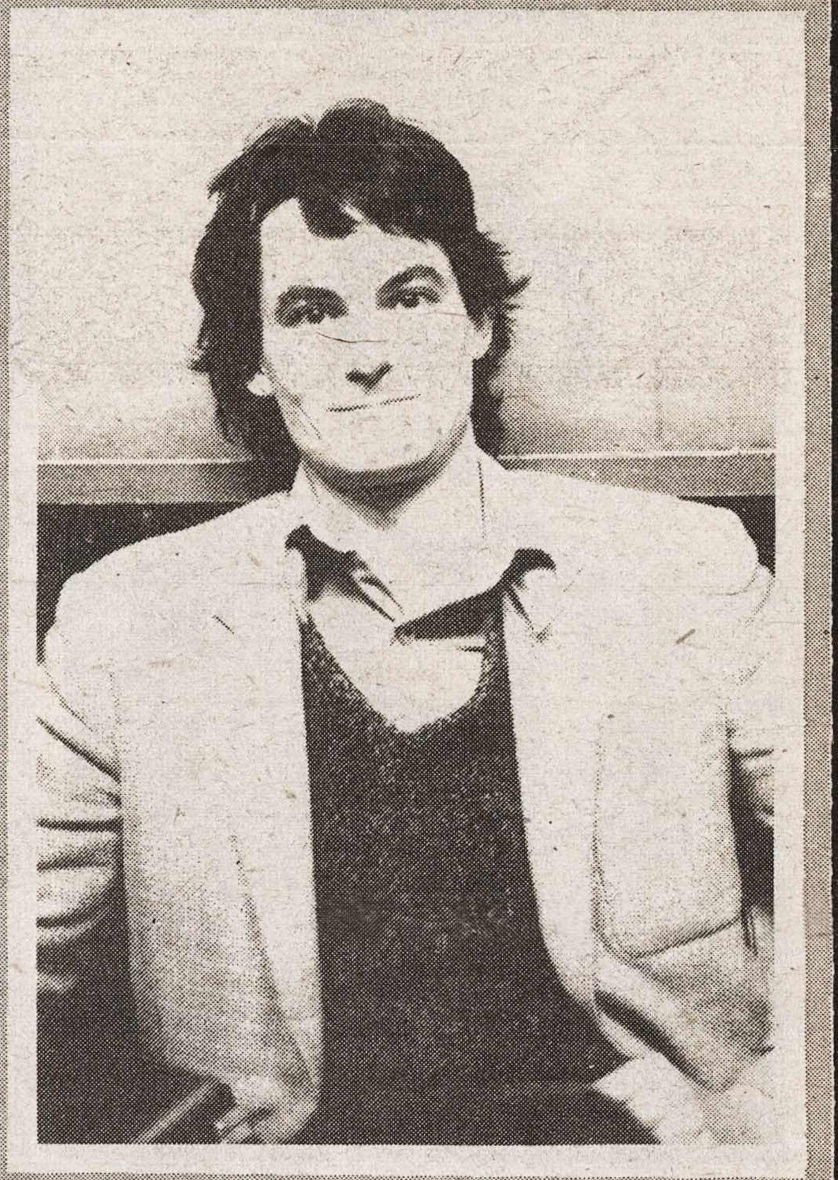
John Drums Mekon



Kevin Guitar Mekon



Mark Voice Mekon



Mick Manager Mekon

MORE MEKONS

■ *From previous page*

an obligation to see how far you can take that way of doing things.

"But if what ended up," argues Mark Mekon, the other half of the vocal team, "was a group that used whatever ideas we had — the way we behave on stage, what we say here, any of the things we hold dear — and it just became this rather tatty piece of image they carted around. . . totally meaningless. . . The Mekons show. . . Then I think we should stop — if it became just a selling point rather than the real justification."

"But I think," says Andy, "that it would be very hard for us to decide when it did become like that!"

"I think," says Mary, "that we've just reached a stage where it's beginning to be like that!"

And that, dear reader, is the very crux of the problem. It's also a rare insight into the heart of a band, something you're not likely to hear admitted so frankly in a long, long while.

THE Mekons have come all the way to the fair city of Dublin to participate in a 24 hour punk marathon, the inaugural gig of the Project Arts Centre, a whitewashed warehouse partitioned off into two stage areas and a disco.

Bands play simultaneously and incessantly throughout the night, too many and too diverse to tally, to crowds that don't seem to give a hoot about the make-shift organisation and field-tent toilets. They party and pogo all the way into the next morning. The shoot punks don't they?

Public Image and Throbbing Gristle are scheduled. The former pull out because their leader is in court and they're drummerless, the latter — so word has it — because it's too cold. But The Mekons show up, braving iced-over roads and bitter winds, lugging their amps and drums and guitars by hand on the Liverpool to Dublin ferry. They're being paid well for the gig, and need the money to bring the band kitty back in the black.

"It doesn't make sense," says Mark, as we while away the seven hour ferry ride, "but now that we're playing more gigs and usually getting paid more for them, we seem to actually have *less* money. I don't understand it, but it's true."

The Mekons, despite persisting rumours, are still unsigned. They've had offers, and the interest has been met by some exacting demands on their part. They openly admit their perplexity about the 'biz', yet acknowledge that sooner or later one way or another they will have to come to terms with it.

Independence is a fine thing. The Mekons are able to be autonomous at present because they live on their student grants. Most of them will be taking their finals later this year.

So why, with all these factors conspiring to corrupt their original motivation, do they do it?

Seeing them live answers that question.

The first time I saw them I hated it. Confronted with the vastness of London's Electric Ballroom The Mekons seemed to be playing for themselves, projecting none of the warm, amateurish charm that is their infectious trade-mark.

It took a second exposure in more amenable circumstances to unearth the quality of their songs — simple, quite irresistible songs, like 'Hong Kong Garden' or some Buzzcocks material, music that invites your surrender. The titles: 'What Are We Going To Do Tonight', 'Lonely And Wet', 'Like Spoons No More', 'Trevira Trousers', 'Rosanne', 'Dance And Drink With The Mekons'.

"Most of the songs are about social life," says Mark, who should know since he write the words. "Things like sitting in pubs. . . with the emphasis on clothes and behaviour patterns and everything else that's supposed to make up the real you," he adds disparagingly.

The Mekons go on stage in Dublin at 3.30 on Saturday morning. They had set out for the gig a full day and a half earlier, but whatever strain that might entail vanishes the moment they start playing. They smile and laugh a lot and dance incessantly. The fun they are having is tangible — they really can foster that spirit that Andy mentioned.

"Vulnerable," says one onlooker. "Innocent," says another. "Aw *come on*," says a third, "I could do that."

THE Mekons say their evolution has reached the point where they are just about to crawl out of the water. Their guiding line when faced with a decision of any material consequence used to be "Giggle and Run". But now Mark is asking me if I know of a reputable lawyer (which, incidentally, I don't).

They complain, with good reason, about the lack of reliable and available information about the biz. And how certain professional classes protect their self-interest by maintaining a mystique about what they do — something found in all strata of everyday life, no less in the business of music.

Jon: "A lot of those early punk band were putting across a message that anybody could do it."

Kevin: "That's the part that has been cleaned up the fastest. Just read the reviews. Words like 'musicianship' and 'professionalism' and 'craftsmanship', which weren't around a year or so ago, are coming back again."

And there I was thinking the value of ideas and energy over *mere* technique had been well and truly established . . . On reflection though, it was inevitable that as the punk bands play more so they become more technically proficient, with all the dangers that holds. And as they become more famous and more polished so they become less *accessible* — the potential rebellion point for a new generation of malcontents.

Andy: "You go that route when you start putting yourself on stage. We had these ideas about having no photographs, no personalities. It's obvious that personalities do start to emerge as soon as you go on stage. It would be very easy to say we're going to be more honest, we're going to be our real selves. That's absolute shit. . . But we can try.

"And yet an important constituent of pop music is the personalities that make it. There's no getting away from that. But there must be a way of presenting personalities that are complimentary to what we are musically, and aren't insulting to people's intelligence, aren't condescending."

Kevin: "And also aren't implying to people that that is a desirable personality to be."

Andy: "That's what I mean by condescending."

Kevin: "A group can suggest ways of acting without being so oppressive that you haven't got any way of making up your own mind about how to do things."

Tom: "We were saying the other day that it's nice to see people actually smiling at groups, which is what they tend to do to us, when they're not actually pissing themselves laughing!

"I can't see how we could ever be idolised in any way."

But they could, of course. Just as they could never have foreseen Bob Last's offer to make a record with them after their first gig with the band more or less as it is now, how can they foresee the circumstances they might find themselves in, beyond a few shrewd guesses?

Maybe it would have been better that The Mekons had called it quits after that first gig. Maybe it would have been better if these pages were left blank, and then you, dear reader, could have been true to the spirit of The Mekons and filled them in with a few words about yourself and your thoughts.

But there is a certain momentum that develops in these affairs that is outside any individual's control.

The six average, intelligent, good-humoured members of The Mekons are aware of the dangers of losing sight of their founding goals — which, in case the point has been missed, is much more involved than a simple question of whether to sign or not to sign. Their awareness of these potential traps naturally puts them in a better position to deal with them.

So maybe this time they — and by implication you — won't get fooled again.

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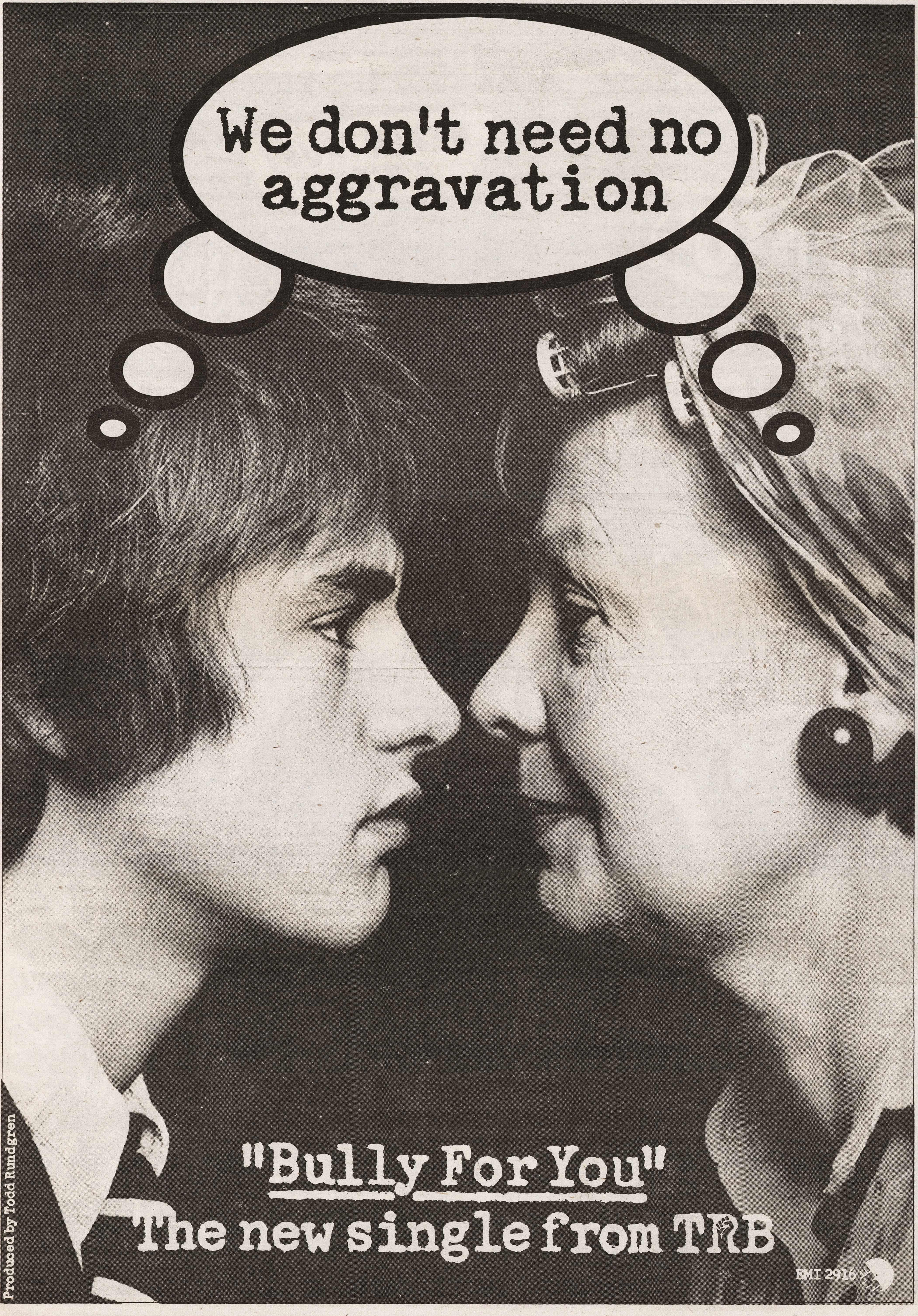
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DESTROY SUCCESS
WHO KILLED Bambi
"ANYONE CAN BE A SEX PISTOL"
BELIEVE IN THE RUINS
They Swindled Their Way To The Top
From The Film THE GREAT ROCK 'N' ROLL SWINDLE
The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle, a double album from the film of the same name by the Sex Pistols, is out now on Virgin Records VD2510
Virgin
Available on Cassette.

Has your Lucky Number come up?

THRILLS

Turn to page 16 and see!

ANOTHER SETBACK FOR PURSEY?

JUST LATELY the only thing that seemed to be running smoothly for an increasingly pressurised Jimmy Pursey was his label, J.P. Productions. The first two single releases — by The Invaders and The Angelic Upstarts — were imminent, and things looked promising.

But a few days ago that illusion went the way of Sham 69's morale: shattered.

Pursey's pride and joy, the high spirited Geordie punk quartet Angelic Upstarts — for whom the label was originally conceived — finally pushed Polydor's patience too far. The lads and their manager, notoriously 'naughty', were involved in a heated fracas with tight-lipped Polydor security men outside Polydor's offices off London's Bond Street. A confrontation that started trivially with snowballs escalated into something a great deal more serious.

It was possibly the excuse Polydor were looking for to rid themselves of these unsavoury characters. Anyway, they did it — swiftly and unceremoniously, stating: "A succession of events came to a head at the end of last week whereupon Polydor decided to reluctantly part company with The Angelic Upstarts. This in no way affects Polydor's feeling for J.P. Productions, and the company hope they will be able to find another act to replace Angelic Upstarts in the deal."

Huh? But we thought Pursey and his J.P. Productions partner Tony Gordon (Sham's manager) were going to have total control of the label. So how come Polydor can chuck anyone off it?

Gordon explains: "What we have with Polydor is a production deal. That means we have the full rights to pick and produce acts. After that, everything — marketing, packaging, distribution, etc — Polydor do.

"We decided to use Polydor in the first place because our relationships with them are good, and in normal circumstances we would make an issue over what has happened. But in this case, where there's been a punch-up, it's not going to do anyone any good causing a fuss. The Angelic Upstarts were aware that something drastic was going to happen — but they feel comfortable knowing that Jimmy is going to so much trouble to sort things out.

"He's been driving himself and me mad making sure everything turns out OK."

Pursey loves the group almost as much as his own — hence the hectic concern. He's spent six months pushing and prodding the group this far, and is determined that Polydor's decision will not affect the release of the Upstarts' classic first single 'Upstart'. The likely outcome is that the group will be placed on another label — CBS and Warners are reportedly very interested — under a similar production deal. Whoever releases the record, it will have the J.P. logo and effectively be on the J.P. Productions label.

J.P.'s remaining act, The Invaders — and presumably future signings — will remain under the Polydor label; a complicated set-up, but there's no choice.

Pursey is actually dissatisfied enough with Polydor to steer the whole thing away from them. Apart from the Upstarts incident, he has been further aggrieved by the fact that Polydor claimed the soonest they could release his hot little production item by a bunch of precocious 16-year-olds called Long Tall Shorty was next July.

Proof of Pursey's anger and the overall anguish of his current predicament was manifest at a recording last week for Radio One's *In Concert* programme (to be broadcast in edited form this Saturday, and reviewed in full in *On The Town).* He referred to the incident in a brief aside and dedicated the first two songs to his 'second favourite group' — '(Angelic Upstarts Are) Innocent' and 'Angels With Dirty Faces'.

The set was harsh and derisive.

Afterwards he was grandly presented with a silver disc for the 'That's Life' album by the jocular pair Kid Jensen and Paul Gambaccini, and angrily put his foot through it, somewhat unsettling the daft jocks. Later he sadly took the souvenir home, the artefact smashed, scratched and roughly taped up. A fractured remnant of better times, a spur.

Meanwhile, Pursey's attitude to performing again changes day by day, as recent reports have suggested, but the chances are that after a long rest he will return. Resilient and ready. A new, hard Jimmy Pursey.

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS

Pic: GERVAISE SOEUROUGE

Late news: TRB Bulletin No.13 available with stamped self-addressed envelope from TRB 13, Box 4XT, London W1A 4XT.

BOZETTE UNMASKED!

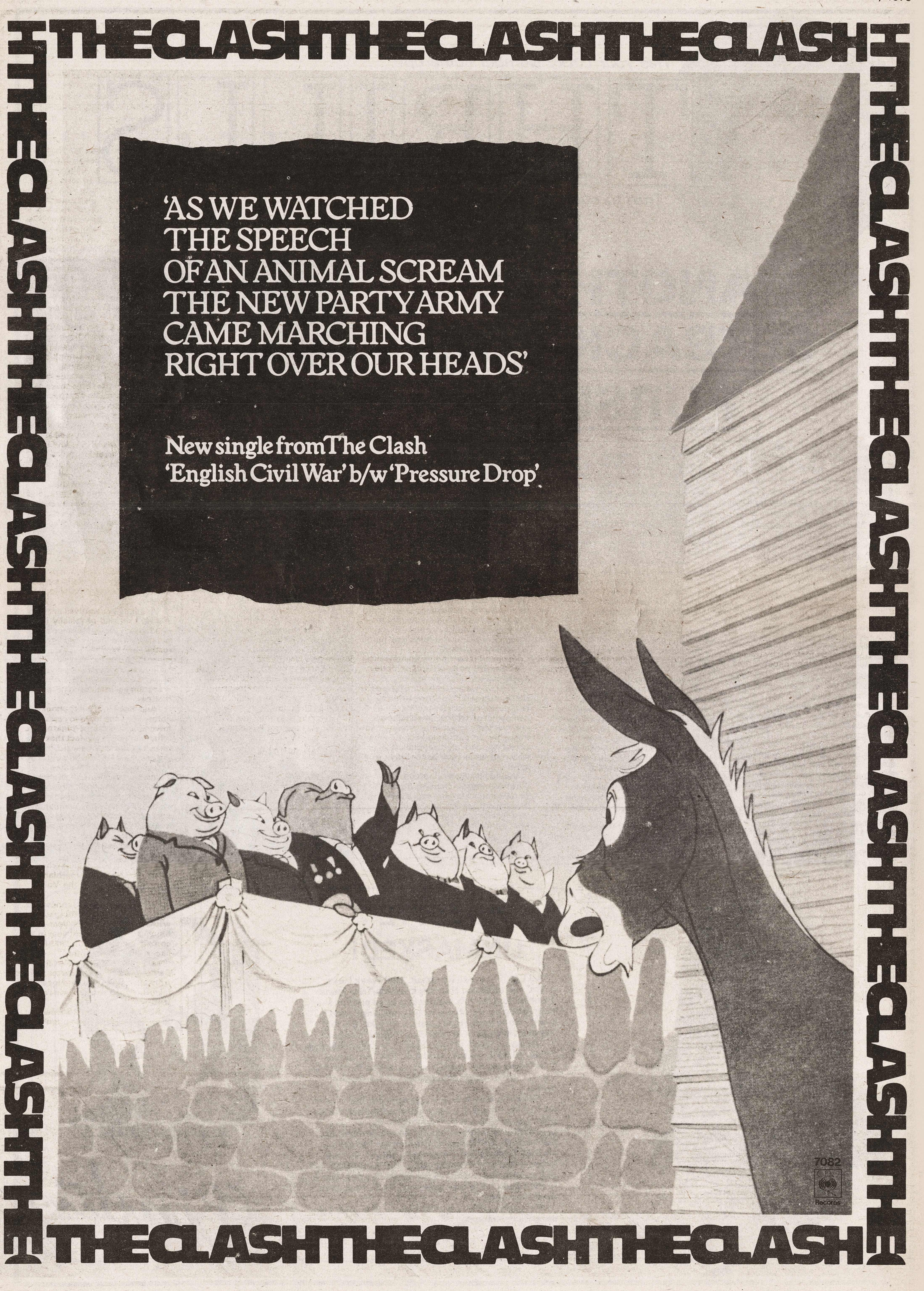
"WELL HI. I'm Linda Ronstadt. Last week I was tellin' you all about the way in which Trim-jeans transformed my life. I know you guys printed that disgusting photo of me, all fat and Clairol, and I want you to know that I can take a joke. It's just my attorneys who ain't gotta sense of humour.

"Anyway, I sure am proud to make available this newer pic of my revitalised self. The Clairol has been replaced by Lady Grecian 2000 and as for the fat . . . well, I guess you can all see where that went!

"Well, it's time for me to go now but before I do I'd just like to list the names of the first five dumb *schlongs* who actually recognised my pre-Trim-jeans self. They are: Jackie Drinkall of Blackheath, Phil Smith of Bridlington (wherever that is), Snoudy Robertson at "Snides", Valerie Glendening of Euston, London, and Richard Myers of Dagenham. I guess I'm more famous over there in the Land of Shakespeare and The Beatles than I dared to hope!

"Be sure and buy my new album. Bye now. Take care. Have a nice day,

Linda



THE CLASH THE CLASH THE CLASH
'AS WE WATCHED
THE SPEECH
OF AN ANIMAL SCREAM
THE NEW PARTY ARMY
CAME MARCHING
RIGHT OVER OUR HEADS'
New single from The Clash
'English Civil War' b/w 'Pressure Drop'
7082

Trying to get THE FEELIES (L-R): Andy Fier, Bill Million, Glen Mercer, Keith Clayton.

A Basket Case Kind Of Feelie

FOUR YOUNG men from New Jersey and one from Cleveland, so darned apple-pie wholesome that — in this day and age — their moms would be forgiven for thinking there was something badly amiss.

The Feelies are absolutely the latest thing to crawl out of that foetid urban sprawl known as the Big Apple, where they frequently appear on national holidays and flag days. Many and often wild have been the claims made for them by the city's savants since their debut in the midst of a severe snowstorm in the winter of '77, by far the most appropriate being 'adventurous minimalism'.

Their sound revolves around thickly monotonous rhythmic pulses, born of evenings spent covering Velvet Underground songs for disinterested New Jersey bar band crowds, and derives its distinctive appeal from the use of subtle accents melody-wise that ricochet around the musical framework . . . sort of like Eno meets Jonathan Richman before the latter entered his regressive nursery phase.

Without doubt, it's the most promising sound New York has produced since Nervus Rex — as envinced by songs like 'Moscow Nights', 'Forces At Work' and 'The Boy With Perpetual Nervousness' on their hotly pursued demo recordings.

Bill Million, who first met The Feelies' other guitarist/vocalist Glen Mercer at a "strictly religious" high school, says the name has no special significance. Any rude overtones or connotations with pulp sci-fi concepts are entirely coincidental.

"We wanted something that meant nothing specifically," he explains, "but sounded pleasant."

This last aspect is a quality The Feelies are keen on projecting, employing seasonal decorations on stage and such, but it caused some consternation amongst their early audiences.

"Wise guys would always approach us mid-song and say 'Give us the instruments, we'll play what the people like, not this basket case music'. Looking back on it, it seems quite funny, but at the time it was horrible."

Glen Mercer recounts the tale of their New York debut: "We had to follow three heavy metal bands and a comedy troupe from Boston telling dirty jokes. It was hard . . ."

According to a recent press release The Feelies don't smoke or drink, never swear, and don't sing songs praising drugs or insulting women. But even that hasn't prevented them finding an audience — though, by all accounts, a motley one.

"We've noticed an unusual variety that keeps getting stranger every time we play. There are the punks who come because they really get off on the energy and power, and the intellectual college kids bored with their studies. But definitely the weirdest ones are these really straight looking girls — ones that look like they've never had boyfriends!"

Response to The Feelies' accomplished stage delivery has lately become more and more positive, and their gigs have become more frequent. Tendencies to project a gawky deadpan disposition have all but vanished and popular moves nowadays include Glen Mercer's Fender fuzztone guitar improvisations over drummer Andy Fier and bass player Keith Clayton's percussion extravaganzas.

"The Feelies drive me wild and away from drinking," said one girl at a recent gig. "I love to dance and be reminded of Christmas and Valentine's Day," said another.

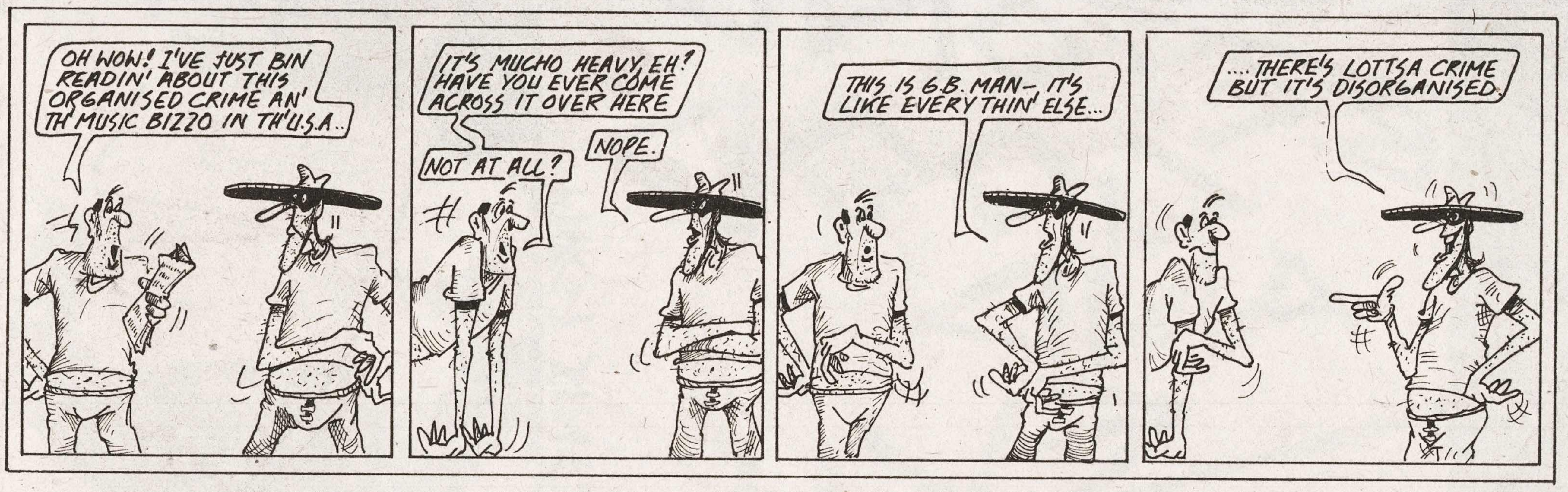
The Feelies may have something to do with much mooted ORK/WEA tie-up (granting proper means of release for also The Erasers and Richard Lloyd amongst others). Then again, they may not. But they definitely have got something.

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS

The Lone Groover

BEN-YON



NO BIZ LIKE IT . . .

WHAT EXACTLY is wrong with the record business? We've all got our own ideas, but none of us needs telling twice what the Moguls think goes for a great deal more.

Who are the Moguls? The Moguls, Marmaduke, are those with the key to the Executive Coke-Humidor in the massive corporations of the world. Recently New York's *Village Voice* posed the above question to the Vinyl Titans, all of whom work within a block or two — And came up with some revealing answers.

The commonest complaint, voiced by Joe Smith, Chairman of Elektra/Asylum; by Neil Bogart, President of Casablanca; and by Fred Haayen, President of Polydor, was one of the effects of fruitless competition between Biz corporations. Smith wanted "more cross-pollination" and less competitiveness — sentiments echoed by Bogart. "Only rarely do we act as an industry seeking the same goals," Haayen complained.

The thought of all those corporations acting as one might be enough to put the frighteners on anyone. Presumably the feeling being expressed was one of regret for duplication and waste.

Talking of waste and cash outlay, another gripe was the cost of developing new artists and the attendant difficulties (Bob Siner, MCA; Ron Alexenberg, Infinity; and Don Zimmerman, Capitol).

Clearly doubts about the efficiency of the mass operation also exist, voiced pungently by Bruce Lundvall of CBS: "We need more time to plan and initiate, rather than simply respond."

RCA's President Robert Summer added: "I hope we don't miss the next Elvis."

A strong note of disillusionment was injected into the *Voice* report by Warner Bros' senior Veep, Jerry Wexler:

"A lot of us executives are walking around physically ill— needing to pretend that we're creating something artistically worthy — or maybe they don't realize it's a sham. For starts, there is no record industry — just a series of individual companies, with each one acting according to his own dictates.

"And since we're all capitalist enterprises, we have to capture the lowest possible denominator. So, what's wrong is the fact that we have to cater to the rancid, infantile, pubescent tastes of the public. Just as it is with literature, where Faulkner remains on the library shelves while Jacqueline Susanne hits the charts, it's the same with records. Each company must do its best to fill the pulsating needs of mediocrity in order to maximize its potential for success.

"We might as well be selling hubcaps."

A refreshing viewpoint when compared with the superbland handoff provided to the Voice reporter by Atlantic.

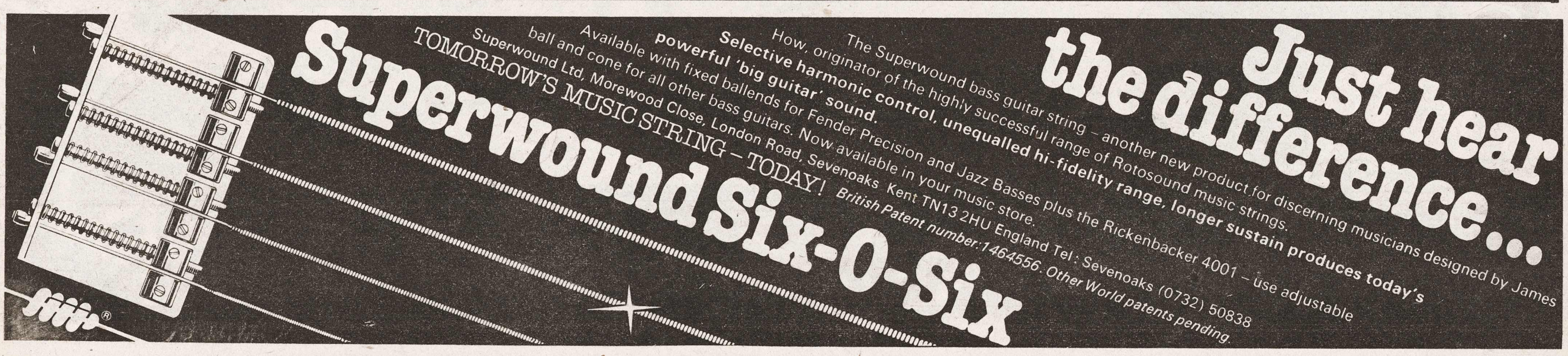
"As far as Atlantic is concerned, there is absolutely nothing wrong with our business. Last year was the biggest sales and profit year in the company's history and 1979 looks like it will be even better."

Last word from Arista's Clive Davis: "If The Bee Gees ever recover from their castration and lose their falsettos, the business is in real trouble."

Ah yes, Clive — but the Medical Profession will be in an ongoing growth situation.

MARK ETTING

THRILLS



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Neon

March 2 Polytechnic Newcastle
4 The Greyhound London
5 Golden Lion London
6 Bridge House London
7 Pegasus London
8 Nashville London
9 Railway Hotel London
10 Windsor Castle Moonlight Club London

Bright New Single **DON'T EAT BRICKS**
ADA 27 c/w HANGING OFF AN O

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THE POP GROUP

MAR 8TH PORTSMOUTH LOCARNO (GUESTS ALTERNATIVE TV LINTON KWESI JOHNSON)

MAR 10TH MANCHESTER POLY (ALTERNATIVE TV LINTON KWESI JOHNSON MANICURED NOISE)

BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL

FIRST SINGLE ADA 29

MAR 17TH LONDON ST PAULS CHURCH, COVENT GARDEN (LINTON KWESI JOHNSON + MANICURED NOISE)

MAR 22ND DERBY PLAYHOUSE (ALTERNATIVE TV + LINTON KWESI JOHNSON)

MAR 31ST CHELTENHAM TOWN HALL (ALTERNATIVE TV + LINTON KWESI JOHNSON)

338

THE POP GROUP

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Sticks Against The Empire . . .

AYNSLEY saves the Starship

PAUL KANTNER, Clash T-shirt and assistant AYNSLEY DUNBAR audition for Magic Circle. Readymade pic: JONATHAN POSTAL.

THE TALES of imminent collapse that followed the Jefferson Starship's somewhat . . . um, let's say 'spasmodic' European tour of last year, have all come to naught.

Up until the ill-fated European trip the revitalised Grace Slick had been attributing her new and youthful appearance and regained energy to her eschewal of booze.

"I was consuming three bottles of wine every other day — or *every day,*" she confided just 16 or 17 months ago. "When I stopped, my metabolism changed." She's been incommunicado since her latest drunken driving conviction so we can't tell you if her metabolism has changed back again and whether or not she's regained her stately proportions, but it hardly seems germane to a story on the Jefferson Starship since she'll tell anyone who'll listen that she is definitely out of the band: O-U-T. And she ain't the only one.

Paul Kantner, the secret 'leader' of the group, has always been determined to keep the thing together. (Says it's fun.) He even went down to the Mabuhay Gardens to check out The Avengers' singer, a spiney-headed punk screamer, to replace Gracie — although one does get the distinct impression that down deep Paul still thinks they'll wind up with Grace again. I mean, this thing's been going on *so* long you gotta figure it ain't *ever* gonna end, right?

Anyway, Kantner gets the crew together for rehearsals and on top of the Gracie problem, Balin starts baulking. He doesn't wanna rehearse. OK, we'll do it without him. But then the drummer Johnny Barbata goes and gets himself smashed up in an auto accident and he's gonna be in the hospital for a long time — a long, long time.

Not much left, but Kantner's still holdin' it together. "Maybe we could get Sid Vicious to replace Marty," he confides. "And his mom could replace Grace. Or maybe we'll just get Sylvester to cover for both of 'em."

Still, what was left of the Starship valiantly kept showing up for rehearsals at Kantner's place, drummerless, singerless rehearsals. And then some real work blew their way. Journey and its drummer Aynsley Dunbar had a falling out. After some Keith Moon replacement rumours turned out to be groundless, Starship bassist Pete Sears, who had worked with Dunbar on LPs for Kathi MacDonald and Alex Harvey, asked Dunbar to sit in on some rehearsals with the group.

"We were getting off from the very first moment I sat in," exulted Dunbar, attempting to explain how the Starship were so ready to can their skinman of seven years. Kantner admits what everyone in the Bay Area music community already knows — that Barbata was often at odds with the rest of the band. He never tried to hide his all too obvious money-and-glory-hungry attitude from interviewers and his whole slick approach must've been an embarrassment to hippiedom's all-time greatest survivors.

"Playing with Aynsley," says Kantner, "was so good so fast. He contributes to the songs; no big ego trips. He doesn't go sulking off if we don't like an idea of his. Journey told us he was a drunk who couldn't keep time. So far we haven't found that."

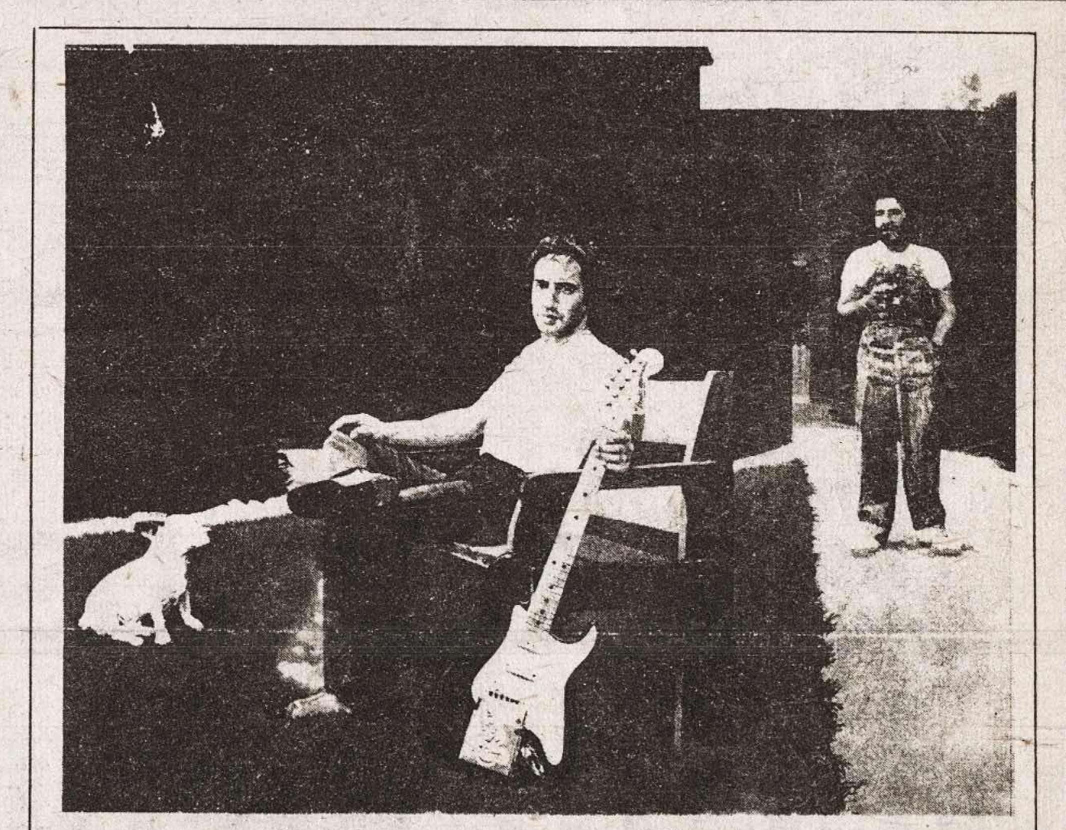
For his part, Dunbar, who's played with (get ready) John Mayall, Jeff Beck, Rod Stewart, Peter Green, Frank Zappa, Bonzo Dog Band, Nils Lofgren, Lulu, Flo and Eddie, Lou Reed, Poco, Sammy Hagar, David Bowie, Mick Ronson and countless others — as well as two bands of his own, Retaliation and Blue Whale — has never exactly been an admirer of the Starship.

"I always thought they were too laid back. But when I get up and play with 'em I find it completely the opposite. They're really ferocious underneath it all. I think what I can dig out of it is a little more fierceness."

This, of course, bodes well for a band that has been bogged down lately in Marty Balin's MOR hits. Everyone left in the band is eager to get back into some more driving rock'n'roll so they've decided not to pursue the ever-elusive, on-again-off-again Mr Balin. In fact, January caught them rehearsing with none other than Jess Roden (sort of *sub rosa,* since no one'll admit Balin's in or out — probably 'cause no one really knows, least of all Balin). You may remember Roden from his days with the Alan Bown Set or from Bronco, the Butts Bands or from his own band and solo career. In any event, if he works out, the good 'ole Starship will be exactly one half British — for whatever that's worth.

JACK BASHER

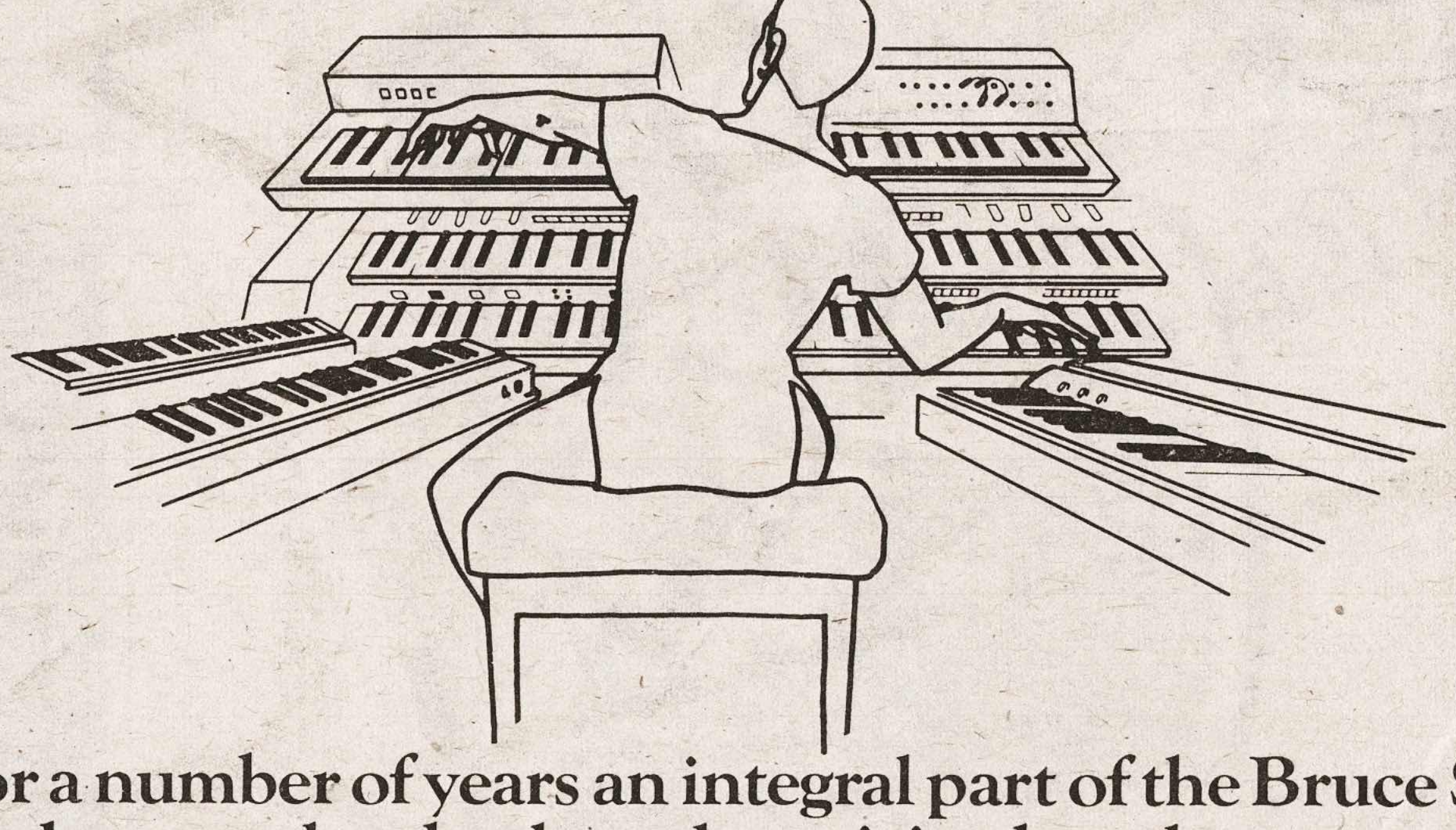
THRILLS



The picture here from last year's show was painted by guitarist Humphrey Ocean and shows Godley and Lenck from 10CC with terrier Creme and the famous Gizmo on Godley's guitar. Could you do as well? SAE for entry rules to The Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, London W1V 0DS.

A sudden case of role reversal courtesy of Honey? Or did those heavenly voices on 'I'm Not In Love' really belong to a feisty little pooch called Creme? Sent in by Spike — who also points out that Godley, being a drummer, doesn't have a guitar. Unlike Lenck.

DAVID SANCIOUS & TONE



David Sancious was for a number of years an integral part of the Bruce Springsteen mystique.
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STIFF SIX COMP

Whose lucky number came up?

AS WITH all NME caption contests, we know that to begin with the prize was right — but in the final analysis, it must surely be Lene Lovich's rapidly escalating popularity that prompted hundreds of readers to deluge our offices with entries for our recent Be Stiff Times Six Competition.

Your entries came fast and furious and funny. Unfortunately, many were far too rude to consider running, whilst others permutated the 'Rhythm Stick' / 'Star Wars' routine to the extent that it was impossible to select any outright winners in that particular category.

Anyway, thanks again for joining in the jape. Over the next couple of weeks we'll attempt to extort a whole bunch of other super-rare goodies from various record companies and put them up for grabs. Stay tuned.

So whose lucky number's come up?

● **First prize** of the highly - collectable Be Stiff Tour '78 'You're Either On The Train Or Off The Train' album together with a Lene Lovich 'Stateless' (limited edition) picture disc and a 12-inch copy of La Lovich's 'Lucky Number,' is awarded to Andrew Spencer, Bridlington, East Yorkshire, with the caption . . .
"I don't care what Stiff say about free publicity, I will not do *that* on stage with *this!*"

● Second prize of A Be Stiff Tour 'Train' album and a 'Stateless' picture disc, to Pete Knifton of Sandiacre, near Nottingham, whose previous claim to fame is that he once came third in a Name A Dalek competition. Pete's caption was:
"That's what I call a macca spliff!!"

● Tony McEvoy of Berry Brow, Huddersfield, copped the third prize of A Be Stiff Tour 'Train' album and a limited edition *black* vinyl 'Stateless' album with the caption:
"Ere, what's this printed on the handle? 'Made By Nick Lowe!' "

● Fourth prize of A Be Stiff Tour 'Train' album plus a red vinyl 'Stateless' elpee goes to naughty John Paul Gosling, up there on Merseyside. JP reckoned Lene was bemoaning:
"That's the last time I leave my vibrator on all night!"

● Fifth and sixth prizes of the Be Stiff Tour 'Train' album go post-haste to Robert Pearson, of Freiston, Boston, for **"Double Top to win!"** and to Billy Cunningham of Belfast with **"I think we're alone now!"**

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C/W 'WHY CAN'T I TOUCH IT?'

A GARBLED ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST US CLASH TOUR
BY J.STRUMMER

ALL CAPS exactly as marked.

WE MEET AT THE AIRPORT AND GET ON A PLANE TO VANCOUVER.THERE SEEMS TO BE QUITE A LOT OF US. WE GOT BAKER AND JOHNNY GREEN OUR BACKLINE CREW ,AND ROB AND ADRIAN WHO ARE WELSH SOUND MEN,WARREN "GANDALF" SPARKS

A GARBLED ACCOUNT OF THE CLASH U.S. TOUR BY JOE STRUMMER

WE MEET AT THE AIRPORT AND GET ON A PLANE TO VANCOUVER. THERE SEEMS TO BE QUITE A LOT OF US. WE GOT BAKER AND JOHNNY GREEN OUR BACKLINE CREW, AND ROB AND ADRIAN WHO ARE WELSH SOUND MEN, WARREN "GANDALF" SPARKS LIGHTING ENGINEER, AND BARRY 'SCRATCHY' MYERS, THE FAMOUS D.J. THEN THERE'S THE FOUR OF US AND CAROLINE CROON TO HANDLE THE BUSINESS.

"EVEN AEROSMITH DONT TRAVEL WITH SO MANY PEOPLE," SAYS EPIC RECORDS. "AH YES WE REPLY," BUT WE VE GOTTA DO IT PROPERLY!".

SO, 17 HOURS LATER HERE WE ARE VANCOUVER, CANADA. NO BLIZZARDS NO SNOW NO MOUNTIES — JUST THE CUSTOMS. THEY GO THROUGH EVERYTHING, CONFISCATING STUDDED BELTS, ARMBANDS, KNIVES, COS THEY CANT FIND ANY DRUGS. "IF WE'D KNOWN IT WAS GONNA BE LIKE THIS, WE'D HAVE BROUGHT SOME DRUGS FOR YOU" WE TELL 'EM. BUT THEY DONT SMILE THEY JUST KICK US OUT, KNIFELESS AND BELTLESS.

ANYWAY, ON WITH THE SHOW. WE PLAY THE AGORA BALLROOM, WHICH SHOLD BE CALLED THE AGORA COWBOY SALOON. Q. ARE WE NOT MEN? ANS. NO, WE ARE NERVOUS.

BUT THE SHOW GOES OFF REAL GOOD AN WE MEET BO DIDDLEY AT LAST. BO IS COMING ON THE TOUR AND THE NEXT MORNING A BIG SHINY GREYHOUND BUS DRAWS UP OUTSIDE THE HOTEL WITH TWO NASHVILLE DRIVERS. ITS ALL ABOARD FIRST STOP, CALIFORNIA.

THE BUS IS REAL NEAT WITH BUNKS A PISSHOLE AN A TV VIDEO. ITS JUST COME OFF A WAYLON JENNINGS TOUR. WE CROSS THE US BORDER REAL EASY, NO SEARCH, NOTHING, THEN ITS NON STOP ACROSS OREGON.

ABOUT MIDNIGHT WE DOSS IN A FACELESS MOTEL. I WAKE UP AND AS I'M SEARCHING FOR SOME BREAKFAST ,ACE PENNA OUR US TOUR MANAGER TELLS ME" HEY, DIDJA KNOW SID IS DEAD?" I GRAB HIM BY THE THROAT "WHAT DO YOU MEAN" I SNARL. THEN AS IT SINKS IN I DONT WANT NO BREAKFAST. OUR FIRST MORNING IN AMERICA.

IN CALIFORNIA THE SUN IS SHINING WEAKLY.THE OTHER PEOPLE WALK ABOUT THE STREETS,WEAKLY.IN FACT EVERYTHING HERE IS DONE WEAKLY,EXCEPT FOR WHEN THE COPS GET HOLD OF YOU. WE PLAY THE BERKELEY COMMUNITY THEATRE ON THE COLLEGE CAMPUS.OUR FIRST MISTAKE,MEANING,IT AINT OUR SCENE.BUT WE PLAY AND THEY DIG IT, TAPPING THEIR BIOLOGY BOOKS IN TIME TO THE TUNES.

BILL GRAHAM, FAMOUS HIPPIE PROMOTER,IS PROMOTING THE SHOW,IE MAKING ALL THE MONEY, BUT HE LEAVES TOWN JUST BEFORE WE ARRIVE.NEXT NIGHT HOWEVER WE AGREE TO PLAY A BENEFIT FOR THIS YOUTH ORGANIZATION WHO ARE TRYING TO OPEN UP THE S.F.SCENE BY PROMOTING COST PRICE ROCK SHOWS. THE SHOW IS REALLY GRLAT ,THE HALL IS REALLY GREAT, THE AUDIENCE IS REALLY GREAT BUT WE GOTTA LEAVE STRAIGHT AFTER THE SET TO DRIVE THE 400 MILES TO LOS ANGELES.

THE DRIVE TAKES ALL NIGHT AN WE TEST OUT THE BUNKS WHICH ARE LIKE COMFY SHELVES. WE HIT L.A. IN THE MORNING AN WE GOTTA PLAY THE SANTA MONICA CENTRE THE SAME NIGHT.ME AN MICK TRY TO GET A LOOK AT HOLLYWOOD BUT WE COLLAPSE INSTEAD. LATER MICK TELLS ME HIS HOTEL BED JUST KEPT MOVING ALL THE TIME,JUST LIKE MINE, AND WE WORK OUT IT IS BECAUSE WE WERE ON THE BUS ALL NIGHT.

THE SANTA MONICA CIVIC CENTRE TURNS OUT TO BE A CONCRETE BARN.I ONLY REMEMBER THE REALLY GOOD SHOWS OR THE REALLY BAD SHOWS,SO THIS ONE MUST HAVE BEEN JUST O.K. COS MY MEMORY IS BLANK.

RIGHT AFTER THE SET THEY DRAG IN SOME EPIC PEOPLE,QUITE ALOT OF 'EM,LINE 'EM UPAND TRY TO GET US TO POSE WITH THEM.I'M FED UP WITH THIS,SO I LOOK AT TOPPER AND HE READS MY THOUGHTS,"LETS FUCK OFF OUT OF IT" HE SAYS ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY AS MICK AND PAUL SAY IT.SO WE DO.WHEN THE EPIC PEOPLE LEAVE THEY DO NOT SPEAK AND THEY DO NOT LOOK.THE AIR IS THICK AS THEY FILE PAST.

AGAIN STRAIGHT AFTER THE SHOW WE GOTTA HIT THE ROAD.A LOAD OF FANS GIVE US A GREAT SEND OFF SO WE ARE ALL IN A GOOD MOOD AS WE HEAD FOR OKLAHOMA CITY.

ON THE BUS BO SITS UP FRONT SLUGGING "ROCK N RYE" AND POURING OUT ANECDOTES FROM HIS 23 YEARS ON THE ROAD. THE BUS HAS THREE VIDEO TAPES — STAR WARS (GROAN) KING CREOLE(HOORAY) AN BLOOD FOR DRACULA. TOPPER SITS WITH HIS FEET UP SHOWING OFF HIS NEW SPURS WATCHING THESE OR PLAYING TRICKS ON BO WITH WHOM HE HAS HIT IT OFF REAL GREAT. MICK AND PAUL SIT UP THE BACK PLUGGED INTO SOME JUMPING ROCKABILLY, WATCHING THE ENDLESS TRUCK STOPS SLIDE BY.

DRIVING TO OKLAHOMA CITY IS LIKE DRIVING FROM LONDON TO GLASGOW 10 TIMES.SO I GET MY HEAD DOWN AND WHEN I WAKE UP WE ARE IN TEXAS. I KNOW THIS BECAUSE JOHNNY GREEN AND BAKER ARE WEARING THE BIGGEST COWBOY HATS I EVER SEEN.

TEXAS IS ONE OF THE BEST PLACES ALTHOUGH I CANT SAY WHY. WE ARE TRYING TO REACH CLEVELAND OHIO HOPING TO CATCH A PLANE IN OKLAHOMA CITY. THERES PLENTY OF SNOW FOG AND ICE AT THE AIRPORT BUT NO PLANES. THE BUS HAS GONE TO NASHVILLE FOR REPAIRS SO WE SIT AND WAIT. 24 HOURS LATER WE FINALLY GET TO CLEVELAND FLYING THE ROUNDABOUT ROUTE.

THIS GUY CALLED LARRY MCINTYRE LOST BOTH HIS LEGS IN VIETNAM AND WHEN HE WENT FOR A SWIM ONE DAY IN THE POOL NEAR HIS FLAT ALL THE OTHER RESIDENTS BANNED HIM FROM THE POOL ON THE GROUNDS THAT IT WAS TOO DISGUSTING... SO WE AGREE TO PLAY A SHOW FOR HIM, HELPING HIS LEGAL

■ Continues over

Pix: BOB GRUEN.

■ From previous page

COSTS BUT WE DONT GET TO MEET HIM, I THINK BECAUSE, HAVING FORGOT HIS NAME, I REFERED TO HIM OVER THE P.A. AS "THE GUY WITH NO LEGS."

INCIDENTLY, TO GIVE YOU SOME IDEA OF THE SIZE OF THE COUNTRY, WE MEET SOME PEOPLE WHO HAD TRAVELLED '800 MILES TO SEE THE SHOW.

NEXT STOP IS WASHINGTON D.C.THE BUS HAS CAUGHT UP WITH US SO ITS ALL ABOARD. ON THIS DRIVE BO GIVES UP HIS BUNK TO HIS GUITAR AND HE SLEEPS SITTING UP. SO DOES MICK BECAUSE NOTHING ON EARTH WILL TEMPT HIM TO GET BACK IN ONE OF THE BUNKS.

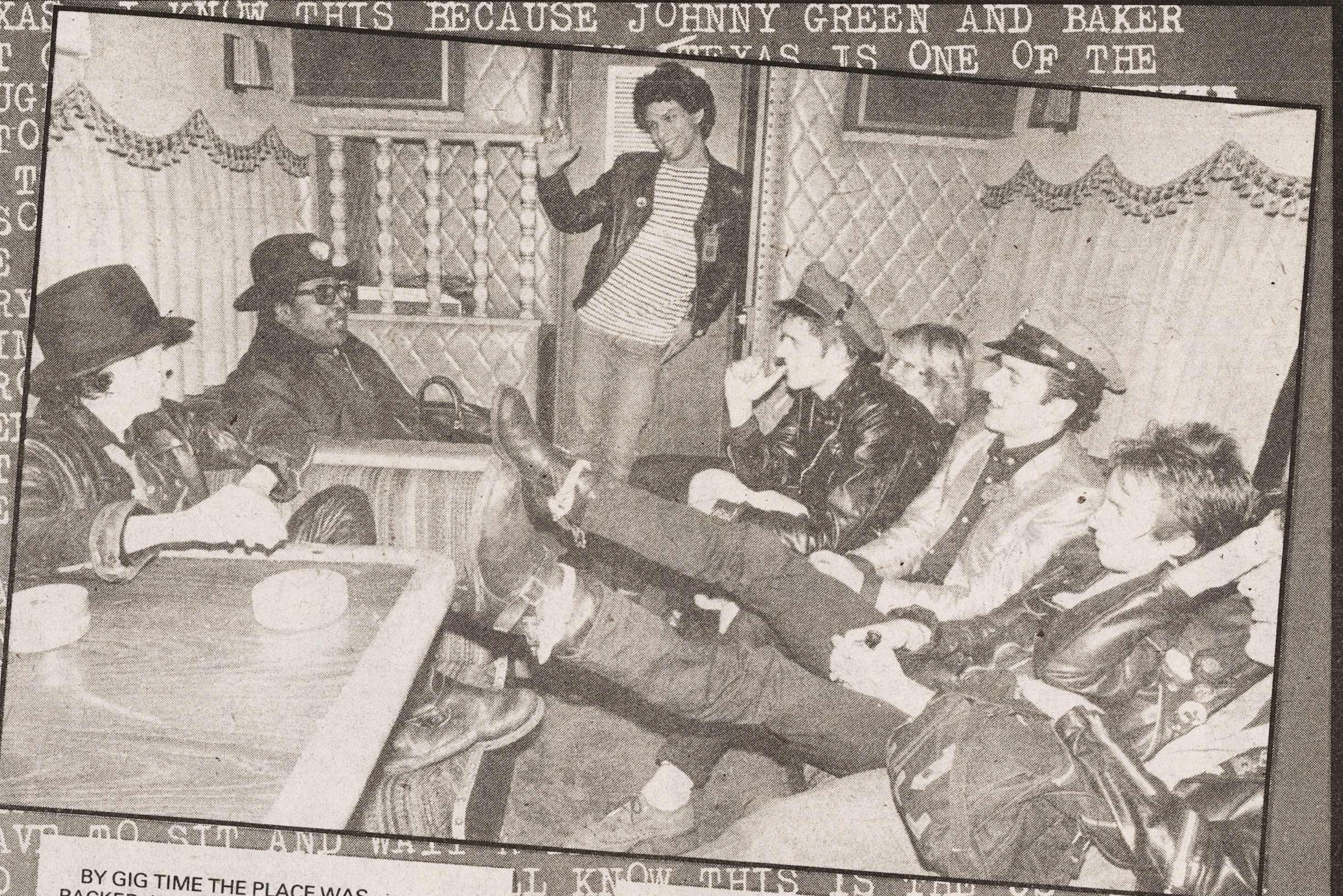
MEANWHILE OUTSIDE ITS 32 BELOW ZERO AND AS WE ARE FILLING UP SOME PLACE THE BRAKES FREEZE UP AND ARE LOCKED SOLID. SO WE HAVE TO SIT AND WAIT A FEW HOURS FOR THEM TO THAW.

THOSE OF YOU WHO STAYED AWAKE IN SCHOOL WILL KNOW THIS IS THE US CAPITAL.STRANGELY ENOUGH MOST OF THE POPULATION IS BLACK, WHICH MAKES ALL THE WHITE POLITICIANS A LITTLE NERVOUS. WE WAS GONNA PAY A CALL ON JIMMY CARTER BUT HE WAS DOWN IN MEXICO,HAVING A MASSAGE. SO WE PLAYED D.C. AND HEADED OUT FOR BOSTON.EVEN THOUGH THIS WAS ONLY LAST WEEK MY MEMORY HAS GONE AGAIN SO LETS SAY IT WAS OKAY AND GET ON WITH IT, WHICH MEANS NEW YORK! NEW YORK! (SO GOOD THEY NAMED IT TWICE ETC.).

NEW YORK IS DEFINATELY AN O.K. TOWN. ALL THE STREETS ARE STRAIGHT AND ITS LAID OUT LIKE A CHESS BOARD.SOME PARTS ARE DEAD FLASH LIKE MANHATTAN AND SOME PARTS ARE BURNT OUT SLUMS LIKE THE SOUTH BRONX.

WE WAS PLAYING THE PALLADIUM,A BIT LIKE THE RAINBOW.THIS WAS THE THIRD GIG IN THREE DAYS,AND WITH ALL THE TRAVELLING WE WAS PRETTY KNACKERED. DURING THE SOUND CHECK I OVER HEARD A YANK TALKING TO HIS MATE "WOW THESE GUYS HAVE HAD IT,THEY CAN HARDLY STAND UP, NEVER MIND PLAY!"

THEN BO TOLD ME THE WORST AUDIENCES IN THE US WERE DETROIT AND NYC. "IF YOU CAN PLAY NEW YORK YOU CAN PLAY ANYWHERE"



BY GIG TIME THE PLACE WAS PACKED,AND ALL THE TOP LIGGERS IN TOWN WERE THERE.WE WERE PLENTY NERVOUS. HALFWAY THROUGH THE SHOW I CHECKED THE AUDIENCE AND BECAME CONVINCED THAT WE WERE GOING DOWN LIKE A TON OF BRICKS.BUT LIKE THEY SAY ITS A TOUGH TOWN AND BY THE END OF THE DAY WE MANAGED TO WHIP IT OUT AND GIVE 'EM SOME OF OUR BEST.

WE STUCK AROUND FOR A DAY OR SO TO SEE THE SIGHTS LIKE STUDIO 54 WHICH IS OKAY BUT NOTHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT.TO GET IN WITHOUT PAYING YOU HAVE TO TURN UP WITH ANDY WARHOL.

ONE MORE SHOW TO GO,IN TORONTO. WE FLY THERE TO DO THE GIG WHICH IS IN A CINEMA.THE DRESSING ROOM ACTUALLY IS A TOILET AND THE P.A. SOUNDS AS IF ITS FILLED WITH HAMSTERS ON COKE. EVEN THOUGH IT SOUNDS ROUGH WE REALLY ENJOY IT AND SO DO THEY, STORMING THE STAGE AT TH E END ENGLISH STYLE. ONE OF THE FUNNIEST THINGS I EVER SAW WAS THESE TWO BOUNCERS TRYING TO HOLD THE WHOLE AUDIENCE BACK.JUST THE TWO OF THEM! AFTER THE FIRST NUMBER THEY WERE SWAMPED SO THEY GAVE UP AND WENT HOME.

AND THE NEXT DAY SO DID WE.

TO BREAK, CRACK, STORM OR BLITZ AMERICA YOU HAVE TO WORK AS HARD AS ELVIS COSTELLO, SHAKE HANDS AND SMILE LIKE THE BOOMTOWN RATS, AND SOUND LIKE DIRE STRAIGHTS. OF THE THREE,WE COULD MAKE THE FIRST BUT NOT THE REST SO WE ARE GOING TO GO BACK TO PLAY THE US AGAIN BUT WE MUST ALSO PLAY BRITAIN, JAPAN, EUROPE, AUSTRALIA, AND ITS FAIR SHARES ALL ROUND. HEY! I HEAR THEYRE REALLY ROCKING IN RUSSIA . . .

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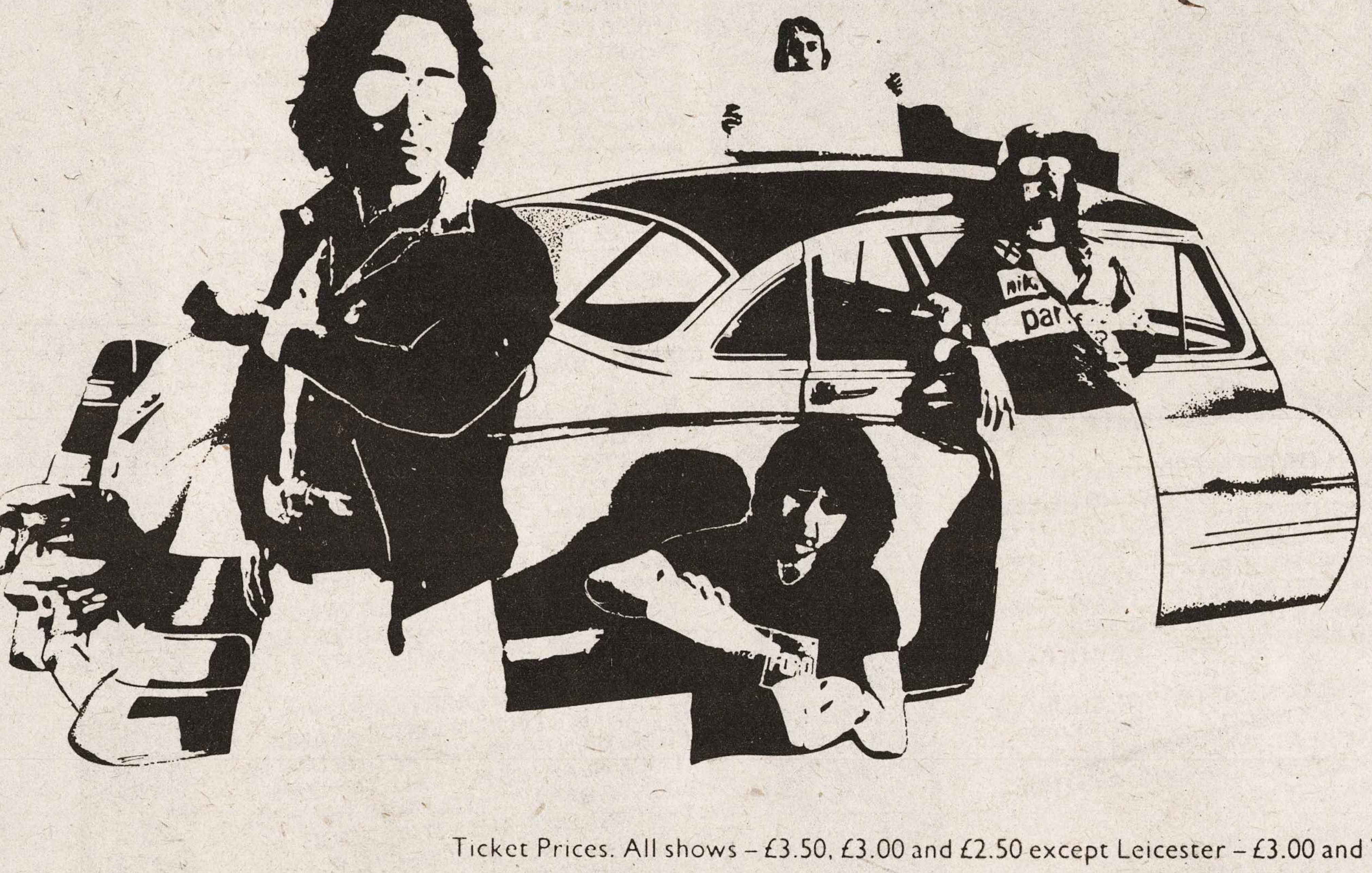

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6th-7th March	Glasgow Apollo
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18th March	Bristol Colston Hall
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23rd March	Brighton Centre
25th-26th March	Birmingham Odeon
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ODE TO BILLY JOEL

Some movie mogul probably has it scripted right now: a 29-year-old pug-nosed classical-piano playing former Noo Yawk hoodlum welterweight boxing pro with 23 victories out of 26 whose songs pluck the heartstrings of America . . . Gulp!! BILLY JOEL is the man with the qualifications. IAN CRANNA tells the story. LAURIE EVANS took the picture.

BILLY JOEL knows how to put on a good show.

You know that because it's not until the *fourth* encore that he delivers the famous "Don't take any shit from anybody!" punchline that signals the real end.

On stage, he leads a hard working, smooth running, thoroughly professional American operation — a real treat to watch from beginning to end, with just the right balance of polished theatrics and genuine vitality, so that even the funny bits don't appear slick or routine even though the whole shebang has been oh-so-well rehearsed.

Some show!

The huge PA was crystal clear. The giant gantry of lighting hardware shot pretty colours all over the shop. The band were as tight as an Aberdonian's fist, with standout performances from multi-intrumentalist Richie Cannata and crazy drummer Liberty de Vitto who's a star in his own right.

While no one could claim Joel to be a startingly brilliant writer, two hours of the best of his colourful character sketches makes it on sheer strength of character alone.

Joel himself is master of the whole event, absolutely in his element as the accomplished entertainer. The only thing that seems slightly odd is his stage outfit — smooth black jacket and tie, clean white shirt and — a scruffy pair of blue jeans. Odd, that is, until you realise how well that matches the man himself — stylish sophistication on top but Mr. Everyman underneath.

EARLIER THAT afternoon there was another kind of hard working, smooth running, thoroughly professional American rock show. For Billy Joel, on the last leg of his extensive European tour and presently short on sleep and fighting off a threatening cold, Edinburgh means another town, another interview. He doesn't care for interviews and photo sessions at the best of times, apparently — something to do with him being just an ordinary guy — but he puts his best face on it. There are smiles and handshakes at start and finish, and inbetween he settles into a well rehearsed interview routine.

You know that because you recognise phrases, expressions — whole sentences even — not just from the required preparation of reading recent *Crawdaddy* and *Rolling Stone* articles but even from Phil McNeil's interview two years ago.

However, he's straightforward and honest, never appearing bored or stale. Had you not known you'd never guess you weren't getting those lines for the first time.

Like I said, Billy Joel knows how to put on a good show.

SHORTER than you'd expect, with the build and nose of a fighter (which he was as a youth, winning 23 out of 26 bouts as a welterweight), 29-year-old Billy Joel is generally reckoned to be belligerent, rowdy, obnoxious even.

I can believe that, after seeing some of his real warmth and up-and-at-'em New York vigour later win through as he relaxes into his own groove, but right now he's clearly ill at ease with this forced intimacy with total strangers.

In response to a preliminary ice breaker as to whether his previous encounter with *NME* had covered his extensive background, Joel nods slowly and raises his eyes heavenward in confirmation and silent plea not to have to go through *all* that again.

So we don't. But it *is* quite a story though — and if you'll just hang on to your hats we'll zip quickly through the salient points.

Born in the Bronx but raised in the featureless Long Island town of Hicksville, Joel's upbringing was solidly middle-class until the age of seven when his German father returned to Europe. The subsequent poverty and uncertainty of his childhood he has described elsewhere as "traumatic", and doubtless had much to do with his later involvement in a neighbourhood petty crime gang.

The Joel family, however, were also musically inclined and from a tender age Billy Joel had the benefits of formal piano tuition. But on the radio it was early '60s rock'n'roll that he tuned into, along with soul music, the beat groups of the British Invasion and, interestingly, the jazz of Dave Brubeck and Oscar Peterson, Bill Evans and Art Tatum.

Joel's piano ability made him a natural for local bands and at 14 he was invited along to the tiny two-track Dynamic studios to play sessions for the now-legendary producer George "Shadow" Morton. There in the basement he contributed piano for (gasp) The Shangri Las. At least, he *thinks* so:

"You do the sessions without the singers, and we did about 15 different sessions. You never knew who the track was for or what the song was gonna be — you just read off the music."

Ever (tremble) *meet* the girls?

"I saw them sing once — they were stra-a-ange chicks. I don't know what was going on between them, what the deal was."

Joel gestures and a camera clicks and whirrs.

"Hey — I'm gonna look like an *Italian* in theses pictures . . . ."

His own earliest recordings were blue-eyed soul with local New York group The Hassles (two albums for United Artists), and, with the Hassles' drummer, in a power duo called Attila (one album for Epic).

After that he decided he'd had enough of trying to destroy the world with amplification, and opted for songwriting.

A tape of songs landed him with Instant Sunshine Records, run by Michael Lang, one of the Woodstock promoters. Then an exchange deal between Lang and Artie Ripp whisked the unsuspecting Joel to the latter's Family Productions, for whom he recorded his first album, 'Cold Spring Harbor'.

It was not a happy time. Apart from checking himself into what he now calls "the nuthouse" in an uncharacteristic spell of self pity, the album took a whole year to record. Not only was it laden with dive bomber strings but the recording apparatus had run slow, so that when transferred elsewhere the tapes (and the album) got speeded up.

"They sent a copy to my house," he remembers in pain. "I had all my friends come over — this is my album! You gonna hear my album! I sounded like a *chipmunk!!*

"They started laughin', and I just took the thing — really pissed off —

■ *Continues over*

■ From previous page

and sailed it out the window like a frisbee, kicked it and jumped on it!"

A melancholy collection of man-and-woman songs, the album was released here in 1972 by Philips in all its chipmunk glory. It promptly sank without trace.

FOLLOWING a predictably ill fated tour to promote an album of which parent corporation Gulf+Western had pressed only a tiny number of copies, Joel decided he'd had enough. His solution was to do a moonlight to the West Coast.

Landing in Los Angeles, he paid the rent by keeping the customers satisfied at the piano of the Executive Lounge, using the name Bill Martin (one of his middle names). Eventually the people who owned him — but couldn't find him — had to compromise and Joel signed with CBS who'd been pursuing him ever since a tape of his 'Captain Jack' had become an underground radio hit.

His first album fir CBS was 'Piano Man' whose stirring title track provided him with a US Top 10 hit. An unsparing autobiographical view of the assorted also-rans who go to lose reality in a bar, it's a key to much of his subsequent work. Along with the semi-allusive dramatic 'Ballad Of Billy The Kid' and the aforesaid scornful indictment of drug use as mental anaesthetic for the spineless 'Captain Jack', it remains a song of enduring quality.

A second, mellower West Coast album followed in 'Streetlife Serenade.' It too contained some fine honest songs, notably the accurate observation of Middle American exiles in 'Los Angelinos'.

No hit singles were forthcoming, however, and album sales were down.

At this point Joel, who had seen less than £8,000 from his 'Piano Man' gold album due to his business greenness — he didn't even know he was supposed to get paid for his Dynamic sessions — jokingly suggested to his wife Elizabeth that she take over his management.

E.J. however merely underlined who was the smart one in the partnership by doing just that, although what is not usually mentioned before the fairy tale ending is that she did have the teensy advantagette of a degree in management from UCLA.

"TURNSTILES" proved to be the turning point for Joel. The loving Spector pastiche 'Say Goodbye To Hollywood' and the moody city love of the classic 'New York State Of Mind' detail the return of the native to The Big Apple, and his other reflective and incisive commentaries are played with true sympathy for the first time by his own road band.

But it was 1977's 'The Stranger' that really brought home the bacon. Platinum in New York alone, it's the second biggest selling album in CBS' history ('Bridge Over Troubled Water' being the biggest.)

At home and at ease in New York, Joel and the band have gone from strength to strength under the beneficent production of Phil Ramone, with Joel's vividly observed urban scenes and streetwise serenades reaching a new peak of articulate refinement.

The new work, '52nd Street', retains this urban flavour, combining a rougher back-to-the-bars feel with a more sophisticated, jazzier atmosphere.

BILLY JOEL the singer and songwriter is a very American phenomenon. An articulate and accomplished musical talent nurtured by album orientated radio as well as hit singles, he embodies the predominant American belief that good rock'n'roll is measured by musicianship and that the touchstone of quality is "art", as defined by post mid-60's consciousness.

Not surprisingly, therefore, he propounds such ideas himself, if rather more forcefully than most.

"I have this thing about dignity," Joel says. "You have to maintain your dignity. Sometimes it's hard to do in this business because I look at some of the people who are supposed to be my contemporaries — Kiss or some of these punk rock groups who are just . . . I just wanna punch them out. They really piss me off."

So what upsets you about Kiss?

"Just the fact that I'm in the same business as them. I mean, there's my grandmother watchin' 'Midnight Special' and there's Kiss — and she turns to her neighbour and goes, 'That's what Billy does for a living.'

"It just bothers me that here are these guys making huge amounts of money — the music is terrible, they come on stage obviously just a grotesque parody of everything . . . a guy with his shirt open to here, his tongue sticking out, singing the dumbest lyrics in the world . . .

"And they're filling these huge Coliseums and then around the corner is somebody like the Bill Evans Quartet and they're drawing about 15 people. It doesn't seem like justice to me."

Joel is similarly upset by some of the New Wave being his contemporaries, though he likes Costello and Blondie. It's clear that like most Americans he doesn't understand British New Wave, though his own roots prevent him from dismissing it out of hand.

"I know when I came out I was called a punk! But some of these groups — I mean, come on . . . " he spreads his hands Italian style, ". . . putting safety pins through your nipples and a bone through your nose, and come on stage and spit on the audience, and lyrics like 'I think I'm gonna shit on the stage' . . .

"The working class angry punk thing I can understand politically from an ideological point of view," Joel comes back to reality. "I knew where they were coming from. I thought it was healthy. But the ones who were posing at it, the kids who were really not that bad off who did it as a kind of art nouveau — that used to get me.

"Kids who would go down there and throw beer bottles at each other — not really feeling it, just doing it because it was the thing to do . . . If I'm going to throw a bottle I'm going to be *into* it!" He cracks a broad grin.

But what makes a good song for you?

"Well, it's gotta have some kind of cleverness in it," Joel pauses to consider. "Some kind of ingenuity in there somewhere — even if it's a nice melody it should have a twist in it somewhere. Something with a sense of humour always gets me.

"A passion is good in music. Rock'n'roll especially should have some kind of passion, some kind of fire, even if it's a soft song.

"Also I look for musicianship. I like a lot of Jeff Beck stuff, Led Zeppelin — a lot of hard rock'n'roll, heavy metal stuff. But one chord drives me crazy. I just sit there going 'Change the damn chord!' I hate token guitar solos where there's this mindless, self indulgent masturbation boogie jam — do something a little *different* in the music.

"I guess that comes from having a classical music upbringing when I had to learn how to play the piano," Joel returns to his earlier theme. "I just don't have a lot of respect for people who are not musicians, who can go off and make tons of money and they really stink at their instrument.

"These are all hang ups of mine, you know," he adds with refreshing self-awareness. "It's pretty conservative opinion. I have to protect what I think is my idea of rock'n'roll. I'm proud of it and I don't like to see it getting shit on."

DESPITE the standards of intelligence and musicianship required to satisfy Joel, as a songwriter he himself is well into spontaneity. Though he's happy to talk about the motivation and genesis of any particular song, he doesn't care to analyse his work and his favourite song is always the last one he's written.

It's not necessary, he says, to have to be able to understand a song before you can enjoy it ("I never knew what the hell Dylan was talking about") and he thinks songs can get over-analysed.

"I used to get a kick out of those people who would sit down and try to figure out all those Beatles songs, what the mystery was. *'I am the eggman'* — people would go to school and discuss what *that* really means," Joel laughs. "It was really a nonsense."

There has to be something about each song that he likes before it goes on an album.

"It's not the singer, it's the song — that's the thing for me. I like to hear other people do my stuff; it's a real thrill for me."

Not that writing songs is a dispassionate exercise.

He sees writing songs as therapy:

"I'm crazy but I'm lucky — I can make a living at being absolutely crazy. If I get emotional about something I write about, then I make money from it. I mean, what a great gig!"

SUCCESS, Billy Joel reckons, has hardly changed his ways. As his songs suggest, he's still very much his own man, head screwed on and feet firmly on the ground.

"Everywhere I go CBS is sending a bottle of champagne to the room," Joel shrugs, reaching for his beer. "And I just leave it sit there. I give it to the maid half the time."

The financial success of the last year has allowed him to buy a house for his mother and one for himself but the good part, he says, is that he can now pay the people who work for him decent money.

"I mean, we've been touring for nine years. See, I've been successful for a long time because I do what I want to do, and made a living on the road. Ask any musician and he'll tell you it's a miracle in itself just to be able to make a living as a musician. So to do that is a success right there.

"I don't wanna be a one-year burn-out either. There's this thing about fame — when you get to be real famous there's a year when you're on the cover of *Rolling Stone*, on the cover of *People* magazine, everywhere for a year.

"And then the next year you're not everywhere any more and everyone goes, what happened to, uh . . . So I'd rather pull back, be a little conservative about it all and have it last longer. I mean, I wanna keep doing this for a long time till I'm physically not able.

"Which may be next week!" He gestures as a parting shot and the camera clicks again. "That'll be a good picture!"

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SINGLES

● **SINGLES OF THE WEEK**
LEYTON BUZZARDS: Saturday Night (Beneath The Plastic Palm Trees) (Chrysalis).
CRYSTAL GAYLE: Cry Me A River (UA).

Both these stunners have been lying ignored in the singles safe for weeks and, while I'm suitably humbled that fate has handed me the honour of bringing them to your attention, the knowledge that they could have been in your record collection a fortnight ago *and still ain't there* sends me into dark moods of despair.

Well, there's no excuse for not having them now: any generation who don't give a toss about dancing to the rhythm of 'The Guns Of Navarone' or having their heart wrenched out by the new Julie London is beyond hope, that's all.

Listen: Leyton Buzzards are wry, wise and warm, sharp as the crease on a pair of white Levi Sta Pres (that's the correct way to spell it, peanut) under the dazzle of a Tottenham Royal strobe, cocky without looking like poseurs, sentimental without getting mushy and mawkish about it all and I was that soldier too.

"SAT-urday night beneath the plastic palm trees!/DANCING to the rhythm of 'The Guns Of Navarone'/Found my Mecca near Tottenham Hale station/I discovered heaven in the Seven Sisters Roe-ho-hoooaaaddd!"

"Sling him out! He's wearing boots!" cry the gangsters dressed in dinner suits. They black his eyes, his nose gets bent, courtesy of the management. Ask a girl to dance and get turned down, sick on rum and black, soaked through on the way home in the pouring rain — but next week you're going back again . . . Leyton Buzzards are London's riposte to Damon Runyon.

Listen: Crystal Gayle's B-side of 'Why Have You Left The One You Left Me For?' is a respectful, honourable version of one of the greatest songs ever written (I know nothing about the author other than that he/she is someone called M. True), only surpassed by Julie London's original released 20 or 30 years ago on Liberty Records, a torch song of yearning, mournful vengeance, real Old Testament stuff, retributive justice claimed with vindictive tenderness — don't it make your bloodshot eyes water?

Early hours lonesome got the fever music. Smoke-choked and sultry, deserted dinge joint music, the balding, bow-tie barman polishing the counter with a Budweiser-stained cloth and pretending not to notice the girl leaning on Sammy Cahn's piano.

"Now you say you love me/Well, just to prove you do/Come on and cry me a river/You can cry me a river/I cried a river over you . . ."

Both records as advertised. Be buying you.

LEYTON BUZZARDS

Music To Pose To

Singles reviewed this week by TONY PARSONS

JOHN COOPER CLARKE: Gimmix (CBS).
MAGAZINE: Rhythm Of Cruelty (Virgin).
BUZZCOCKS: Everybody's Happy Nowadays (UA).

Mediocrity stand alone. JCC doesn't stick his tongue in cheek and simultaneously talk in tune on his giant plectrum-shaped orange-coloured product. All he does is make much ado about not very much at all not very well at all, getting all paranoid and threatened about other tacky merchandise like tea's-maids, cushions that fart and *The Lord Of The Rings* with one prescription shade on Elvis for top-of-the-bill approval. Relax, John, we won't let them get you.

His backing music is as haunting as ever, straight out of *The Adventure Of Tin Tin*, but the strained E. J. Thribb, 17, poetry corner melodrama of his ludicrously lightweight and lifeless litany is just embarrassing tripe.

"From the balmy days of the hula-hoop craze/To the skateboard panic of today/Tune in the idle chatter/To the blind eye of the screen/At the shatter-proof heart of the matter/Everything is as it seems . . ."

Starts out with purple prose mock-perceptions and soon hits the weaker stuff.

Howard The Schmuck writes pretty little melodies, moderately strong hooklines and inane lyrics. Nothing wrong with that, of course — with all that going for him he could be a tolerable enough minor league pop tunesmith if he didn't spoil it all by so grossly overstating his minimal importance that he gives off the whiff of a Lancs Zappa, an unwelcome veruker infesting the swimming pool of life.

Magazine's new record is as enjoyable as their others, Howard attempting to fill the listener's ears with a sense of impending doom as he constantly warns, *"You don't even know what it could mean/You don't even know what it could mean/You don't even know what it could mean,"* and it's very much like a New Warp cover of Cat Stevens' 'I'm Going To Get Me A Gun' — that disconcerting.

But I've saved the worst for last. Petey Bysshe Shelley is now closer to Smokie than Smokey Robinson, nearer to being a shrieking fish-husband shrew than Mr Wonderful. By any standards — especially those of the quality goods he's been effortlessly knocking out over the last couple of years — this single is truly awesome in its slipshod shabbiness, the most flaccid romance of the ages, A REAL PIECE OF SHIT. Buzzcocks fans should feel betrayed, Shelley shoud be so overcome with shame that he does himself or Steve Diggle an injury.

"Life's an illusion/Love is a dream/But I don't know what it is/Everyone's saying things to me/But I know it's okay! Okay!"

Well, just as long as *you're* happy, Pete.

And to think that when we were children we had the nerve to laugh at John and Yoko for sitting in a sack.

DUFFO: Give Me Back Me Brain (Beggar's Banquet).

Inverted pathological 'In The Year 2525' of sorts, about a man who They come to visit daily to steal vital parts of his body, leaving him exactly 24 hours to mourn them before They return.

Whacky title, jokey munchkin chorus of the title, really funny mock-Australian vocals . . . and . . . yet . . . there's something genuinely chilling about the overall effect that I can't quite put my finger on. Maybe it's just because it's four in the morning and I keep looking over my shoulder — *ANWHEREZITGONE!!!???*

JAMES WHITE AND THE BLACKS: Contort Yourself (ZE Records).
ROSA YEMEN: Rosa Vertov (ZE Records).
ARTO NETO: Pini, Pini (ZE Records).
MARS: 3E (ZE Records).
MARIE ET LES GARCONS: Re-Bop (ZE Records). (All 12in.)

No tunes. Left-field, lousy, unlistenable to the layman — us masses could never hope to decipher its meaning. God, I'd hate to be one of the people who takes this kind of stuff seriously. Meet the new underground, same as the old underground — sodding old hippies all over again. No joy. No nothing.

DIRE STRAITS: Sultans Of Swing (Vertigo).

If Bob Dylan covered a Sniff 'n' The Tears song it would sound like a hit single in America.

MOTORHEAD: Overkill (Bronze).
VERMILLION: Angry Young Women (Illegal).

The male Vermillions can't write good tunes and the female Lemmy has got a horrible 'We Shall Overcome' voice even sitting on a big, greasy chopper. Double your stubble and shave it away.

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY: Girl Of My Dreams (Radar).

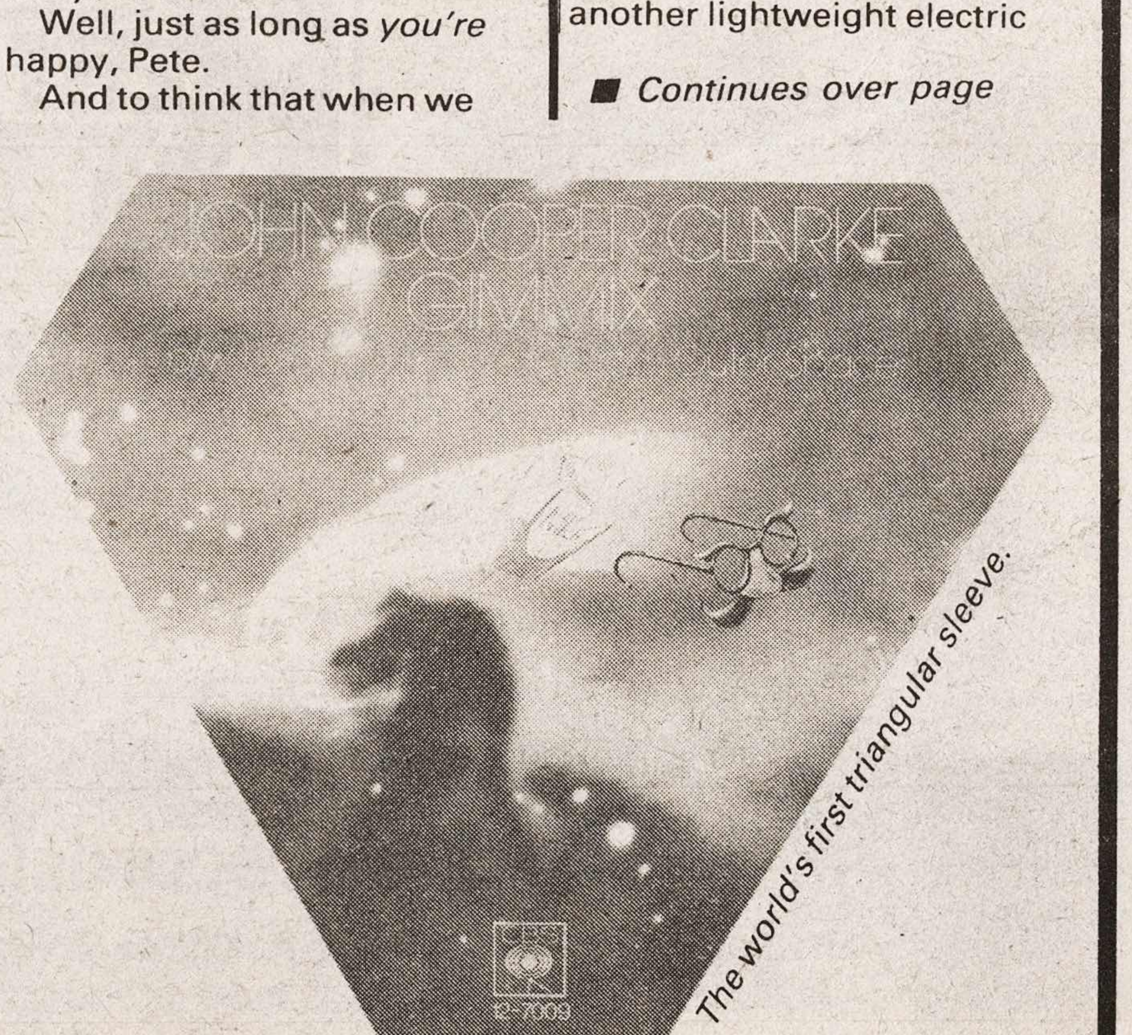
Neutered Tom, very Petty.

CHEAP TRICK: Voices (Epic).
SWEET: Call Me (Polydor).

In the giant shadow of laughing jackals 10cc the pair of them. 'Voices' features exquisitely nauseous harmonies, close to the point of claustrophobia — bet this one's a real crowd pleaser back home in Madison Square Garden, eh, Rick?

'Call Me' wants to be another lightweight electric

■ *Continues over page*



The world's first triangular sleeve.

● *From previous page*

toaster on a raft with Justin Hayward in the middle of the ocean reinforcing the stereotypes of touristism. Reggae-ette is a bunch of mother-fuckers.

TOM ROBINSON BAND: Bully For You (EMI).
There's got to be another way to prove you're not *just* a political figure than by singing about how we're all going down the pub with an ex-member of Genesis. A Tom Robinson/Peter Gabriel composition wherein plodding, pseudo-Kingsmen 'All Of The Day And All Of The Night' riffing frequently makes way for a whimsically inconsequential Solsbury Hillock.

Art Overwhelms Polemics up against the wall.

DILLINGER: Cocaine In My Brain (Valdene).
Drastically more jaunty than the 'CB200' version though the effect on my metabolism is identical. Dillinger succeeds in listing every known quaint hippie colloquialism — Sly Stone when he was still a DJ must have been something just the same — but fails miserably to capture even one grain of erudite insight into this decade's most over-priced palliative.

CURTIS MAYFIELD: This Year (RSO).
Curtis Mayfield is to Junior Murvin what Tony Christie is to Tom Jones. Soft-core corn looking for a soundtrack album.

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS: Power And The Glory (Island).
Where? Where?

TINA TURNER: Root, Toot, Undisputable Rock 'n' Roll (UA).
The penultimate step before Tina covers 'Hey, Big Spender'. Obscene. Tragic. Something Bonnie Bramlett's cat dragged in. She would flunk-out an audition for the Ikettes on this showing.

WAYNE COUNTY AND THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS: Thunder When She Walks (Illegal).
Amanda Lear for headbangers. Loses a lot in castration.

FISCHER-Z: Remember Russia (UA).
THE KORGIS: Young 'N' Russian (Rialto).
USSR is getting to be like Germany was in 1977 — *the* geographical location to pertain to, dahling. Red Square furry hats replacing Weimer Republic swastikas, very cold, very cool, very crass. Everybody knows it's impossible to look modern if you're not wearing a boiler suit.

Soviet chic-to-chic: Fischer-Z are like an abysmal, apolitical China Street pushing up daisies with their spirits ascended to the Heavenly Chorus, while The Korgis come on with the hot-breathing, heavy-panting sound of Jane Gherkin and Serge Trousers.

Moi nonplussed, comrade. Pendergrass might as well be a brilliant bass player. Me Generation life-affirmation with one foot in the grave.

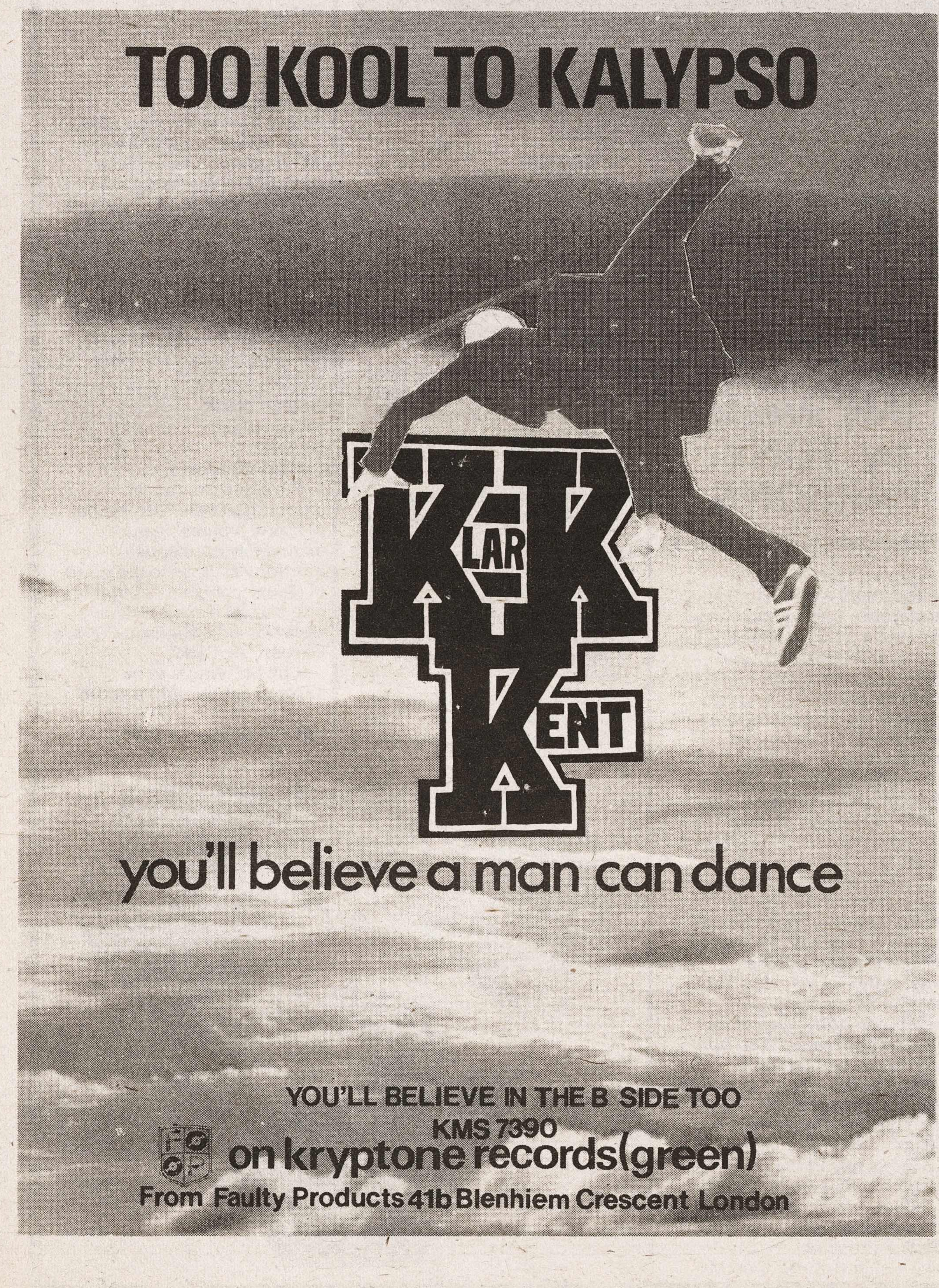
METABOLIST: Dromm (Dromm Records).
Dentist drills, radio interference and sundry other experimental static noises. Profound. I'm impressed to buggery, I really am.

LAST MEN: Jimmy Igo (ZE Records).
Humorous repetition sure to inspire a *Time Out* cover-story: "Necrophilia — The Difficult One". Jim's mate Tory Brown thinks that if it's not a stiff it's not worth a fuck.

"Wait a minute, Jimmy,' said Tory Brown/'I want to fuck her one more time before we put her in the ground'/Jimmy said, 'Tory, you must be out of your mind/Making love to a girl that's not even alive/I know you really loved her, loved her with all your heart/But sometimes something's got to be sacrificed/When you sacrifice your life to art'."

Makes L.A. spuds Devo look serious. Sweet.

TEDDY PENDERGRASS: Life Is A Song Worth Singing (Philadelphia International).
For all the benefit his great voice does him, Teddy



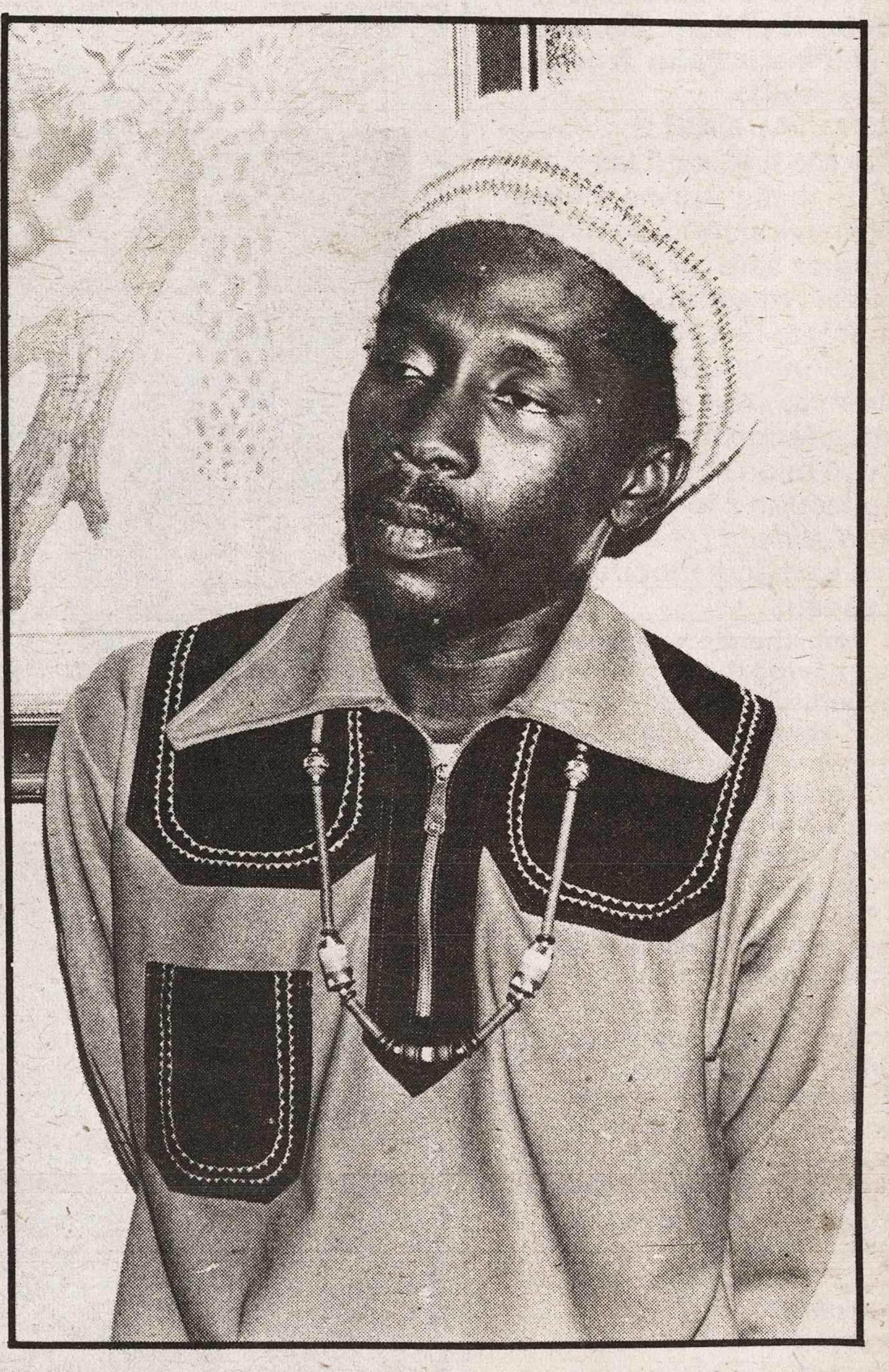
ROCKERS TIME

YOUR REGGAE ROUNDUP

THE ROYAL RASSES: San Salvador (Ballistic 12").

If you've listened to Lloydie Coxsone playing in the past year you'll already know about the legendary 'San Salvador' as it's been one of that sound's most popular dubs; the song even has a cult following all of its own. At last the track is available and sounds every bit as good on plastic as it did on steel. As you would expect from the Rasses everything in the rhythm department is in fine style, solid bass and drum perfectly punctuated by crispy horn riffs. Vocalwise the magic tonsils of the group's guiding light Prince Lincoln deliver the goods on a song that somehow or other manages to equate the small South American state with the coming of "Jah destruction". All this plus the added bonus of some great harmony from Congo Cedric Myton and the mysterious L. Peterking. The other side, 'Old Time Friend', is a more commercial, almost soul-like number that miraculously contains all the credibility that the contrived 'cross over' groups like Third World and Inner Circle lack.

A welcome reminder of just how good Jamaican music can be when allowed to come across on its own terms.



Prince Lincoln Thompson, leader of The Royal Rasses, displays the right way for a human in a jersey shirt. Pic: Dave Hendley

CLINT EASTWOOD: Angel Face (Burning Sounds).

The usual disposable nonsense from youthful deejay Clint. Great to hear once or twice but repeated plays could have you climbing the walls. Incidentally, for anyone who's interested the rhythm is Pat Kelly's 'I'm In Love With You'.

RICO: Take Five (Island 12").

A prime example of techno-flash reggae, all mouth and trousers. Poor old Rico blows some useful trombone, but all the time he's fighting a losing battle with the engineer, who's obviously been listening to too many Lee Perry productions. If you're after a classic cut to 'Take Five' check Val Bennett's brilliant rocksteady version 'The Russians Are Coming' or even the more recent Jacob Miller/Jah Devon production, 'To Take It All'.

BLACK HARMONY: Don't Let It Go To Your Head (DEB 12").

Lovers Rock is like a license to print money, which explains the reggae industry's obsession with the stuff. Girl trio Black Harmony coo adequately enough while the rhythm meanders along in the usual Lovers' fashion. Pleasant enough to lull the listener into a false sense of well-being, this will probably sell by the cartload and hopefully be forgotten in a few months time.

SILFORD WALKER: Lamb's Bread (South East Music pre-release).

A great roots record from the unchallenged master of the bizarre, producer Glen Brown (the man's warped genius once even led him to record a totally inept melodica version of 'Here Comes The Bride'). Singer Silford Walker works himself into a state of

Cool Running: DAVE HENDLEY

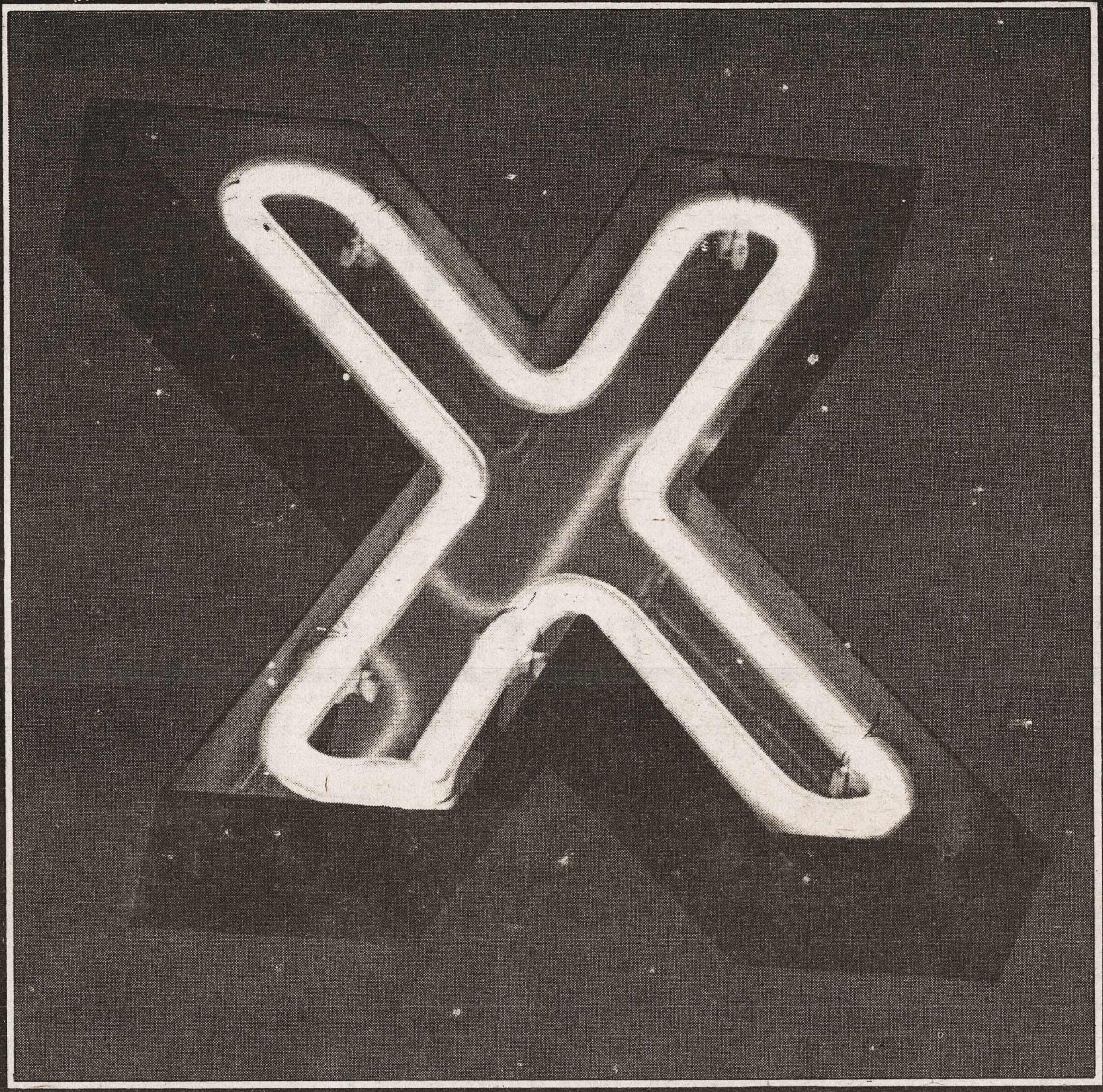
euphoria as he chants this hymn in praise of excessive ganja consumption. Rhythmwise it's Brown's 'Save The Nation' of two years back though re-mixed with Tubby at the controls. It's a safe bet that this tune will never be released here as this sort of music is invariably beyond the comprehension of the U.K. record labels.

PETER TOSH & BUNNY WAILER: Anti-Apartheid Solomonic (pre-release).

I long ago gave up Peter Tosh as a lost cause — his fashionably militant egotistic speeches are matched only by his tiresome, empty-headed attempts at rock music. Having said that, you'll probably be surprised to learn I rate this along with The Rasses and Silford Walker as the only essential listening this week. Tosh spares us the ordeal of his singing and instead treats us to some deadly melodica for an instrumental work-out to Bunny Wailer's 'Armageddon'. On the club side engineer Sylvan Morris mixes the rhythm with a vengeance to create a dark and ominous bass and drum masterpiece. One of the few singles this week to receive the *Rockers Time* seal of approval.

ERROL DUNKLEY: Come Natural (DEB 12").

Dunkley once wrote and recorded a fine sensitive song called 'Keep The Pressure Down', one of my all time favourites. I find it hard to believe the same man is capable of writing the pathetic anti-female crap featured between these grooves. The general sentiment of the lyrics is for women to throw away their decadent lipstick and eyeliner and come natural, cos 'the dread don't like it'. If I was Dunkley's missus I'd boot him in the nuts for his nerve. A waste of a good singer's talents and almost enough to cure me of listening to reggae for good.



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CITY RHYTHMS & JAILHOUSE BLUES

THE INMATES and other stories. By MAX BELL

BILL HURLEY, lead singer with The Inmates, was definitely built for the job. Bill Hurley clocks in six foot solid from the ground, a hard workin' hard drivin' man who'll drive ya just as hard as he can. Visual statistics alone reveal a specimen constructed in the larger-than-life category. Obviously the geezer who decides these matters is an R&B fan . . . that seventh day of rest business was just a little joke.

And when The Inmates perform their urban dirty water it is equally apparent that what began existence as a rhythm and blues chemistry set is soon to be witnessed as a controlled explosion with pleasant fall-out.

New rhythm and blues, I hear you say, is neither fashion nor necessity in these thoroughly modern times; images of bad pub rock, countless versions of 'Route 66'. It's retrogressive, nostalgic, at odds with today's collective visionaries and their searing indictments of social disease. The rock music of 1979, I gather, isn't just the signature of the streets — gauche — it's the theme in the hypermarket, the chorus of political upheaval, the refrain of newly written rules, practised by an elite who suffer fools with nary a patronising sigh.

In the new musical scientology everyone can be a leader for longer than 15 minutes; thus spake the media.

R&B is so simplistic, so ordinary, so out of date when the thinking rock person has his sights set on a panacea that rejects everything from the previous two decades. But then only in rock terms could ten years be considered a long time maaan. Such a ludicrous conceit.

Of course, whether anyone will give a toss about The Cure (f'rinstance) in 1990 is a moot point (just jestin'). S'long as this month's fab cause has a weird name like QNC (Quaker Natural Cereal) it doesn't really matter whether they can play a bit. In fact it's better if they can't, because then the writer, anti-musician et al can levitate his/her repressive mentality onto a pretentious platform. All in the name of art.

Unfortunately, common taste transgresses such cool idealism. After a hard day on the treadmill most people want to be entertained, and if that involves a liking for escapism, tough. Which is a damn long winded way of saying that The Inmates probably don't meet any of the tenets of fashion, intellectual elitism etcetera but every time I've seen them play the whole audience have been up on their feet, forgetting themselves for the night, finding an outlet for frustrations perhaps, but generally having a blue whale of a mutha.

Cock your snook at that. Can't be bad when the skins are falling into the freaks are stumbling against the students are stepping alongside the mods. Just people, though. Fun without justification.

ME AND BILL Hurley and Inmates guitarist, songwriter Peter Gunn, ex-sec. mod science teach (credibility) are drinking in a corner of the Camden Head, up the Angel. Outside the night is not fit for man nor beast but inside it's cosywarm, a fug of smoke and the blare of the Radio Soul Show. If it wasn't for the presence of a tape recorder this could be any old evening down the local.

Bill, Pete and the absent Inmates (Tony Oliver — rhythm, Ben Donelly — bass, John Bull — drums) are regular blokes with day jobs.

Details: "John's got a clothes shop, Ben works in the warehouse for Chelsea Girl, Tony used to work for Magic Bus . . . he's one of those kids who never went to school . . .' 'is mum used to say 'don't worry son, it's too cold, stay at home'."

The band are all mid-20s: "Old enough to remember, *Ready Steady Go*, the era that inspires us, early Stones, Small Faces, British beat."

Hurley named The Inmates with Elvis and *Jailhouse Rock* in mind: "It seemed like a typical R&B name . . . Animals, Yardbirds . . . We were going to be called The Little Red Roosters."

Almost a year to the day The Inmates played their debut gig at Walthamstow Town Hall for the Young Socialists. Hurley was mates with one Ron Henry, a builder/decorator by trade who'd served some time during Her Majesty's Pleasure and later earnt pin money booking for PROP, the prison reform group. Off his back he'd got The Stranglers and TRB inside, behind closed bars. Henry and Hurley had the East End, Angel haunts and football in common ("E's West Ham, I'm Man Utd. I still play in the Surrey and District league, weekends like. A singer 'as to keep fit") so when Henry saw Bill fronting Ronnie and the Biggs (eat yer livers out, Sex Pistolitos) he secured that troupe with dates.

Later he became The Inmates' manager, shrewd lad. Henry is an interesting character in his own right, looks a bit like Swan, the impressario in Brian DePalma's classic rock movie *Phantom Of The Paradise*.

Anyhow, before you could say Colonel Tom Parker, Henry had his Inmates supporting 999 at Essex University, Nashville dates with Adam and The Ants, Vibrators, Leeds University with The Stranglers — adventurous educations for young men.

An autumn '78 support tour with Wilko was impossible due to the day jobs, but The Inmates have emptied the bars all points north and south, including a residency at London's Hope & Anchor, benefits for the ABC trial and Garner's Steak House. But they aren't bragging.

Hurley sups on his pint and grins cheekily:

"We done a gig for Holloway Women's Prison; in the nick it was. Which was a bit touch and go — a dodgy one cos of our name and Ron 'ad done bird. 'E insisted that we call 'im Stewart but we all forgot, it was 'Ron this and Ron that' and 'e was shitting himself.

"Like, they warn you that people smuggling fags inside get fined £200 and we 'ad our pockets bulging with 'em. We were stuck in the corner of an L-shaped room, playing to two different blocks — all chicks too, which was great. Average age was 16 to 25 and they all 'ad make-up.

"That surprised me. I thought make-up would be forbidden. Odd atmosphere; middle of the afternoon job it was, and there's all these girls gigglin' and makin' signs and passing fags round."

PETER GUNN went the rounds with college bands before lending his appreciation of Chuck Berry, garage punkedelia and straight eight power chording to The Flying Tigers:

"I live opposite the Nelson, Holloway Road, where they started the pub rock thing with the Kilburns and the Feelgoods. I was sitting in my room one day after all that had stopped when I heard some good music drifting over the street. I went to check it out and it was the Tigers; their singer hadn't turned up so I told 'em I had my gear across the road, played and joined. I knew the material off by heart anyway; rock'n'roll standards, Standells' 'Good Guys'."

When the Tigers folded Pete took new recruits Ben and Tony plus singer Mike Spenser under his wing and The Cannibals were born. Spenser later sang with The Count Bishops and The Michigan Flyers: "The Pistols had emerged, Mike thought they were great, I did too. Problem was he tried to adapt songs like 'Nadine' to fast punk. He's American, sounds great on garage stuff, but when he puts on a London accent he comes over like Dick Van Dyke.

"He used to get well over excited, pull his trousers down, however the fancy took him, so we got blown out of a lot of gigs."

Bill Hurley recalls Ronnie and the Biggs playing the Kensington once when the Tigers had been in the night before: "I asked Matt, the Irish guy who runs the place — e's the one that sacks all the bands that play there — what this Tigers lot were like. And he says 'Fokkin' hell Bill, that Mike Spenser, oi had to kick 'em out, they'll never darken my door again.'"

It was the legendary Matt who suffered when the Nashville and the Red Cow opened their doors to rock and roll. Hence, the Feelgoods, who used to play the Kensington for 25 quid and beer, moved to a more lucrative circuit.

Matt was dumbfounded when he approached Brilleaux for a New Year's Eve party — as Hurley recounts.

"I saw him in a real state so I asked 'im what 'appened? 'Fok, I wasn't havin' any o 'that! I asked the boys to play but oi won't stand that nonsense! Oi said it's New Year's Eve and oi'll give yer 50 quid and bloody Brilleaux turns round and says 'we'd loik to do it Matt but it's £600! Fokkin cheek . . .' "

Spenser brought further teething troubles in the Tigers' rise to obscurity: "We auditioned every drummer in London. The bloke from the 101'ers, from Lord Sutch, Troggs . . . but although we never liked many of 'em it was Mike again. He had these deals worked out with people in the local squats whereby he'd shift furniture or bricks, anything for a couple of quid. So we'd start off the audition in the boozer, getting acquainted, and suddenly Mike would turn round to some beefy drummer and say 'Hey guys, I wonder if you could help me move a table.'

"We had a line of drummers wondering what the hell was going on. They'd come for an audition and end up carrying tables. So we never did get a drummer. Except

■ Continues over page

■ *From previous page*

for one, a lorry driver from Luton. I gave him a tape of Chuck Berry songs to learn and he obviously never did 'cos when we played the Kensington we're all playing a rock'n'roll beat and he was drumming in samba time.

"After two numbers Matt pulled out the plugs, 'Roit' that's enoff boys.' Shame really, we lost a residency 'cos of that.

"Then we had some gigs upstairs at Ronnies' (groans) and Mike would concoct these guest lists: The Sex Pistols plus 20, The New York Dolls plus 20. And they'd turn up! Once Jerry Nolan sat in and drummed, so to celebrate Mike dropped a couple of mandies and got completely wrecked. It was so embarrassing I could have died."

The Cannibals enjoyed brief notoriety with a privately pressed single, 'Good Guys' (Big Cock Records, Lightning distribution, 3000 sold and still available), which ended up with A and B sides reversed by accident.

John Peel liked the slower, mistaken A-side and played it a few times.

Charlie Gillett played an Inmates demo on his *Honky Tonk* programme and him and countless listeners, rock historians, the lot, confused The Inmates' rendition of Arthur Conley's 'Love Got Me' with a different song, same name, by Jimmy Ruffin.

It was a good thing for the band tho' 'cos Gillett had to play it again the next week . . . probably would have done anyway.

The ex-Cannibals' biggest stroke of luck was in finding Hurley, who had fought shy of auditioning "for semi-pro and name bands" but answered an advert for a '50s, '60s, Chess styled R&B band". *(Gets bleedin' complicated, don't it? — Ed.)*.

Though Hurley had completed the circle by singing with The Michigan Flyers briefly, Ronnie and The Biggs was his previous experience. They once won £100 in a talent contest in Hoxton, a fact which jogs Bill into recalling that he'd sung old-time standards with his dad in a jazz pub down Drury Lane as a kid.

"See me dad was a singer too, ballad stuff, 'e cut 15 singles with HMV in the '50s, no hits but 'e had a good voice, same range as me, no training. As a favour the band used to do 'Route 66' with clarinets, and string bass. He didn't approve of rock'n'roll so I was a bit of a rebel, but he taught me to phrase right and project clearly."

Gunn wasn't convinced until he caught Hurley singing Presley in Dalston alongside a C&W trio that featured a certain Dave Wendells.

All agree that Wendells is an undiscovered genius with the ability to match Scotty Moore rockabilly and Cropper Atlantic soul. But Wendells is an awkward critter and won't play with a harp man. He's toured with Gene Vincent, Roy Young and was an original Rebel Rouser. Once got a call from Dr John and thought it was a mate pissing him around. Phone rings 'Hello, it's Mac Rebbenack here can I speak . . .'

'Oh yeah, I'm just having me tea' Puts phone down. Next day Chas Gillett calls up and says yes it was Dr John.

THE INMATES and Wendells go back to, wait for it, The Michigan Flyers. Wendells hardly needed to audition for the Flyers but refused to work with Laurie Garman, a lickin' stick virtuoso in the Little Walter, Magic Dick lineage (The Flyers modelled their act on J Geils Band) who to this day gets onstage to blow his face out with Pete's mob and a bloody great combination it is too (Garman has cut tracks with The Wailers and Long John Baldry, nuff said).

Inmates schedule now is a double singles deal with Soho ('Jealousy' b/w 'Danger Zone' or 'Take Some Time Out') and later Stiff, this one a four track on the mobile which will bridge the gap between glorious covers (not imitations but sincere flattery) and sensational Gunn originals.

William Bell would flip on their 'You Don't Miss Your Water', and Pete's 'If Time Could Turn Backwards' and 'Mr Unreliable' prove that this is not a juke box, no way, but part of the tradition.

THE INMATES let out.

Without prodding, Gunn and Hurley admit that there's a danger in cover versions. "Our direction now is going to be like The Small Faces, soulful but British. I can write in the styles that suit me and Bill — a compromise between his love of soul and rock'n'roll and my love of garage punk and mid-60s British beat boom."

Hurley has the dynamics and range of Jagger, Burden, Bennett, Marriott, you name it, and that extra special feeling which is the blues, the whiteman's black blues. You'll know it when you hear it.

"There aren't many singers left who want to sing R&B. Or the Stax Volt stuff or Brook Benton, Bobby Bland, Pickett material. Disco is great for dancing but it's got no gospel power. The great vocalists are submerged by strings now. Like if you hear the Gene Chandler or Edwin Starr songs in the charts at the moment it's easy to forget that they're great singers."

So, when The Inmates record their album —essential experience — they might even try a mono recording.

"We want to get leakage between instruments like the old Stones had, where you knew Keith was playing a Rickenbacker and Brian a Vox organ guitar . . . an acoustic leakage. Now everyone, even the Pistols, has a 24 track wall of sound and Japanese guitars. Bill wants his vocal upfront. Maybe it's impossible but I'd like to position the mikes in exactly the right spot instead of miking separately. . ."

You can guess that The Inmates couldn't care less that R&B is no longer a la mode. It's to their advantage as Gunn remarks "Wherever you go there's always R&B fans whether they know it or not. Like the teds always crawl out of the woodwork. The punk thing night have gone full cycle. When we played with Adam and The Ants and The Edge — not our crowds — we got hard core punks loving it and booing their own lot. We'd set our gear up, sound check and be shit scared, but these kids are often new to R&B and 'cos it won't go away they'll come over to it. My definition of a good song is one you can cover and it sounds good. That's why R&B is so great. Can you imagine anyone covering 'Killing An Arab'?"

Right now The Inmates are paying a stupid penalty for gigging too much in London. Albion can't book them into the Music Machine or the Marquee until they lay off. That arrogance is going to change when they realise the value of the goods.

The band also wants to crack South London where they have a dedicated following starved of venues outside the Thomas'A'Beckett and Cockneys. Then in Enfield, Tottenham and Dagenham a growing number of young mods are turning up to discover, not re-live, a rich ancestry. The parka and scooter crowds in Fordland saw the Inmates play with local boys The Purple Hearts in a blue collar conclave that the papers forget. Mohair and hush puppies in '79? You'll believe it soon.

INTEGRITY AND sheer talent will get The Inmates into the wide beam of public recognition so that their embryo will eat the world. At the moment it's word of mouth. You go and like, take some friends, they like, they take some friends. This article is by way of a public announcement. It's long overdue from someone and too late in the day to claim that anyone saw 'em first.

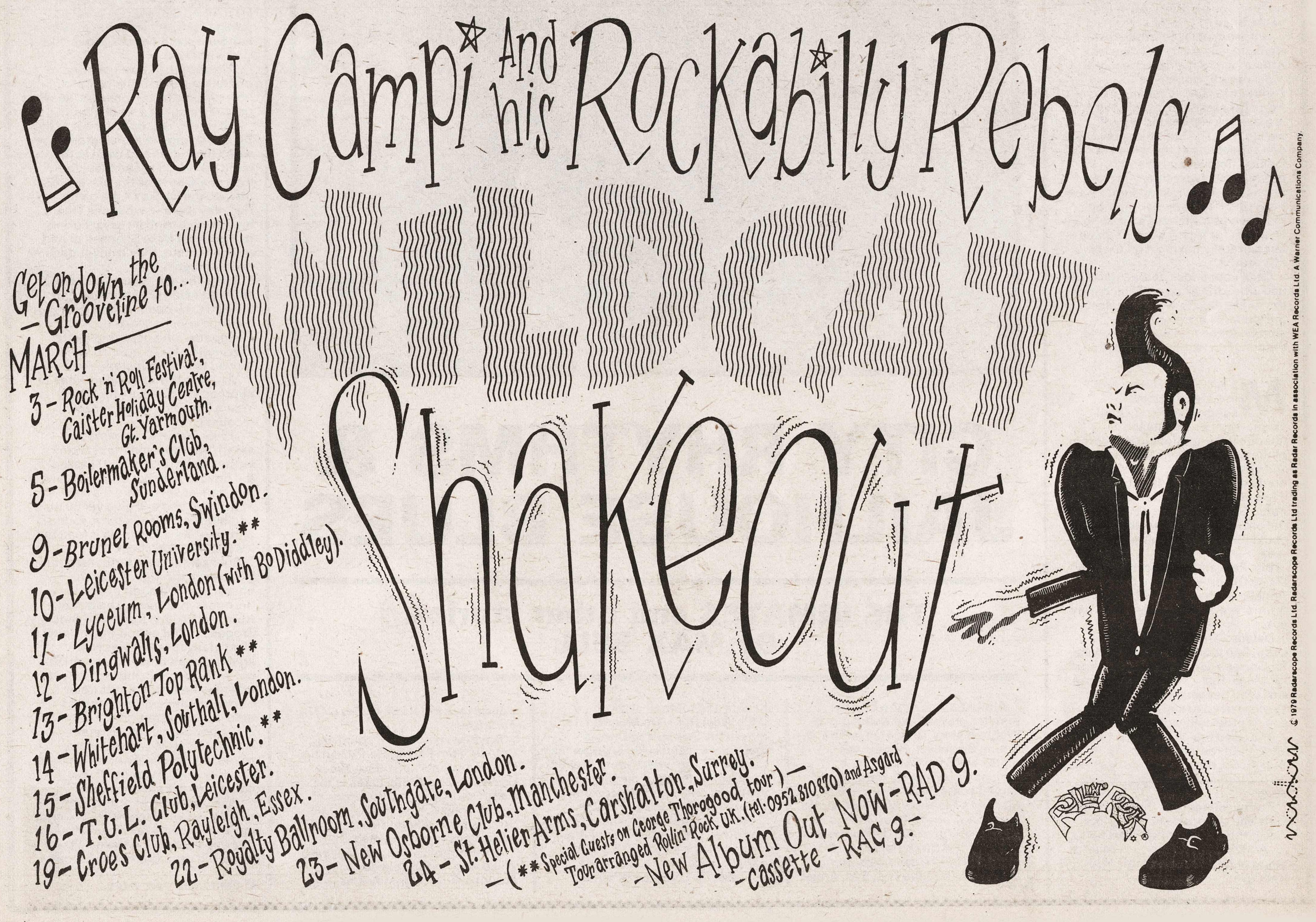
Superlatives are likely to repel the average punter in a climate of selfish hype. All the credit is due to The Inmates and their fans.

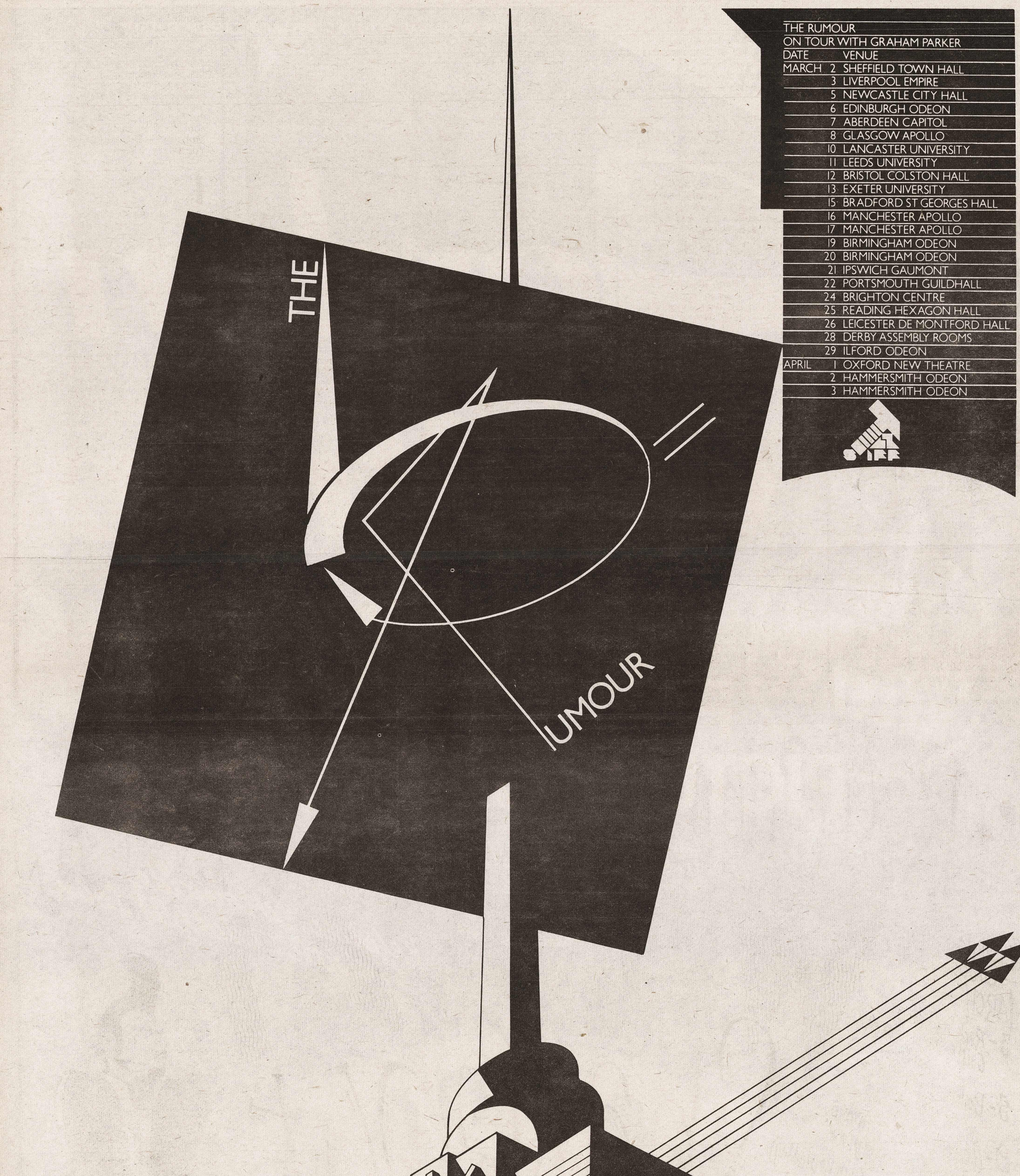
Peter Gunn once got to shake Otis Rush by the hand. Pretty soon you'll be doing the same to him and Bill and the rest. Put it there. Leaving the pub me and Hurley went slipping and sliding down Upper Street; no buses and the prospect of a long cold walk home. En route a young woman of Hurley's acquaintance stopped her bike to say hello and tell him she'd be along to the next gig trying to pull him.

Hurley laughed, pointed out the restaurant where they think he's "one of the law, I get a table when they're closed" and reeled off the streets where Mick Jagger was born, near the Angel, and where he used to "muck around with Charlie Watts' cousin, a drummer, who looks just like Charlie."

See, The Inmates are a great London band and there aren't honestly many of them on the loose. As I walked back through some deserted, black-iced streets I caught a whiff of that excitement I haven't felt from living in this place for a long time.

Make that a very long time.




THE RUMOUR
ON TOUR WITH GRAHAM PARKER
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MARCH 2 SHEFFIELD TOWN HALL
3 LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
5 NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
6 EDINBURGH ODEON
7 ABERDEEN CAPITOL
8 GLASGOW APOLLO
10 LANCASTER UNIVERSITY
11 LEEDS UNIVERSITY
12 BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
13 EXETER UNIVERSITY
15 BRADFORD ST GEORGES HALL
16 MANCHESTER APOLLO
17 MANCHESTER APOLLO
19 BIRMINGHAM ODEON
20 BIRMINGHAM ODEON
21 IPSWICH GAUMONT
22 PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
24 BRIGHTON CENTRE
25 READING HEXAGON HALL
26 LEICESTER DE MONTFORD HALL
28 DERBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS
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By JOHN HAMBLETT

MICHAEL JACKSON and little friends. Pic: STEVE DIXON.

An Interview With Peter Pan In The Sauna Bath

...in which our Second-Childhood Correspondent works up a sweat with MICHAEL JACKSON and nicks a pair of the poor guy's swimming trunks

REMEMBER when you were 13 or 14 and those international Tamla Motown recording stars The Jackson 5 were on tele?

And your face was maybe one foot away from the TV screen, and your eyes have gone all round like saucers and your old lady was shouting at you to move away from the set because nobody could see a bloody thing with your head in the way, and besides you'd go cross-eyed sitting that close to the screen.

You were concentrating on the music, and on Michael's feet, trying to suss just exactly what that boy was doing with his legs.

Later, up in the bedroom, you could never get it quite right because the bedroom carpet created too much friction, and besides there was something about the way that boy moved that was crazily inimitable.

Roots class: your only contemporary; all the rest were just infringements.

SOMETHING LIKE nine years on, I stood on the balcony of a typically grandiose Northern theatre, just before the house lights were due to go down, wondering if the magic would still be there; after all young Michael is all grown up now (isn't he?), and so are all the other young contenders who spent all those fast, warm, saline nights grooving to the likes of 'ABC', 'I Want You Back' and 'Little Bitty Pretty One'.

Make or break time: below me the musicians moved furtively into position as the theatre grew dimmer by degree. The band broke into a funky-loping jog, and clouds of dry ice ebbed and belched out of a hidden pipe that seemed to be situated under the hugely elevated drum kit, disguising and distorting the entrance of the main attraction.

Gradually the Jacksons appeared through the diminishing cloud, jumping airily on the spot, keeping good time, showing a lot of attitude.

The formation lurched open, slick as you please, with only four Jacksons — bro Jackie was laid up with the flue — and M.J. assuming complete control immediately, singing, dancing, and working very, very hard indeed to an audience who would have accepted virtually anything. Preaching to the converted with a feverish, committed, rapturous elegance.

This was 15 years of total dedication going through its gruelling paces. Ten years of million sellers; a whole lifestyle, a beautiful vision. A great show.

THE YOUNG, wispy boned girls still scream at Michael Jackson, still get hysterical when he sings 'I'll Be There' and 'Ben' even though most can have hardly been out of the nursery when the songs were first released.

On paper this may seem a little puzzling. After all Michael ain't the baby of the show anymore. Young Randy is three years his junior and, presumably, a lot closer in age to the little bitty pretty ones who are making all those hysterical waves.

But when you see the show and hear Michael sing — his voice *almost* as pure and lucent as ever — things appear more rational.

You see, the point is that Michael Jackson seems not to have grown up at all. Which is not to say he's physically retarded or some kind of mentally arrested dummy — far from it — but simply that Jackson seems absolutely untouched by the seedy, trying, disillusioning side of adulthood.

Peter Pan, in a nutshell. In a way you can see why. Ever since he was five Michael Jackson has been singing and touring with his family. Since the age of ten his voice and presence have accounted for a whole basketful of million seller singles and albums. His whole lifestyle has been geared to the showbiz rhythm. For three quarters of his life he has been closely closeted in the glitteringly surreal confines of the world of top-flight entertainment.

Michael Jackson has evolved as the ultimate troubador, totally dedicated to his profession because he has known no other way of life. He has matured in a totally manufactured environment; so completely cloistered by that environment that he can only regard the false situation as reality.

Quite simply, Michael Jackson has never been allowed to grow up. He doesn't smoke. He doesn't drink. He doesn't use drugs of any kind. Watching him on stage, watching him off stage, and listening to those who are close to him you can't help but get the impression he approaches his business like a dedicated sportsman; constantly in training, persistantly on his guard.

Under these circumstances it would be understandable if Michael Jackson had grown up a thoroughly precocious, self-centred, arrogant young man.

I am about to find out that he hasn't, which comes as a pleasant surprise.

AFTER THE Birmingham gig the band, as per the norm, are whisked into the waiting blankets, out of the back door, into the waiting minibus and back to the hotel.

The people who are paid to shelter the brothers from all 'unnecessary' friction do their job economically and efficiently.

Perhaps a little too efficiently. Due to the over zealous efforts of these sturdy watchdogs, pulling off an anywhere near decent interview with Michael Jackson proves an almost impossible feat. Jackson is worth a lot of bucks, and is guarded accordingly.

By the time the main body arrive back at the hotel Randy and Michael are changed and in the pool.

The pool should be closed at this time of night, but it isn't. It isn't because Michael wants to swim with his friends. His friends are two brothers and their little sister.

I haven't packed any swimming trunks, so he offers to lend me a pair, and I accept because that's obviously the only way I'm going to get to talk to him. And besides the water looks like it might be fun . . . all those whacked out Sunday morning flops into the cool cleanser after a righteous ten-hour stretch (bet you all never thought that I'd be digging the deep with the Boss, gang) must've stood me in good stead for something.

The water is as warm as a bath.

In there Michael is teaching the little girl the first verse of 'Blame It On The Boogie' (the rest she knows off by heart). They sing it right through. I complement the little lady on her fine singing voice and quickly get into some heavy hero worship with M.J.

The little lady is not impressed. She calls me a creep. And she's right.

"Oh, I love kids, I've got lots of nieces and nephews back home, and I'm always taking them to the pictures, or Disneyland, or someplace," says Michael.

Small talk is refreshingly easy, but under the circumstances serious conversation is understandably difficult — a situation not helped by the two small boys who insist on keeping up a running battle with the cork floats — a game in which Michael is only too willing to indulge.

Eventually a rep of the hotel management appears on the scene, and informs the disappointed revellers that the pool must close. Michael is too high an insurance risk to be in the swimming pool too long at this time of night.

He accepts the situation with good-humoured reluctance and suggests with undisguised glee, that we should go on to take a sauna.

"Man, I just love the heat".

I play it cool, (best bet under the circumstances), tell him saunas are exactly my cup of tea; just what the doctor ordered. Never been in one in my life but what the hell. . .

The problem with the sauna bath is that the light doesn't work, which means we're sitting in semi-darkness in semi-tropical conditions.

There's a kind've bleached out, desperate weirdness about the situation. All that depressing steam and heat create an inert, down-beat atmosphere that's hardly conducive to deep and meaningful conversation.

But this looks like the only shot at the bull's eye I'm likely to get, so I'm forced to persevere.

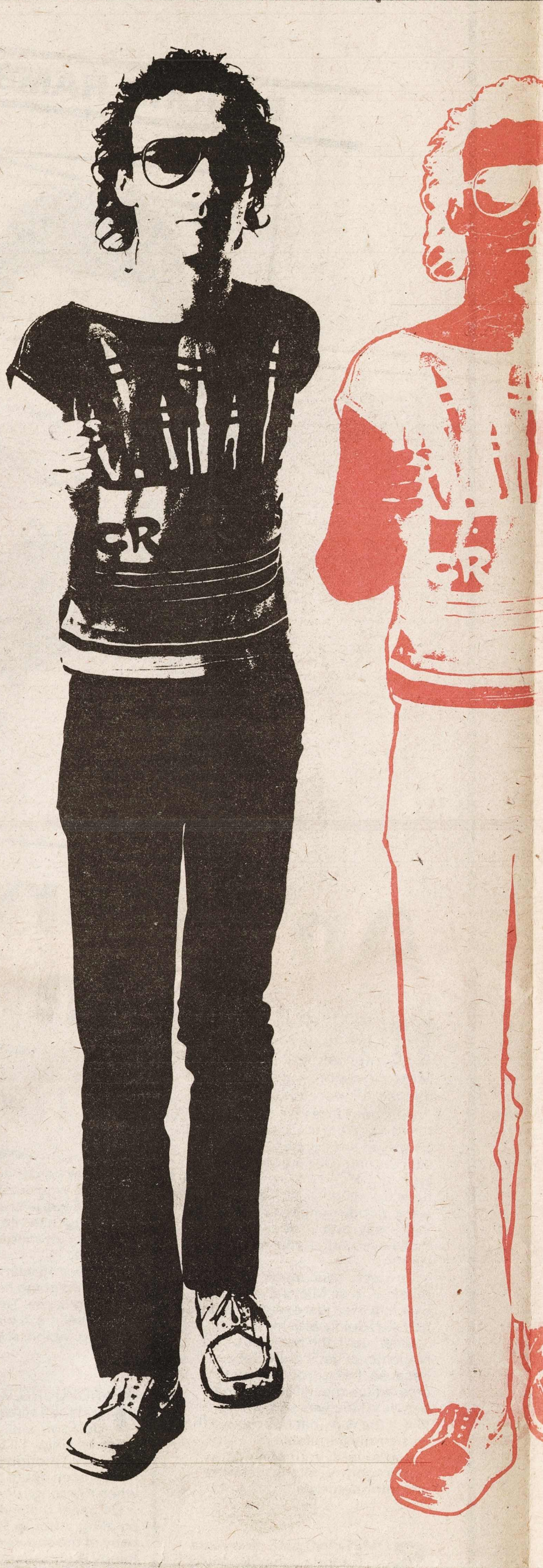
Michael, however, thinks it's truly wonderful. He'd like it even hotter. I sweat and ask a few questions.

"We had great times on tour when we were young, really, a lot of fun. We'd take a couple of weeks off in Hawaii, and have a real nice vacation. . . I love Hawaii, it's like paradise. . . Have you ever been to Hawaii? No, well you really should, it's beautiful."

"Ah yes, tonight's show was really great. . . the sound was pretty bad though wasn't it? I really

■ *Continues page 63*

JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF YOUR SPINE



A course in Nitzschean philosophy, a new album, a new attitude . . . GRAHAM PARKER pulls in his horns and gets serious over a pint or three with CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

Pic: CHRIS GABRIN

A CONCRETE BARN with a stage at one end: cables, cases, dust. A hyper-active dog in the grip of irresistible sexual forces is scooting around attempting intercourse with people's feet. Graham Parker is chasing a football with elegant determination, his thirty-bob Dalston Market overcoat barely stirred by his flashing feet. Martin Belmont and Brinsley Schwarz are jamming up on the stage and the rhythm section are having a coffee break.

Just after 8 pm in one of the rehearsal halls in the Pinewood Studios complex. Superman's on holiday and James Bond's clocked off for the night.

"What we're filming here," announces Belmont," is *Carry On Graham Parker And The Rumour*. Or maybe it's *Carry On Gigging* starring Graham Parker And The Rumour. On the other hand . . ."

It's 3½ years since Graham Parker — ex-mod, ex-petrol pump attendant and part-time songwriter — met The Rumour — a collection of hard-bitten pubrockers formed out of the respective ashes of Brinsley Schwarz, Ducks Deluxe and Bontemps Roulet — found it to be a union blessed by heaven and Charlie Gillett, scored themselves a recording contract and commenced pourin' it all out.

Since then, there've been three studio albums and one live double from the collective, a 'solo' album from The Rumour, an album produced by Brinsley Schwarz and keyboard player Bob Andrews on which The Rumour minus Martin Belmont backed up Carlene Carter . . . and now, smashing into '79, a new album from the collective (Geep plus the band) and another one from The Rumour.

In those 3½ years, GP and his boys have gone from being one of the conclaves that broke the ground for the New Wave to being an established band of sorts. Both here and in the States, the name carries R–E–S–P–E–C–T: respect earned by The Rumour's consummate musicianship and by the emotional intensity of Parker's angry, cawing voice and cutting, rending songs. Bad Company can still sell out three days at Earls Court: Parker's more than happy with *his* three nights at Hammersmith Odeon. In America, the albums may not sell in the big numbers that the Foreigners and Hearts knock down, but they've sold a few and the heavy critics are impressed. Not great, but not bad.

Which is completely and utterly OUT OF ORDER. Graham Parker and The Rumour are a great band — great meaning GREAT, not just quite-good-on-their-night or whatever — and if you believe in a righteous universe where you draw out something roughly equivalent to what you put in, then you've got to believe that what GP Et Cie are going to achieve is like an elephant next to an ant compared to what they've had so far. That, of course, is talking in *Billboard/Cashbox* heavybread hit-me-hit-me-hit-me terms. In terms of musical and artistic achievement, just turn your head and listen, champ . . .

There they are! Coffee break's over, football's over, everybody's clambered back on stage and picked up their guitars or gotten settled in behind their pianos and drums and stuff, and they're running through 'I Want You Back' — the Jackson 5 number that ended up on the back of their new single when 'Mercury Poisoning', an angry slapback at their American record company which was originally supposed to be the B-side, got vetoed by somebody in an expensively furnished office who didn't consider free speech to be a valid concept when an artist wanted to criticise his label on vinyl.

Sssssoul music! The term doesn't mean a lot these days since The Law Of The Foot And Ass got passed, but kicking ass is what your feet is *for,* bub, and that's what Geep and The Rumour do. Graham Parker is a soul singer, and whether soul is the style now that grease is the word is a question to leave in last month's lunchbox. Soul is a quality and an attribute, and when you hear Graham Parker sing, are you going to be the one to stand there with your hand on your heart and tell me that you can't hear it in every note and twist?

Listen! Fists clenched, knees bent, light bouncing off the shades and they're finishing off for tonight with that new single. The Rumour jerk and flow and Geep's pourin' it all out again. *'I can't get — I can't get — noooooooo protection/I can't get — I can't get — noooooooo pro-tec-shan . . ."*

Sssssoul music!

HALF AN HOUR later, Geep's in the pub putting a roll-up together. Apart from his huge blue shades, he looks totally unlike anybody's idea of a rock star, this little bloke with the Oxfam overcoat and the straggly hair and tobacco tin. In Los Angeles, his face glares from giant billboards over Sunset Strip and everybody's programmed to recognise everybody else anyway, but here he fades in.

"He's about the most normal bloke I've ever met," one of his associates remarked a while back, and the remark voice-overs in my head as Geep applies the final lick to his roll-up. "You know, real cup-of-tea normal. But he's a little bit weird with that as well . . ."

The perfect qualification for True Stardom in '79: normality plus weirdness minus bravado equals.

It's as good a watchword as any for that new album. It's entitled 'Squeezing Out Sparks'.

"We've always used song titles as album titles before, but this time there wasn't a song title that really summed up the whole album. I had two ideas, right? I woke up one morning with this really clear idea that I was gonna call it 'The Basingstoke Canal'. You know how it is in the morning when you wake up but you don't quite come to? Well, I was really set on it until I came to and realised, well, that's no good.

"The next morning I woke up and decided to call it 'Squeezing Out Sparks', because that song was going through my head."

"That song" is 'You Can't Be Too Strong' from the new collection and the album title comes from one of "that song's" lines. A scaled-down, intimate vignette featuring only acoustic guitar, electric piano and a smidgeon of bass, it is possibly the most scarifyingly honest and emotionally affecting song Parker has ever written. Without wishing to blow the song before it's even released, this is just to say that it'll shake you.

'Squeezing Out Sparks' was produced by Jack Nitzsche, and the resultant human chemistry had an effect which outlasted the simple timespan of the period involved in recording the album.

"At least four people in the band suddenly had this idea about Jack Nitzsche producing us — including me. I don't know why. I knew a little bit about him — I knew he'd worked with Spector and all of that stuff and the Mink DeVille albums sounded really good to me and it seemed like a good idea. We all agreed on it, got in touch with him and he wanted to do it.

One innovation engendered by the 'Sparks' sessions is the total absence of horns. "Just your basic Rumour", Martin Belmont had said, and since the Rumour Horns weren't on the album, they're not going to be on the tour either.

"We're playing better than ever," opines Parker. "We're back to playing *songs* as opposed to razzle-dazzle, which is the way it was getting. You get into a trap of trying to blast people to pieces as opposed to playing *songs* which blast their spines to pieces.

"We went through quite a powerful thing with old Jack Nitzsche, really. He didn't much like our other albums, thought they weren't that hot. He thought the numbers were good, but he thought there was too much going on, too much of a straight line.

"He didn't actually do much . . . he's a very shy person. He didn't know what to say, since we started to play and we played like we do live. It was kind of messy, and not the way you play to make an album. There was a moment of crisis when he looked over at me and said, 'Look, we've got to have a talk. I really don't know what we're doing here. I don't know how we're gonna do this.'

"So we stopped everything and we had a chat. I said that I wanted the songs to be like *songs*, and the band to play like we were in a fuckin' *studio*. Get everything *simple*, like a heartbeat, y'know? And the next day, he came in and had a few beers and loosened up and got into being Jack Nitsche the *producer*. He just said a few key words that got it all going. 'You're being too clever,' he said. 'You gotta be *dumb*. Play the song the way you did when you were writing it in your bedroom.' So I played the song that way and he said, 'That's *it*. Play it like *that*.' So I played it real dumb, and that's how we did it. I played a lot of rhythm guitar on the album, and the whole approach is based around the way I wrote the songs.

"That's basically all he did. Otherwise his engineer produced the album. The engineer got all the sounds. He did nothing except say a few key words that got *us* on the right track, and he still doesn't know he's done it. He was saying to his engineer, 'I didn't produce this album: Graham and The Rumour did' but *he did*.

"Like the song 'You Can't Be Too Strong' has just acoustic guitar, piano and a bit of bass on it. Most of the songs were first takes after we got into playing it like I wrote it. We'd rehearsed the songs because we've been playing some of them live for a while, but some we didn't really know what to do with them."

THIS PLAINER, simpler approach has carried over into the way GP and the R have reassessed their earlier material, since they're now committed to playing old faves without the aid of a horn section.

"We've got to do 'Heat Treatment' and 'Stick To Me' without brass, but it's easy because we've just got back to doing the songs, as opposed to doing the band with the songs lost somewhere in the middle.

"It's only one album, though. Next time we could be doing any bloody thing with everybody playing all at once, but we just wanted to get away from all of that, because 'Stick To Me' had the fuckin' kitchen sink; strings, brass, the lot. But it's much better now, because it's like we were when we started only better because we're all much better musicians now. It's like right back to 'Howlin' Wind, but on a higher level."

Parker notes wryly that 'Howlin' Wind' is the album most often cited as his best.

"Nobody bought it, but it's most people's favourite."

But when an artist is first starting out, his primary concern is with the songs that he has just written or is in the process of writing, the records that he has just made or is in the process of making . . . not thinking ahead to what'll happen if it's all successful and account executives and critics will start making noises about that all-important fifth album and can-he-break-big-this-time.

How does Graham Parker avoid that kind of business hysteria when the talk turns to market penetration viability?

"It's too late now for it to affect me. Maybe last year, but now I feel as though I've just started, anyway. I feel great. I'm not pissing around, you know? I'm *serious*. All I want to do is send shivers up people's spines. If I can do *that* . . . I make myself feel good and then I want to make other people feel that way. The other stuff doesn't affect me.

"I don't want to disappoint anybody, but the main thing that concerns me is the people around me. My manager Dave Robinson and my band and my friends and myself and that's it. I take that as the focus for what I'm doing.

"When I write new songs I play 'em to the band and they all look at me as if I'm a nutcase. What has he written this time? They think it's all crap until they start playing 'em and then they evolve into what they should be.

"Record companies are so far away from me . . . all I want them to do for me is sell my fucking records if they can and if they can't, who cares? If they work a quarter as hard as I do then I'll be pleased. I put a lot into *it* because I like the feeling, the excitment of rock and roll.

"A few years ago I could've done without it. After 'Heat Treatment' I was real blase, just making records, but *now* I want it to be *good* because it *is* good. I don't think about pleasing anybody or being part of their plan. I don't feel as if I'm part of anybody's *plan*. I don't feel related to anybody much.

WE GET to talking about how the emotions of a sng are transmitted to the band so that they can start transmitting that emotion to the listener.

"They know that my lyrics are going to have something in them which is not unaffecting. Hopefully it's gonna affect someone, and they usually find it. 'Discovering Japan' on the new album is a very sad, very romantic song and people thought it was kind of silly at first. *I* did. I mean, 'Discovering Japan'! Then old Jack Nitzsche heard it and said, 'It's very sad, this song. You've got to take it seriously. Don't *fuck* around with it.' Some of the people in the group kind of went, *Silly!*, but Nitzsche knew it was *serious*.

"Same with 'Love Gets You Twisted.' We were playing it kind of *chingy-chingy-ching* and Nitzsche just said, 'Are you serious? Love *does* get you twisted. Don't piss around with it. You're serious, aren't you?'

"And I said, 'Yeah, I suppose I am.' He said, 'Right, well, let's play it serious.' And we did. Because if the band didn't find the right emotional level to hit, then the song would fail, and most of our songs don't fail. Maybe once we get 'em on stage, we get 'em. And we're still learning all the time.

"That's why I'm not affected by the pressure of the business or the record companies expecting each album to be this or that or achieve this or that, because this band has been playing together quite a time, and it's easy to get stuck.

"And suddenly we're not stuck."

The band are not only out of their musical rut — and compared to the rut some bands are in without even realising it, these guys were hardly in a rut at all — but Parker himself reckons that his latest clutch of songs are both broader in scope and closer to home than some of what's gone before.

"I'm not disguising so much, not jiving about honey and soul shoes so much. I'm singing about what cuts you up and what doesn't cut you up. The songs are more honest, I think. I can't talk too much about it. I don't want to bolster the album up because it's not out yet and nobody's heard of it. So I'm not gonna do that, but I will say that it's a bit more honest than the other ones.

"With loads of the songs that I write, I'll write three versions of it and I try to find the one that's the grooviest. I'm not doing that now. And that feels better in the end, because you're singing about what really does affect you.

"This is just something that's happened to me. I don't know why. I mean, 'White Honey'? That's just a load of jive, 'Soul Shoes' and all that. It's a kind of rock and roll operation that makes it good live, but the new songs are not so much jive."

So it's goodbye to the old Stax-Volt comparisons and references, then?

"Well, they probably will. People will call us R&B until the end of our days, but some of the chords and changes in 'Stick To Me' . . . I mean, 'Stick To Me' itself is an electric mambo. It's not R&B, for fuck's sake! I love all kinds of music, but it doesn't sour ; like Stax to me. This new album doesn't anyway. There's no horns, it's very guitar-heavy, very . . . dumb."

Aha . . . the hitherto-unconsidered Ramones influences on Graham Parker and The Rumour. . .

"Oh, I love The Ramones! They're marvellous! Our new album is *very* . . . rhythm. There's not much fiddling going on. It's pretty much down-the-line. Same with the bass and drums. It's just straighter, and it's refreshing to do that every once in a while, to get back to. . .

"Look, I've got to have piss. Seen the gents anywhere?"

ALL OF WHICH might give the impression that 'Squeezing Out Sparks' is a basic rock-out exercise, which it isn't.

Without wishing to co-opt the reviewing of the album (which will occur in our reviews pages when the album actually becomes

■ Continues over page

"All I want to do is send a shiver up people's spines."

■ *From previous page*

available), let's just say the album is simpler than it's predecessors, but much less obvious, less complicated but more complex. 'Ang on, here's Graham winding his way back from the bog looking well furtive in his overcoat and shades. . .

"There's lots of holes in the pockets of this. You could stash all sorts of thing in here. Got quite a few watches. . ."

Back into songwriting, then: craft and processes.

"Some songs you get in ten minutes and that's it. You've captured exactly what you wanted to say. Quite a lot of the new ones were like that. But with others I fuck around for months and months trying to get out what I mean. Some songs there's too much going on, so I split it up and get two songs of it.

"But there's always a song out of reach that I'm always trying to get. Every time I write a song I think I've got it. There's one song I'm always chasing, but the thing that always breaks it down is time. By the time you've got it down on a record you've gone through it, you've got over it a bit. You can play it live and get a great feeling off it, but you still know that you didn't quite get it. You're still aching for that one song that . . . when you've written it you're gonna be dead or you're gonna have a heart attack or something.

"You only get fragments of what you're trying to say, anyway. You've got to be into telepathy to kill people. That's probably the next phase of evolution, to write songs which could really hurt people. I've played this album to a few people and seen 'em cry, which is great. I can sit there and laugh at 'em."

I quote Parker the paragraph from Paul Morley's Stiff Little Fingers piece a couple of weeks back where Jake Burns is described as working over a vocal track in the studio until he was able to make someone cry with it.

Parker grins appreciatively as if he was getting a postcard from a long-lost brother. "Great! Marvellous! What a geezer he must be. I bet he got 'em, too. I didn't quite get that during the album, but I did get people in the band saying, 'This is the best song you've ever written.' I can't quite see any of The Rumour crying. Crying with exasperation maybe, but not with emotion."

Whenever Parker writes, records or performs, his ultimate goal is to generate an emotional reaction.

GP & Rumour Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

"It's like when I hear other people's records that I like, I get shivers and stuff, spasms of whatever you get. When I write songs, when I hit the song and get on top of it, I actually shiver. With the new stuff I got that, and for a longer period than with the others. On stage I get that as well. I judge it by myself. Some of the songs I don't want to do because they feel like a plod."

Any songs which go to the other extreme and move Parker so much that it's actually upsetting to him to perform them?

"Oh yeah. 'You Can't Be Too Strong' on the album is one. I was actually frightened stiff of doing it, and it was only Jack Nitzsche saying 'This is the best song on the record' that persuaded me to do it. And there are some songs that frighten me."

What frightens you about them? Is it the intensity of emotion that you generate in yourself?

"Yeah. You feel it's a burden to sing this song, because it's *real*. With other people's songs, you often think, 'You lucky sod, that's easy to write. I wish I could write that.' But what I write about is close to me.

"So it cuts you up a bit.

"But playing something live sometimes renders you a little immune to your own emotions. That's not completely true — it depends on the gig — but it can make you feel a bit on your own sometimes. . ."

Graham Parker And The Rumour are setting off on the road again. They're an unsettling mixture: a hard-bitten crew of The Chaps who take nothing seriously and a man who nightly launches a kamikaze attack on your emotions — and his, and theirs.

Rock music goes for your feet some of the time and your head some of the time and your genitalia some of the time, but Graham Parker goes for your spine. And most of the time he gets there.

Graham Parker wants to make you shiver. He's a serious man. He's a soul singer and if he gets to you on a fragile night when you're open to be moved and your defences are down, what you gonna bet that he can't do it?

"Passion is no ordinary word,
It's not manufactured,
It's not just another sound you hear at night. . ."

Passion is no ordinary word. Graham Parker's is no ordinary passion.

Let it flow- "Muddy 'Mississippi' Waters Live"

Hot on the heels of his phenomenal U.K. tour with Eric Clapton, Muddy Waters releases a mean, moody and magnificent live album – "Muddy 'Mississippi' Waters Live".

With seven great tracks, including favourites like "Mannish Boy" and "Baby Please Don't Go", this album is positive proof that blues music is alive and well, and living in the soul of Muddy 'Mississippi' Waters.

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SILVER SCREEN

Bluto (left) psyches-out Marmalard in Animal House

National Lampoon's Animal House

Directed by John Landis
Starring John Belushi, Tim Matheson and Donald Sutherland
(CIC)

"Did we give up when the Germans bombed Pearl Harbour?"

"What this calls for is a totally futile and stupid gesture and we're just the guys to do it!"

"You've been on double secret probation since the beginning of this term . . ."

"Double secret probation???"

"Toga! Toga! Toga!"

Big yoks, zits and tits

CSM feels at home in Nat Lamp's Animal House

National Lampoon's Animal House is Big Fun — an early '60s American-International college flick turned inside out by experts. If Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello had been in *Animal House* they'd've been the bad guys; if John Belushi, Bruce McGill and Tim Matheson had been in *Get Yourself A College Girl* they'd've been the bad guys. Welcome to the late '70s version of the early '60s!

The movie is Smash City in the States, fuelled by Belushi's success on TV with *Saturday Night Live* and on record with The Blues Brothers. It's taking in money fist over fist and whole herds of teenage dementos are showing up to see it wearing togas (a tribute to the toga-party sequence which generates giant yoks about two-thirds of the way in).

Scenario: two eager young freshmen (well, that's what the synopsis calls 'em) show up for the beginning of the '62 academic year at staid, leafy Faber College. Rejected by the elitist, aristocratic Omega Theta Pi fraternity the ill-fated pair (put down as "a wimp and a blimp" — Thomas Hulce and Stephen Furst respectively) end up pledging to Delta Tau Chi. (I don't understand the American fraternity system myself, but there you go).

Delta is known as 'Animal House'. All its members are rejects, misfits, goofballs, nutters and fuckups of various sorts. Their leading spirit is John Blutarsky (John Belushi), who is your basic runamuck. His mission in life is to cause as much chaos, weirdness and havoc as is humanly possible (or more) — to entertain his friends and confuse and demoralise his enemies. His energy and inventiveness are boundless — he is the personification of the grossout. His impersonation of a zit is one of the most moving sights contemporary cinema has to offer. It may move some viewers to emit the aforementioned giant yoks and others to the nearest piece of plumbing.

The Omega boys and their girlfriends are the bastions of orthodoxy and institutionalised awfulness. They are the pride of Dean Wormer (John Vernon) and the town's Mafioso mayor Carmine DePasto (Cesare Danova). They run the ROTC and the student council. They are the Big Them; the inmates of Animal House are the Big Us. Sure they're disgusting; sure they're a mess, sure they're pissing away their lives — but they're human and that makes them an alternative. The faculty and the nice kids are like cleancut American robots programmed to be horrible.

Did I say *all* the faculty? Well, there's your archetypal rebel prof, Jennings (Donald Sutherland), who's into corduroy suits, moustaches, pot, radical politics, screwing the co-eds . . . and he's the biggest jackoff of the lot. It's a cameo role since Sutherland is the only 'star' in the flick, and my theory is that he did it because he likes showing his ass, but his wicked rodent grin when a stoned student asks where he can get some more pot makes it all worthwhile.

The movie is set in the past in order to a throw a shadow through the future to the present (there's an *American Graffiti*-style where-are-they-now finale that makes its point lightly but firmly — one of the Omega leaders ends up as a jailed Nixon aide who gets raped in prison, and the ROTC type gets shot in Vietnam by his own troops), but the extent to which you take all this is left up to you. Sure, *Animal House* tells you a lot about how a generation of Americans grew up and how this upbringing affected their actions and — in turn — the way America is now, but the sledgehammers are left at home. It is entirely possible just to groove on *Animal House* for Giant Yoks, which are provided in great enough quantity to keep you grooving all the way through.

And listen, John Belushi is A Star. He is obviously one of those guys who were able to keep their mates in stitches — just like Bluto does in this movie — but he also has the discipline and control to be a topflight professional comic. In Bluto, he has created a major wish-fulfillment figure for American kids — like all the Marx Brothers and The Incredible Hulk rolled up into one unshaven, overstuffed mess.

There's a lot in *Animal House* which it would be unfair to blow by detailing upfront in a review — plus lots of TITS if you're into that — but let's just say that we here at the *Silver Screen* desk award it the gold-medal-blue-ribbon prize for Giant Yoks this month and that if you don't see it then we'll have to put *you* on double secret probation.

Double secret probation????

Charles Shaar Murray

Remember My Name

Directed by Alan Rudolph
Starring Geraldine Chaplin and Anthony Perkins
(Columbia)

Something stirs in California.

Alan Rudolph is a protege of Robert Altman, maker of *M.A.S.H.*, *Nashville* and, most recently, *A Wedding*. Rudolph's unpromising debut as a director was *Welcome to L.A.*, a slack, tepid wisp of celluloid that suggested he had acquired all of Altman's vices and none of the virtues.

Crassly indulgent and dreary beyond belief, it confirmed rumours that everybody and their coke spoon in the Golden State really was self-absorbed to the point of evanescing up you guess where, that they looked on humour as some kind of unpleasant social disease and led endlessly 'significant' lives, every milli-second fair play for shrinks and shrink-wrapping.

But either Rudolph's got a grip or he's had a head transplant; *Remember My Name* is everything *Welcome To L.A.* wasn't. Visually it's

richer than Midas and more labyrinthine than Old Crete. Rudolph displays a knack of connecting themes and images that could only have come from working with Altman, and at times he almost eclipses his tutor.

The film begins and ends symmetrically on the same stretch of mountain road, but concentrates in the interim on pulling an opaque gauze of cross-currents over proceedings. People and places interreact ambiguously, each seeming on the verge of 'explaining' the other, but somehow never quite doing so.

This isn't 'meaningful' cinema though; it's cinema with meaning — and there's a whole suspension bridge hanging between the two. The former is contrivance, the latter skill. And Rudolph has skill, a trunk of it. His sense of film form is superb, and he repeatedly obtains a bamboozling delicacy and intricacy of expression.

Characterisation is also appreciably more substantial. Altman regular Geraldine Chaplin plays Emily and walks all over her cameo in *Welcome* as guest woman-in-black and token enigma with a performance that's sure to have even non nail-biters scurrying for Elastoplast and gloves.

Anorexically thin, tottering coquettishly on high heels and chainsmoking Winstons, Emily tracks down ex-lover Neil Curry (Anthony Perkins) and makes his married life a misery with all the sullen determination of a hawk stooping on prey. Like so much else in the film, her precise motives and her past are left unrevealed; we know she's been behind bars, but not much more.

Both Chaplain and Perkins (the psycho in *Psycho*, remember?) are second-nature neurotics on screen, but the finer points of mental instability they detail for Rudolph are still unusually masterful. A tick of the jaw, a flex of a prominent cheekbone, a spasm of squinting — all the tell-tale signals flare up and out like so much marsh gas.

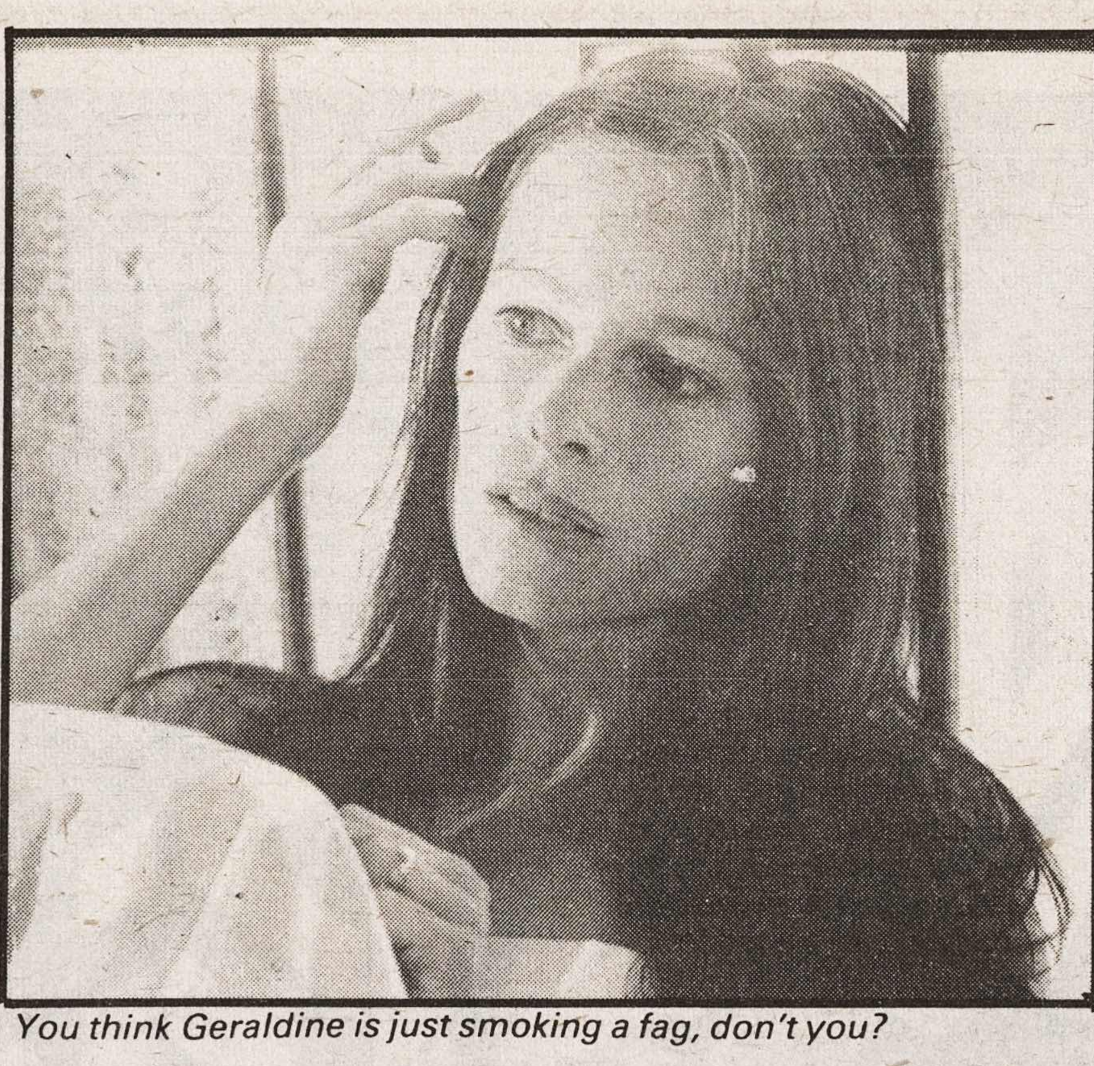
Rudolph's screenplay is doubly effective — as in its way is veteran blues singer Alberta Hunter's soundtrack — for only gradually revealing the extent of Emily's derangement, which turns out to be as comprehensive as the school down the street.

But excuse me a moment if I mention a review of *Welcome* I never finished. In it I said the film's Californians were so supine with solipsism that even an impending earthquake wouldn't wake 'em up. Imagine my surprise when I found that Rudolph had threaded newscasts of last year's Bulgarian tremor all through *Remember My Name* and that, preoccupied with their smalltown agonies, nobody paid them the slightest attention.

So now the joke, such as it was, most surely isn't on Rudolph, to whom I dutifully militant feminists' blessing and an unrepentant chauvinists' curve, Emily appears from nowhere at start of play and disappears back there at close. Her name is the title's name, and you won't forget it.

Maybe Superman's saving California wasn't such a bad idea after all.

Angus MacKinnon


You think Geraldine is just smoking a fag, don't you?

A Dream Of Passion

Directed by Jules Dassin
Starring Melina Mercouri and Ellen Burstyn
(ITC)

Medea is an ancient Greek story of a woman who stabs her children to spite her husband. *A Dream of Passion* is a contemporary Greek story of two women who attempt to come to terms with their own passions, their individual power and their relationship to each other.

Melina Mecouri plays an actress, recently returned from Hollywood to tackle the demanding role of Medea. She wants to politicise the play, update it, make Medea a victim of her own womanhood. She strives to infuse the role with fire and fury — Medea, she feels, is a strong woman driven to disaster by circumstance alone.

As a typical 'movie biz' stunt Mercouri agrees to visit a jailed American woman named Brenda who has — Medea-like — killed her children. But Brenda is guileless, waif-like — totally the opposite of Mercouri's interpretation, with only a sudden, slashing hostility to brand her a murderer.

Gradually, Mercouri becomes obsessed with Brenda — her moods, her motivation, the similarities between the two of them. Her portrayal of Medea, too, begins to shift the more deeply she probes into the other woman's life. Passion, it seems, does not have to be all hell and brimstone — it can be subtle, even servile, and thus all the more deadly in its revenge. As Mercouri becomes increasingly vulnerable, Brenda turns harsher, exposing the dark side of her persona that led to the crime.

'Persona' is the correct word here, for in tone, form and visual interplay Ingmar Bergman's film is never far in the shadows. He is acknowledged in the opening credits, and in a scene within a scene a Bergman movie is actually shown on screen. But for all its white-on-white pilfering this is a highly original film.

Burstyn is totally believable in the role of Brenda, taking her sweet-faced character from *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* and revealing the knife edge underneath. Mercouri is equally stunning; an actress playing an actress tends to engage in self-competition, but Mercouri's performance is thoughtful, studied, and only given full vent in the natural theatricality of Medea.

A Dream of Passion is heavy going. It's brutal, vicious and sometimes frightening. But then, so is infanticide.

Martha Ellen Zenfell

Melina — if this is where Silver Screen is at, she's leaving.

Elizabeth Shepherd's stand-in gets a nasty peck-a-boo

Damien Omen 2

Directed by Don Taylor
Starring William Holden and Lee Grant
(20th Century Fox)

"These eyes will follow you wherever you go," run the clumsy ads. "And you will cease to trust those closest to you." I wasn't particularly keen on what the bloke next to me was doing but it didn't put me off my hot dog. Nor did anything that took place on the screen.

Although it picks up a bit in the second half, *Damien Omen 2* has a prevailing po-faced solemnity which makes it as absurdly melodramatic as its predecessor. It's flabbily paced and there's precious little panache — and certainly no (intentional) humour — to leaven the risible grisliness in its world of soulless opulence, which appears to be inhabited solely by the Anti-Christ (Jonathan Scott-Taylor), his emissaries and his victims. These last are easy to spot since not only does the camera obligingly lumber after them for a few minutes, they've also got 'stupid bozo' tattooed on their foreheads.

The script is full of dark chats about 'deep, wordless knowledge' and people saying they're *not* religious fanatics who get their ugly desserts whilst beseeching God or quoting the Lord's prayer. One — a journalist, ha ha — even gets run over by a truck; always an old faithful, that, even if the body decorously splattered over the bonnet resembles nothing so much as a flying Muppet.

A peculiar under-ice drowning is quite spritely handled and there are a couple of other quirkily effective moments — notably a lift-shaft death which achieves new lows in gross Guignol — but *Omen 2* is mainly woefully earnest.

Small wonder that Bill Holden looks so cheesed off. After all, *Omen 3* is already in the pipeline.

Monty Smith

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VELVET UNDERGROUND

1969 Velvet Underground Live *(Mercury)*

The Velvets, specifically Lou Reed — maybe even this 'invisible' live double — say more about rock'n'roll, its implications and complications, than anyone else.

Long on import, now available anywhere at irresistible budget price, '1969' is a classic rock album, a definitive combination of styles and statements from the most naive and pure part of Lou Reed's development, when he was still in love with rock'n'roll as myth rather than what he could do with that myth. It is, give or take 'Max's Kansas City', a different package of atmosphere altogether, the greatest live rock'n'roll album of all time, and the best collection of — and thus the best introduction to — Lou Reed's early shots.

The sound, drily captured, is appropriately somewhere between the melodramatic cold chopping of early Velvets, and the warmish, firmer, deceptive music of 'Loaded', which was to be released soon after the tour this selection was lifted from.

It's a perfect, meticulously detailed Velvets sound, structures laid bare and open to amazement as they shift imperceptibly or swiftly or fall inside out, Reed's ridiculously good rhythm guitar joyously and thankfully leading the group — Mo Tucker (drums), Bill Yule (bass), Sterling Morrison (guitar) — with aggressive perception. This is when the Velvets were Lou's toy, and not muddled, messy and dourly democratic, and the songs are better for it. This is when the Velvets were at their best. The roots, for goodness sake, of all the best rock'n'roll of today and tomorrow — no way does it sound dated.

Its seriousness and playfulness, the surprising accidental burps and bursts in the music, the detail and love, the inherent myth, all of that and more remind me of my favourite new pop groups. (I'd list them but there's too many of them.)

Buggered if '1969' isn't the long lost greatest rock'n'roll album of all time . . . give or take 'Trout Mask Replica''.

Seventeen shapeless, sharp songs, thirteen masterpieces of setting already well known plus four 'unreleased' songs, that bash, crash, rub and nudge. Those of you weaned on tales of 'the noise and chaos' of the Velvets legend may well be slightly put out to hear the group start the album lightly slipping into 'Waiting For The Man'. But this subtle seven-minute interpretation, the best I've heard from anyone, typfies the Velvets' classic devious approach and subdued dynamism. The tease and tumble of this piece sets the tone for the rest.

After 'Man', the group pick and twist through the solid 'Lisa Says', the stunning 'What Goes On', the gentle 'Sweet Jane'; (Side Two) The awed 'We're Gonna Have A Real Good Time Together', the reflective 'Femme Fatale', the delicate 'New Age', the excited 'Rock'n'Roll'; (Side Three) the dense 'Ocean', the tender 'Pale Blue Eyes', the epic 'Heroin'; (Side four) The provocative 'Some Kinda Love', the understated 'Over You', the fitful 'Sweet Bonnie Brown', the swinging 'It's Just Too Much', and after a reluctant 'White Light/White Heat' finally lets go towards the end, there's a respectful pause before one of the finest love songs of them all closes the record — a ragged faded 'I'll Be Your Mirror'.

Of all rock music's visionaries, it's the Velvets sounds, contained and celebrated on this loosely assembled document, that accurately predicted how rock — after indulgency, complacency and rigorous reguidance — would use and exploit the massive texture and shape potential of the four piece rock set up with selective eclectism, and use their individual blend to reject and reflect, in an unprecedented realistic manner, their predicament and demand for individualism. The Velvet Underground were an avant garde rock'n'roll group; these days we can understand how much.

I can think of a dozen or more indigenous rock groups whose invention and ambition complements (and compliments) this music, its urgency and effect. But the Velvets were not simply There Before Anyone Else. Their success was not simply to create a superbly accessible off-focus rock'n'roll music. No — their songs were like meticulously structured mini novels that discarded disconcerting impressions and images.

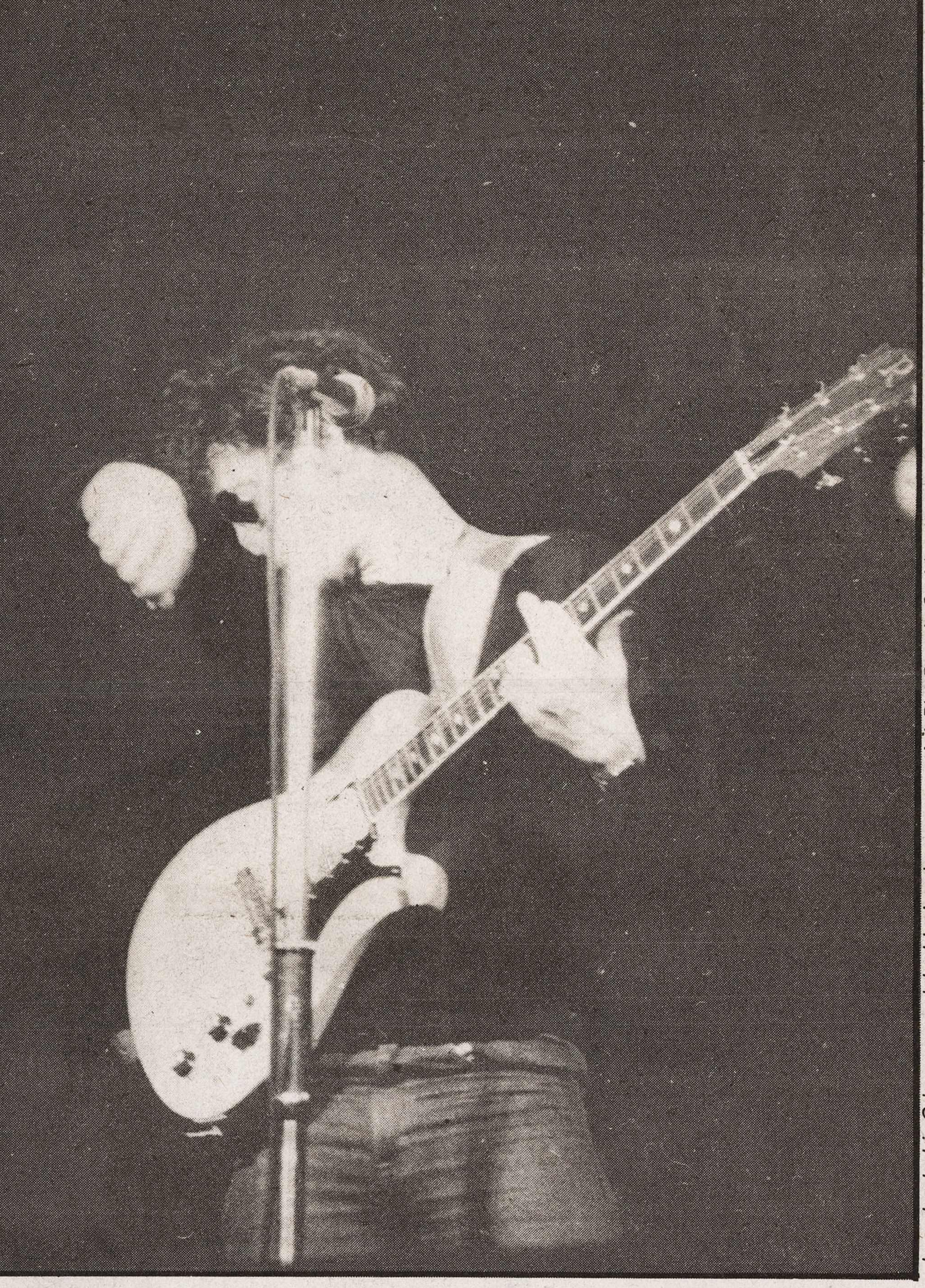
The Velvet Underground were not simply playing rock'n'roll; they were doing what punk has confirmed is the only way to keep rock'n'roll regenerating — they were taking it further, examining and exploring, using rock'n'roll to say and scream things of great importance.

Velvet Underground, an early voice of the erratic Reed, is about discovery and response. It is about dignity and the elavation above imposed and supposed mundanity. The Velvets epitomised resistance, resentment and rejection and conveyed it with such passionate poetry, rhythm and fluidity — which is what it's *all* about.

This LP captures everything the Velvets were ever about, so how can it not be a work of genius. It makes you cry, it makes you laugh, gasp, groan and shiver. It puts all sorts of things into perspective.

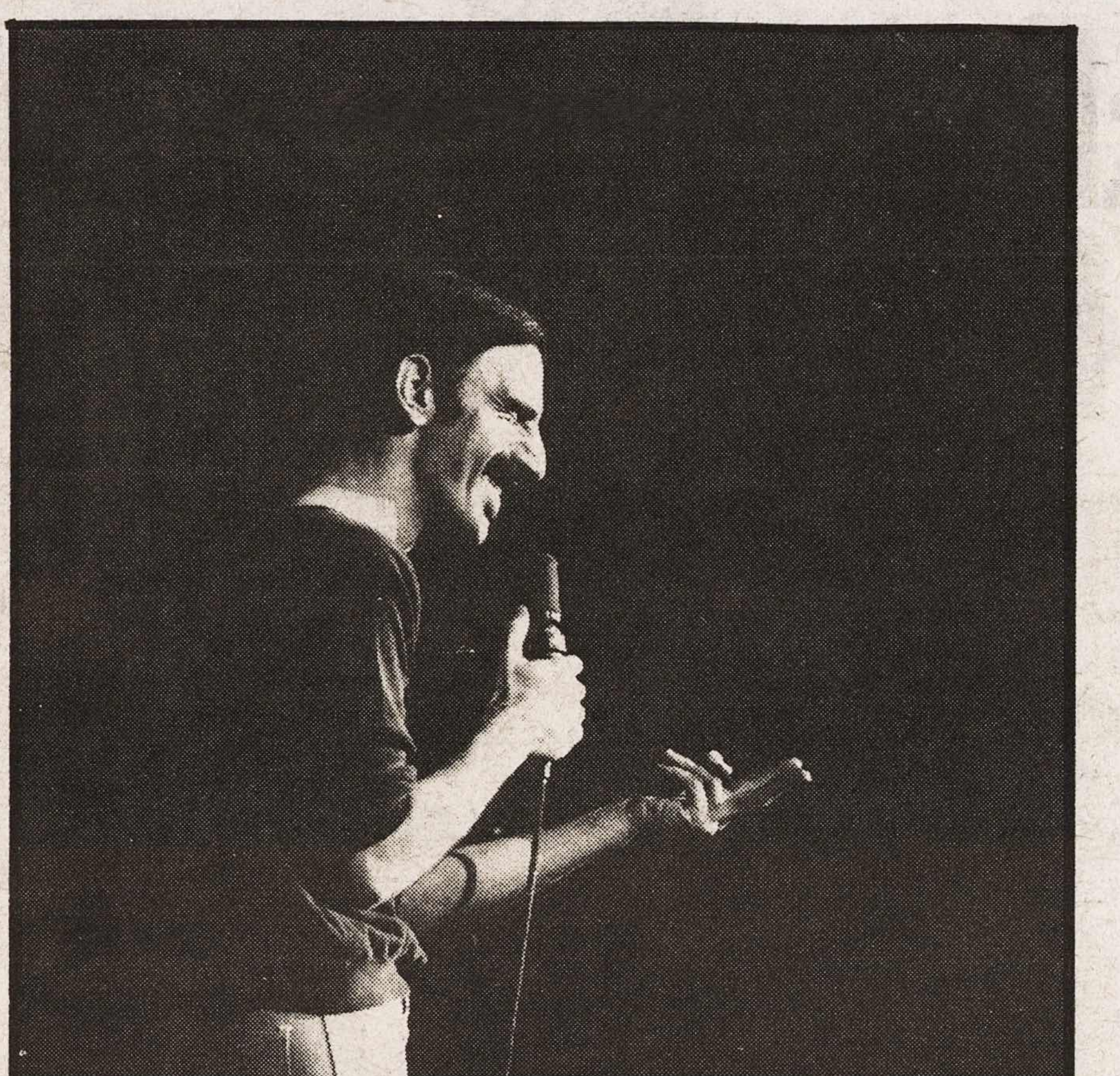
Rock'n'roll on the edge. Buy this and savour it.

Paul Morley



Lou checks his Odorono, and the hits just keep on comin'. Pic: Pennie Smith.

Overly sub-standard



Frank remains deadly earnest. Pic: Al Johnson.

FRANK ZAPPA

Sheik Yerbouti *(CBS)*

The modern-day composer refuses to die and, sadly, so too does Frank Zappa.

He just keeps on keeping on whackin' 'em out — the same old slop, whether it be the 'serious' orchestral flotsam he can flaunt to justify his noxious condescending broadside wildly directed at the poor saps who still think he's some bona-fide genius, or the gross-out whacko "yucks for the bucks" flimflam.

But wait! This is Frankie-babe's very first album for a new label. None of your further contract-fulfilment vinyl waffle for poor old Warner Brothers to gag on here. No excuses this time. Nothing less than the creme de la creme of the Zappa genre circa '78-'79, you'd be forgiven to presume.

W-e-e-e-ll, sorry to disappoint all you folks out there with the expectations and all, but this is wall-to-wall four-sided dreck that may even actually represent a new look for Zappa's swindling artistic returns so far..

As an outsider taking the old objective check-out, it seems to me Zappa's been doing some market research studying and come to the conclusion that what with the *Saturday Night Live* crew, Steve Martin, *Animal House* and all raking in the cash over in the States with humour on vinyl, that his 'yucks for the bucks' slant is the one to dust up on and filter out to the suckers. Sure, there's a bit of the old serious musical work out in evidence — more precisely, the old Zappa fretboard dexterity gets the usual abrasive *sturm und dang* whip-out on 'Rat Tomago'. Absolutely nothing you haven't heard before, mind you, and once again in five minutes 15 seconds flat proving that as a guitarist Zappa cleverly utilizes a fiercesome barrage of tonal blitzkrieg to disguise the baleful fact that his solos just don't — and never have — go anywhere.

It's all blabber and smoke, as said the geezer whose work with the Big Z provided the latter with his last decent record, 'Bongo Fury'. There's further obligatory fretboard trouncing of 'The Sheik Yerbouti Tango' (indistinguishable from 'Rat Tomago') and a final malicious portion of arrogant fretboard blitzkrieg on the final 'Yo' Mama', but that's it for you Zappa guitar freaks (nothing really, nothing to turn on).

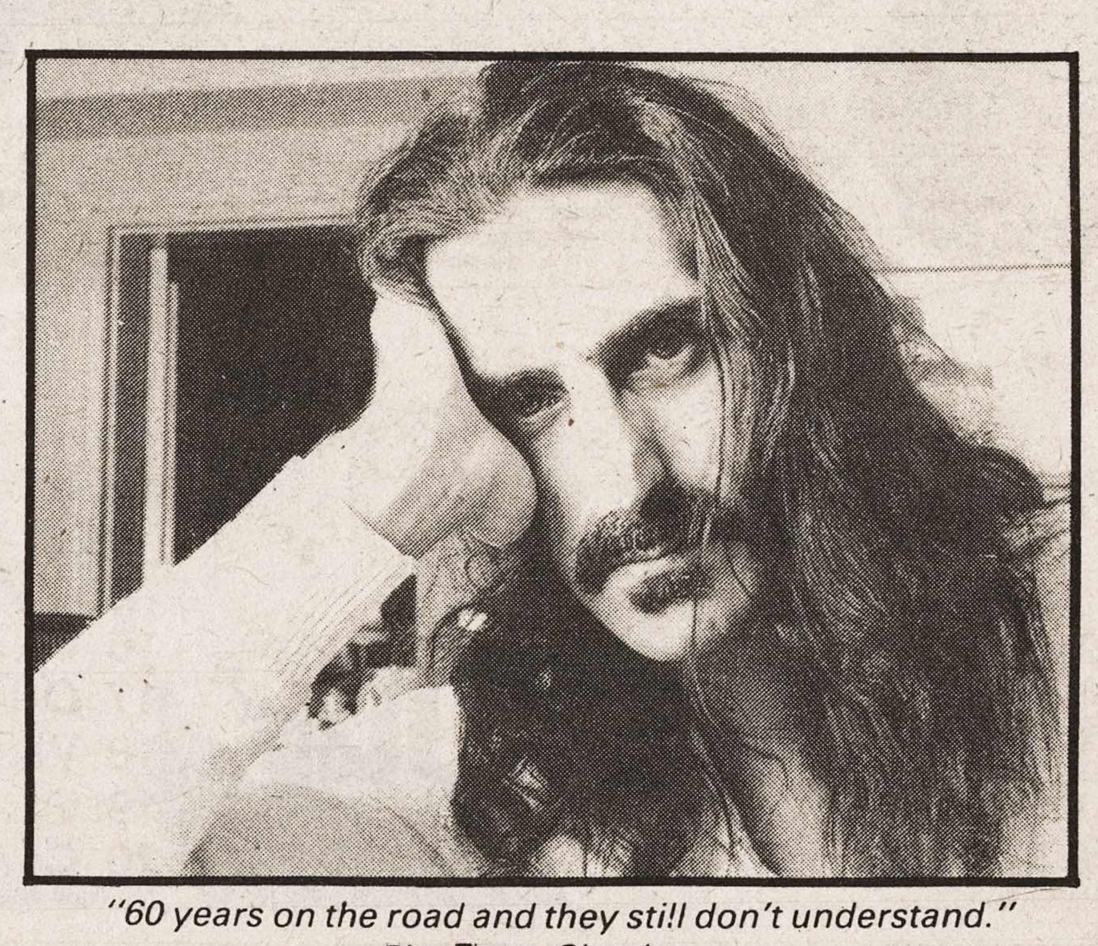
And the rest? Well now, here is a man obsessed with peddling cheap laughs that, beyond the odd witty couplet or two, aren't worth even a gratuitous smirk most of the time. There's scarcely a speck of wit or insight in the battery of lampoonery at hand and mostly, cloaked in equally cloying fruity 'fusion-pop' backdrops (again, total retreads and nada merit) aren't even worth the one obligatory chuckle of a play back.

There's the usual barrage of asinine mondo-pervo humour — 'I Have Been In You', 'Jones Crusher', and 'Broken Hearts Are For Assholes' for example are lame and frat-party offensive 'Dancin' Fool' titles for sprightly lampoons on Travolta / disco but it is all so obvious and such a tired vehicle for the obligatory — by now, anyway — send-up, it groans under the weight of its own smug 'I'm such a sharp satirist' intent.

'Baby Snakes', 'Tryin' To Grow A Chin' and 'City Of Tiny Lights' are Zappa's more characteristic Dada dippedy doo — feeble-minded and pointless, while 'Jewish Princess' would be anti-semitic if it weren't so damn feckless.

Buy this album and you can check you arsehole -rating. It's the only useful thing about it.

Nick Kent



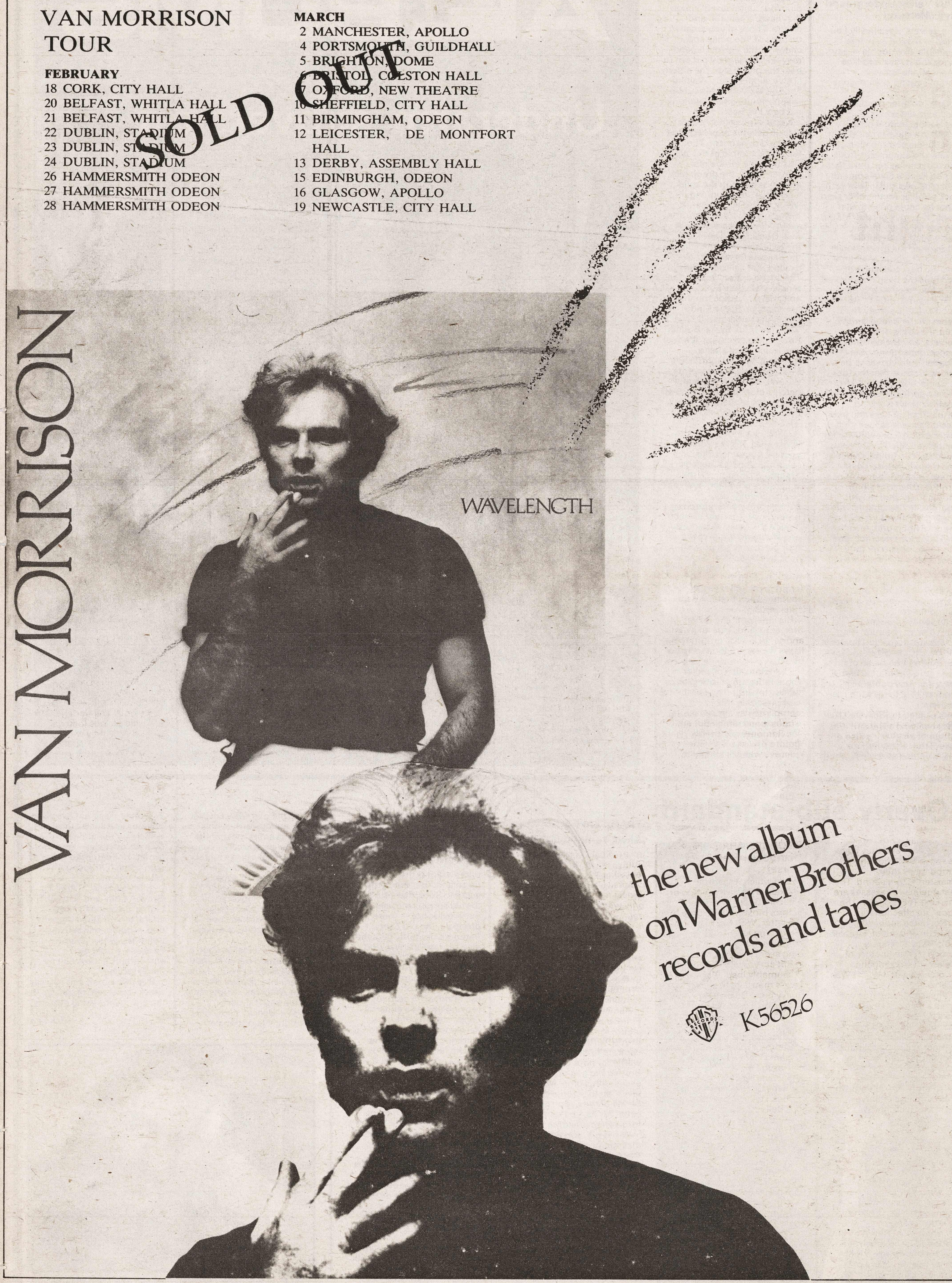
"60 years on the road and they still don't understand." Pic: Tom Sheehan.

VAN MORRISON TOUR

FEBRUARY
18 CORK, CITY HALL
20 BELFAST, WHITLA HALL
21 BELFAST, WHITLA HALL
22 DUBLIN, STADIUM
23 DUBLIN, STADIUM
24 DUBLIN, STADIUM
26 HAMMERSMITH ODEON
27 HAMMERSMITH ODEON
28 HAMMERSMITH ODEON

SOLD OUT

MARCH
2 MANCHESTER, APOLLO
4 PORTSMOUTH, GUILDHALL
5 BRIGHTON, DOME
6 BRISTOL, COLSTON HALL
7 OXFORD, NEW THEATRE
10 SHEFFIELD, CITY HALL
11 BIRMINGHAM, ODEON
12 LEICESTER, DE MONTFORT HALL
13 DERBY, ASSEMBLY HALL
15 EDINBURGH, ODEON
16 GLASGOW, APOLLO
19 NEWCASTLE, CITY HALL



The Skids are not quite right

Hey! Hey! We're The Skids

THE SKIDS
Into The Valley *(Virgin)*

From this evidence it appears that The Skids, four young minstrels from Scotland, are uncommonly fond of making shapes, drawing signs and taking stances.

Somebody should've told them that this kind of brutish high camp is neither fashionable nor (happily) acceptable anymore. With what amounts to very little more than an unfortunate collection of dowdy old tricks dressed up as smart new ones, The Skids have produced a debut album of virtually no merit: all attitude and no substance. An almost definitive catologue of modern mistakes.

The band's current single, 'Into The Valley', opens on a deceptively inoffensive note; it's catchy, brisk and vaguely optimistic, if a little brittle. However the smorgasbord of semi-formulated and stolen goods which follows becomes more depressing and annoying with each turn of the table. Stuart Adamson, guitar player and composer of the music, exhibits a gruellingly persistent leaning toward pointless stops and starts and hopelessly melodramatic rhythm changes; he endeavours, no doubt, to create interest and tension by springing surprises.

But when the surprises are sprung with such obtuse regularity, they cease to surprise and become expected, diffusing the impact of what are potentially a number of interesting tunes. To single out any one track as being indicative of all this would be pointless; more or less all the songs, with the exception of 'Into The Valley', are rife with these symptoms.

As the sole lyric writer, Richard Jobson must take absolute responsibility for the pretentiously unappetizing fare provided here. Young Mr Jobson is a keen admirer of Tom Verlaine, Steve Harley and Leonard Cohen. Harley and Verlaine I would've guessed straight off the top of my head and Cohen maybe, after a little thought. Of the words I will say no more, except that they're the perfect complement to the music.

As far as the individual performances go, each band member gives roughly what is expected of him, without too much fuss: restrained guitar from Adamson; quirky drumming from Tom Kellichan; punctillious bass playing from Bill Simpson; suitably contorted vocals from Jobson. Add to that list empty, uninspired and joyless and you have The Skids down to a tee.

I don't think that the world is ready for (or needs) another Ultravox.

John Hamblett.

GAFFA
Neither Use Nor Ornament *(Gaffa 'n' Product)*
RON WARREN GANDERTON
Guitar Star *(Sound Ceremony)*

Gaffa are a Nottingham band who've gone and made an album, just like that (or so it seems).

It's even got proper labels, a lyric sheet and a Garrard and Lofthouse sleeve. It's also got plenty of good ideas, few of which are realised because the lyrics are over-ambitious and the music is underproduced.

A basic two-guitar, bass and drum outfit (with occasional piano), Gaffa try their hand at a variety of styles — speedy R&B, reggae, cornball pop, even C&W — and they cover the range well, though hampered by their consistently thin sound. Their least qualified successes are 'The First Teenager On The Moon', an affectionate SF/Romance spoof which segues in and out of 'Fireball XL5'; 'Baby Sitting', a comically realistic story of adolescent sex; and the intriguing wit of 'I Wish I Was A Cartoon'.

Other songs fare less well, due to a deficit of good tunes and a surfeit of lyrics. Also, the music needs more muscle — there's little here that's exciting, and nothing that's original. The setback of Gaffa's tentative versatility is that they fail to establish their own identity; their songs end up as a mixture of naive charm and hackneyed commentary.

Promising in a disappointingly traditional way (a 10cc for the '80s?), Gaffa have stretched their as-yet-limited resources on an album. A couple of singles and a lot of gigs might have been a wiser beginning. 'Neither Use Nor Ornament' is too little too soon.

A whole LP of Ron Warren Ganderton is too much at any time. He sounds like a man with a mere modicum of talent (be it singing, songwriting or playing guitar) trying to do imitations of Loudon Wainwright, J.J. Cale and Link Wray.

His chief strategy on 'Guitar Star' is to repeat the same line and riff over and over until the listener falls to the floor in a hypnotic daze, unable to press the 'reject' button. He also arranges and produces, but not very well.

Occasionally the, er, premitivism which this album exudes (and I don't mean the chic Ramonesque variety) is engaging — as on 'Come The Change', which soulds like a quirky out-take from 'The Basement Tapes' — but mostly, it just means he's out of tune.

Graham Lock

ROY ACUFF
Greatest Hits Volume One *(Elektra)*

Acuff, who's now 75 and thriving, is a Nashville legend.

It's claimed that when a Japanese banzai squad charged at Okinawa they yelled: "To hell with President Roosevelt, to hell with Babe Ruth, to hell with Roy Acuff!"

And whether the tale's true or merely just part of some old Wayne scenario, it does go some way to indicating the kind of position Roy Claxton Acuff has assumed in the history of American music.

A product of the Tennessee three-room shack syndrome, he worked as a callboy on the railroad, became a potential baseball ace — but then flunked things by suffering severe sunstroke just when it looked as if he might sign for the New York Yankees. After being bedridden throughout the whole of 1930, he then spent a spell as a singer and fiddler with a medicine show, after which he climbed the corral fence with some alacrity, being the first living musician to become a member of the Country Music Hall Of Fame — also, along the way, gaining a nomination as State Governor.

So much for the Great American Success Story. But what of the music presented on this double-album?

Well, that's pure, unadulterated country, full of mountain-style vocals, nasal, tear-stained, filled with wart-weary character and all-in-all, quite marvellous.

However, the album title is not strictly accurate, for the sessions featured stem from the period 1962-78, during which Acuff recorded nary one major hit — though several of the songs on offer here are healthy revamps of earlier Acuff blockbusters. Also slimming the chances of strong album sales in this country is the fact that seven of the tracks duplicate those that appeared in 1977 on DJM's more accurately titled 'Smokey Mountain Memories'.

A shame really, for Acuff is deserving of heavy sales. When he performs something like 'Take Me Home Country Roads' he takes that which is just schlock-hoedown in the hands of such as Denver and Olivia Newton-Greaseball and transmutes it into high-grade Tennessee gold.

I guess those belligerent bushido bashers sure had a good taste in battle cries!

Fred Dellar

ARILD ANDERSEN QUARTET
Green Shading Into Blue *(ECM)*

Rather like a sandwich in cellophane or the current Woody Allen flick, the colder end of the modern jazz chamber — as exemplified by the majority of releases from West German label ECM — is something which lacks a satisfactory final cohesion between the aesthetic of inhibition and an actuality of ingredient.

ECM productions — all by manager Manfred Eicher — are notorious for that chipstick line between refrigeration and preservation. If all the label's remarkably resonant musicians don't actually come from a corporate cold-storage somewhere then freedom is for the most part frozen out by the master's mastering, it seems.

The seven compositions on 'Green Shading Into Blue' shiver and shave just like the seven-times something you heard on ECM. Adequate and arty — imagine an *Omnibus* film about leaf-raking — never aggressive, never amorphous, determinedly ambivalent: progressively annoying.

It may be pointless to search here for rapture and rebellion, but I can't help hearing this pastoral, polite product as anything other than muzak for an ideology that'll only sit on a fence painted in earth tones, saves the dolphin and puts paid to piglets on the expense account: a *nice* meal, a *nice* record, a *nice* life.

Ian Penman

And he's Moe, you know.

MOE BANDY
Love Is What Life's All About *(CBS)*
JANIE FRICKE
Singer Of Songs *(CBS)*

A sizeable portion of the Columbia coffers get lined thanks to the Nashville C&W mafia, and these two albums maintain par for the Tennessee course.

Not much swing and less drive, but the correct formula of homely grit for one and maudlin slop for the other, good ol' boy muzak — a quarter in the juke box and your friendly neighbourhood trucker is stickin' to satin sheets with his woman sunny side up.

'Bic Flicking Baby', the underground country crossover hit of '78, is the kind of cheerful rubbish which gives Moe Bandy a kind of working man's credibility. Otherwise, 'Love Is What Life's All About' is strictly standard fare, souped-down sub-Hank Williams lightweight traditional.

A comparative ingenue, Janie Fricke wouldn't pass muster even with the likes of Linda, Dolly and Carlene. The Nashville Strings (betcha didn't realise they were splattered all over Neil Young's last sleep-in) ping and twang a mite, submerging the yawning sidemen beneath a ton of sweet scented hay.

Nice profile, nasty record.

Max Bell

Not yet R.I.P.

GEORGE HARRISON
George Harrison *(Dark Horse)*

Asked which was more unlikely, a Beatles reunion or a decent George Harrison album, most would plump for the latter. With Krishna deadening all outside stimulus, Hari's muse has long seemed defunct.

But ain't love something? Presumably inspired by last year's marriage to some dusky bint, 'George Harrison' comes on like a low-key 'New Morning' or 'Tupelo Honey', a revelation compared to its predecessors.

George's guileless romanticism surprisingly carries the album, the musicians breaking sweat on perhaps three tracks. 'Love Comes To Everyone' and 'If You Believe' are solid medium-pacers, neither thrilling nor negligible, with Andy Newmark's cushioned, booming drums mixed well back as throughout.

'Faster' breaks new ground for Harrison, focussing on the twin pressures of motor racing: danger and public acclaim. "Dedicated to the entire Formula One Circus", the song is compassionate yet unpretentious, cruising chunkily in third gear.

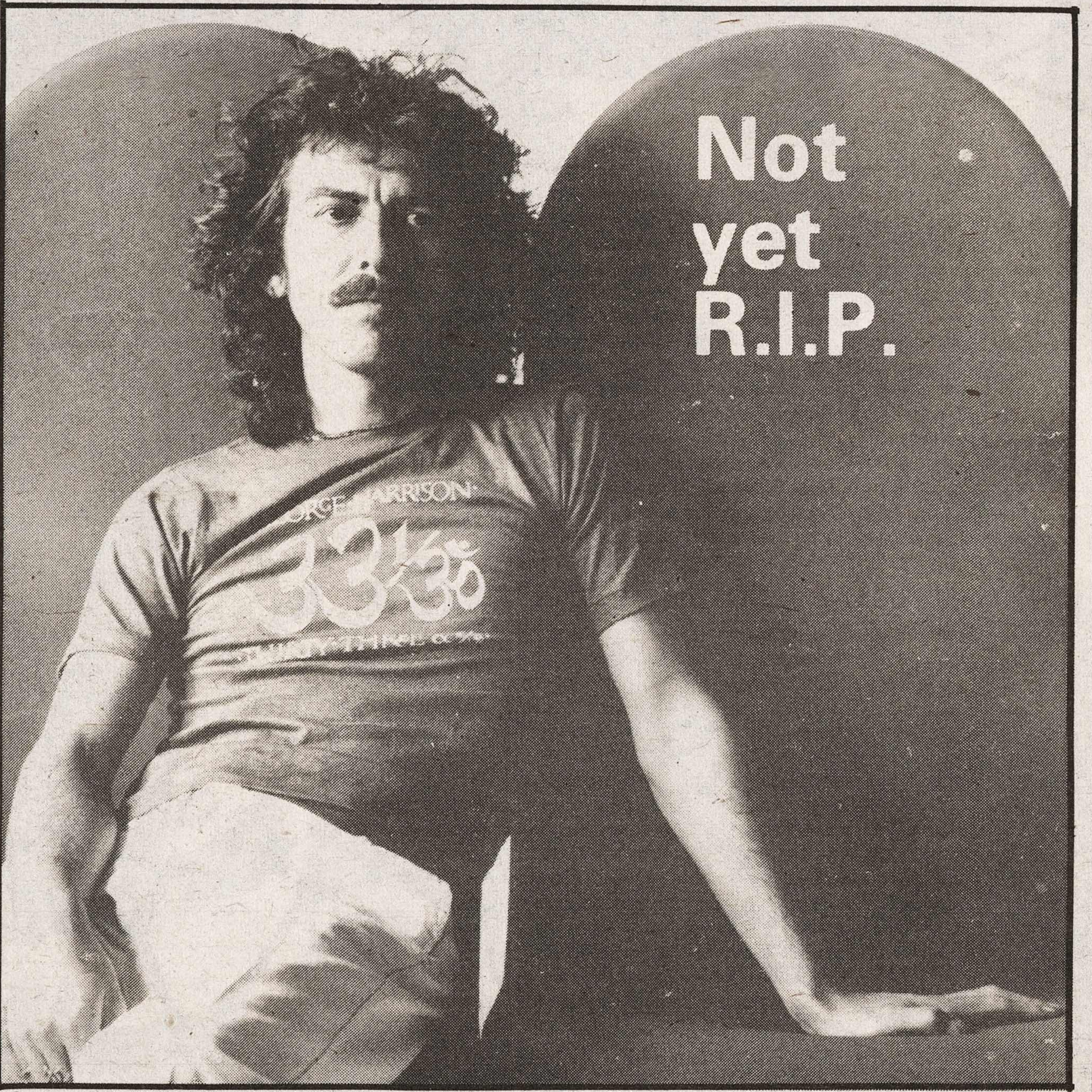
No Beatle who could take part in *All You Need Is Cash* can be all bad and George even lifts a Rutle line ('I won't upset the apple cart') for 'Not Guilty', wit and composure replacing the whining defensiveness of yore: *'I don't expect to take your heart...I only want what I can get.../Not guilty/For looking like a freak/Making friends with every Sikh'.*

The tune uncoils to a tense soft-shoe shuffle, shimmering electric piano (Neil Larsen) underpinned by Willie Weeks' serpentine bass. Similar textures abound, courtesy of Larsen and Steve Winwood (moogs), forming the backdrop to melodies of unassuming completeness. Crafty harmonies (Winwood and Harrison) and skilfully-layered guitars recall the sun-soaked vistas of 'Because' and 'Sun King' on 'Abbey Road'.

Hari's love lyrics are unobjectionable and rarely gauche, while his guitar work, for once in a worthy context, responds accordingly. 'Soft-Hearted Hana' finds our hero out of his box at a party, McCartneyesque backing vocals and bucolic bottleneck showing a lightness of touch not seen in years. Ideal for poolside or fireside.

One album of downbeat charm does not a renaissance make, but on this showing there's life in the old mystic yet.

Harry George



George Harrison wonders if Harry George is a pseudonym.

The Secret endure unidentified flying flobs. Pic: Dave Muscroft.

THE SECRET
The Secret *(A&M)*

The only thing astounding about The Secret is their unmitigated mediocrity. Signed to Charlie Gillett's Oval Records a few days after he clocked their demo tapes, this is the very first Oval act to release an album through that label's deal with big leaguers A&M, and my heart bleeds for Herb Albert.

This is the worst record that Cockney Rebel never made. The Secret are coming from the early '70s dog-end of fag-rock period (originally formed four years ago and it shows), all Steve Harley vocals, busy Sparks production, coyly cloying and trying to be clever beyond their means — and the kitsching stinks.

Naturally, they display a pitiful conceit — their 'I Don't Wanna Go Out There' concerns the jaded star reluctant to leave his dressing room for the spotlight while the fawning fans beg to suck his ego: *"They're waiting for a star/My manager says sing/They'll clap at anything/Coz your records in the charts."*

"We admit that we are interested in money and see pop as a very lucrative business," The Secret confess in their publicity barf. Fellas, you couldn't even find your way into the charts equipped with Debbie Harry, Bee Gee songs, Mickie Most production and an *A to Z.*

Their world is full of ground-control-to-Major-Tom retreads ("Satellite"), Ferry reptiliantics ("Lucky Lizard"), modern art ("Modern Art") and the mundane affairs of cardboard-cut-out characters who overestimate their own importance (the rest).

Their influences are as dull as they are obvious, and The Secret exercise a drab hand at turning them into something of their own and even more hackneyed.

The Secret are the Adam Adamants of glam. Still, it can't be easy having Harley for your hero.

Tony Parsons

JERRY LEE LEWIS AND FRIENDS
Duets *(Charly)*

Someone not a million miles from Shelby Singleton (owner of the legendary Sun masters, excluding Elvis) is pulling a fast one. Not that I should care. Anything short of tragedy that cops The Killer a bit of free publicity is all to the good as far as I'm concerned.

But before you buy this album on the assumption that it's Elvis who's to be heard intermittently 'duetting' with Jerry Lee, be warned that the whole thing is an inspired con job.

Without ever once asserting that it is Presley's voice on the record, Singleton has cleverly provoked a controversy that has swept the album into the American charts. The amazing thing, though, is no-one seems to have bothered to investigate. A mere 15 minutes' homework exposes the fraud.

Take, for example, the track that was recently issued on single: 'Save The Last Dance For Me'. According to American trade paper *Billboard,* Singleton claimed "it has nothing to do with the previously released version." This is blatantly untrue. A quick comparison of the two releases reveals that they're identical in every respect, bar the plummy Presley imitator who has been spliced into the vocal track.

Similarly, 'Sweet Little Sixteen', 'I Love You Because', 'C.C. Rider', 'Cold Cold Heart', 'Hello Josephine', 'It Won't Happen With Me' and 'Good Golly Miss Molly' are all identical to versions that were previously issued as solo Lewis recordings, except that in every case a verse or two of Lewis' vocal track or the girlie chorus backing track has been removed to admit the over-dubbed mystery voice.

Of the three remaining tracks, 'Sail Away' and 'Am I To Be The One' *are* genuine duets, Charlie Rich definitely being the other singer on the former — and almost certainly on the latter, if my ears don't deceive me. It's not Elvis, anyway.

That just leaves the one previously unissued track to contend with; an alternate take of 'What'd I Say' that sounds like it was cut at the end of a riotously boozy session. Once again our friend the mystery voice makes an appearance and once again he is not entirely convincing, despite an engineer's cryptic shout which can just be heard at the end of the track, making some reference to Elvis.

This phoney but entertaining package begs two questions: at the last count there were about 259 Presley imitators operating in the western hemisphere — which one has been cunningly employed by Singleton? And will we soon get similar albums of 'duets' from other companies, like the Gene Vincent/Frank Sinatra sessions on Capital, the Buddy Holly/Johnny Burnette Trio tapes on MCA or those rare sides that Eddie Cochran cut with The Chipmunks on UA?

Makes yer think, dunnit?

Cliff White

STREETBAND
London *(Logo)*

Having recently watched Streetband tread the boards, I was sufficiently moved to write praising them for their professionalism, wit, originality and sense of tra-la-la. I wish I could do the same for their first album.

My initial response was favourable: eye-catching sleeve design, round, and the hole is in the middle etc., but my expectation of what it would actually sound like soured after one spin. I played it soft and it receded into the damp-coursing; I played it loud and the cat walked out of the room.

Onstage, Streetband are about ripping licks and a laugh-a-minute. They've taken the same set of songs to a studio and the audible outcome is akin to America with a cockney accent.

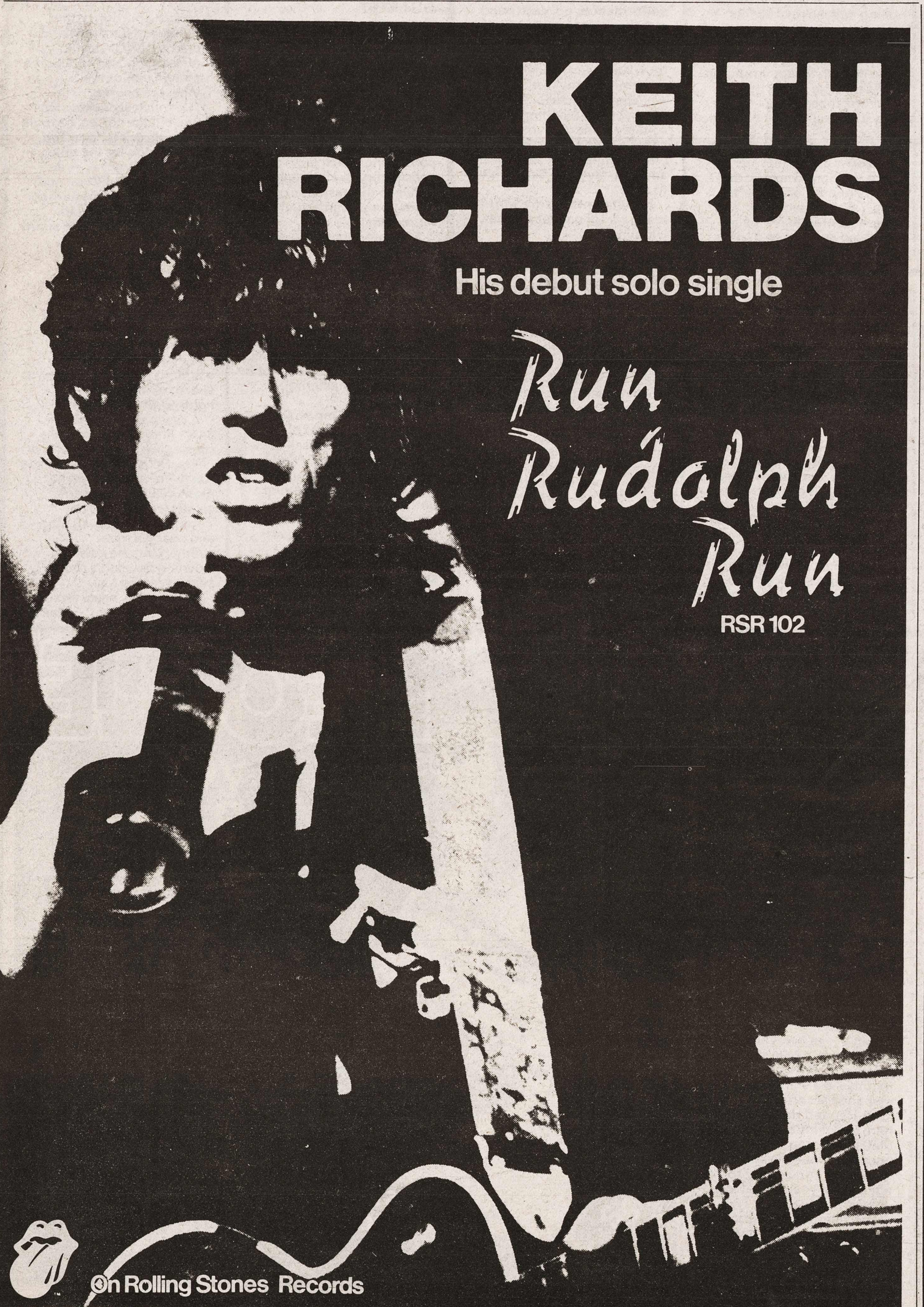
Where countless groups have turned blandness into an art, Streetband turn it into a science. There are twelve soft-core, semi-serious tracks, each one a mildly pleasant melody, mildly mixed, mildly jaunty, with mildly catchy hooks. Even the mildness is mild.

And one semi-funny song — you guessed it — "Toast". Thousands of people liked the single, but millions lumped it. Ever since its brief flirtation in the Top 20, Streetband have ruefully tried to disown it. They claim, quite accurately, that is was a frivolously conceived B-side that was pushed on the airwaves with a view to pandering to the nation at its wettest.

So why the hell is it on the album without mention either on the label or the wrapping? Answers on a postcard to Logo Records, Music Lounge, Gatwick Airport.

Rick Joseph

Streetband — not quite the toast of London



The Mincer

Ronnie Paisley — just one of many artists who flee in terror from The Mincer's wrath. Pic: Bert Multhead.

Hit-man BOB EDMANDS surveys this week's chunky bits.

LEIF GARRETT
Feel The Need *(Scotti Brothers/Atlantic)*
You better get used to Garrett. He may be a bit gnomeish to be a proper teenybop idol, but now he's in the singles chart with 'I Was Made For Dancing' — the first track here — he'll probably clog the airwaves and TV screens for some time to come. Just the sort of squeaky clean adolescent who thrives, regardless of his music. And that, frankly, is thin. Stale rehashes of The Rascals' 'Groovin'' and The Beach Boys' 'Fun, Fun, Fun'. Yawn, yawn, yawn.

BARRY MANILOW
Manilow Magic (The Best Of Barry Manilow) *(Arista)*
Barry Manilow is a schmaltzy hairdresser with a middle-aged following, but his choice of material is an object lesson for aspiring crooners. The likes of 'Mandy', 'Weekend In New England', and 'I Write The Songs' are bang on target for their market. Simple, direct, and evocative. You may not like what they evoke, but your Mum will.

EVELYN THOMAS
I Wanna Make It On My Own *(Casablanca)*
Respectable attempt by a British studio team (including Status Quo's producer Pip Williams) to get a slice of the Eurodisco market. Ms Thomas, alas, is no Donna Summer, but percussionists Clem Cattini and Frank Ricotti keep the whole thing moving at a decent pace. In view of all the session talent on hand, the album's title is inevitably ironic.

GLADYS KNIGHT
Miss Gladys Knight *(Buddah)*
Miss Knight's first solo album, it says here. In other words, she's dispensed with the omnipresent Pips, presumably with a view to creating a sound that's more acceptable to Vegas audiences. Most of it comes across like retreads of 'The Way We Were'. Even Randy Newman's 'Sail Away' gets a bland MOR treatment.

M.F.S.B.
The Gamble-Huff Orchestra *(Philadelphia International)*
So this is what happened to Kenneth Gamble and Leon Huff. A collection of drab disco instrumentals. A far cry from the glory days of The O'Jays and Harold Melvin.

CHRIS DE BURGH
Crusader *(A&M)*
Ponderous insights from would-be savant. Save it for Arts Council poetry readings, Chris.

RONNIE PAISLEY'S BAND
Smoking Mirror *(Pye)*
Ronnie Paisley is yet another wordy literatus. Songs about God and Zyklon gas. Heavy stuff. As a vocalist, though, Ronnie lacks the power of his namesake, Ian.

DON KING
The Feelings So Right *(Rampage)*
John Denver soundalike with something of Denver's gift for cute melodies. The title track might do for James Galway's next single.

STONEBOLT
Stonebolt *(Parachute)*
Low flying Eagles pastiche from moustachioed, long-haired loon pant models. Could be big in the States.

FLINTLOCK
Stand Alone *(Pinnacle)*
Wet powder. No spark. No fire.

STARBUCK
Searching For A Thrill *(United Artists)*
Keep searching.

Bob Edmands

THE BLUE MAX
The Blue Max *(Charisma)*
The title of Jack Hunter's dog-eared paperback about air ace heroism now finds itself in a very different guise. I fail to see the connection.

This debut album suggests a foursome of dissident session musicians, whose haywire attempts at 'concept' are as lacking in creativity as in motivation.

The songs themselves tend to jar in the extreme — part cosy rock 'n' roll, part cluttered, schlocky pop revival. Overall they rig up weak, mannered, breezy innuendos, poorly integrated and with lyrics likely to make your hair fall out. "Bad Bad Amigo" borrows from the spic street-hustler ethic; "The Hangman" continues this moth-eaten tableau of Evil, canned by the words *"Call me the Hangman. . . Call me the 59 varieties of Sin."*

A hackneyed religious fervour swamps much of the flipside with gospel rock of early '70s sentiment. It's either appallingly deliberate, or just slotted in to make the rest sound tolerable. It's hard to tell which with lyrics like *'Photographing God in technicolour/Putting up his picture on the wall/Snapping up a close-up of the Saviour/Save me from the squall.'*

Don't take it to heart. In fact, don't take it at all.

Mark Ellen

Snow goes

Phoebe Snow — microphone or Memorex?

PHOEBE SNOW
Against The Grain *(CBS)*
VALERIE CARTER
Wild Child *(CBS)*

Her debut album in 1974 proved Phoebe Snow to be an exceptional talent. But since then she's had to struggle to recapture the consistent excellence of that record. One reason for her difficulty is that she no longer uses so much of her own material, preferring instead — perhaps under commercial pressure — to include a couple of MOR tunes by 'name' songwriters.

Just as the disappointing soft centre of her previous album came on tracks by Stephen Bishop and Paul Simon, so 'Against The Grain' suffers from pop banalities committed by Paul McCartney and Patti Austin. There's also a version of 'Do Right Woman' which, while pleasant, is far from definitive.

The rest, though, is pretty good. Phoebe Snow can write rings around the above illuminati; and she's a fabulous singer, capable of handling jazz, blues and rock with easy authority. 'Against The Grain' displays the range of her command — the gritty R&B of 'Mama Don't Break Down', the typically fragile ruefulness of 'Oh L.A.', the tough humour of 'The Married Men'.

Best of all are 'Random Time' and 'Keep A Watch On The Shoreline', the former a brooding revelation of self-awareness, the latter a touching, desperate song based, I'd guess, on a time when her baby daughter was ill.

If 'Against The Grain' isn't quite the flawless masterpiece her first album was, it still comes close enough to outshine the efforts of nearly every other singer-songwriter I can think of. Phoebe Snow is unfairly neglected, especially in the U.K. I only hope she can stay true to her own vision and resist the subtle blandishments of AM programming.

Valerie Carter is an altogether lesser talent. The promise of *her* first album resided as much in the presence of Little Feat as in anything she did herself. And without them, 'Wild Child' loses that bluesy, funky edge that distinguished its predecessor.

It's a disappointing album, firmly entrenched in MOR territory. Softly sensuous vocals, murmuring rhythms, and empty, pointless songs about nothing believable. The few notable tunes, like Andy Fairweather Lowe's 'Da Do Rendezvous', tend to get lost in a flow of music so smooth and tasteful you either forget it's playing or doze off half way through.

Carter's voice is strong, if unexceptional; but she frequently undermines this quality by resorting to a breathy childishness as silly as it's inappropriate. 'Bland Pseudo-Adolescent' would have made a more accurate title.

Graham Lock

A RADIO LUXEMBOURG HOT SHOT FROM DJM!

THE SINGLE YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR...

'Just a Gigolo'
by
VILLAGE PEOPLE
(DJS 10899)
From their 'Macho Man' album

DLT's Record of the week

RECORDS AND TAPES

DJM RECORDS LIMITED, JAMES HOUSE, 5 THEOBALDS ROAD, LONDON WC1X 8SE.

Tina Turner

TOUR
MARCH
11 ARTS CENTRE, POOLE, DORSET
14 APOLLO, MANCHESTER
15 EMPIRE, LIVERPOOL
16 ODEON, HAMMERSMITH
18 ODEON, BIRMINGHAM
19 WAKEFIELD, THEATRE CLUB

SINGLE
ROOT, TOOT, UNDISPUTABLE ROCK 'N' ROLLER
c/w FIRE DOWN BELOW. UP 36485

ALBUM
ROUGH –
UAG 30211 CASSETTE TCK 30211

"You talking about us, man?" 'Us' being Big Balls And The Great White Idiot — Fred sure can pick 'em.

Imports

I remember reading in some Krautrock fanzine that **Message** switched direction a short while back, the band heading in the path of funkiness for their name's sake, yea.

But "Astral Journeys" (Brain), the band's sixth album and the first I've heard from them, would seem to indicate that they've hardly become the Average Reich Band. Certainly there are a couple of funkensteins aboard — but Message are basically heavy metallists of the Panzer kind, their disco nods being of the "Sneaking Sally Through The Siegfried Line" variety, minefield rock, explosive enough to damage the ear-drums but still lacking the potency to jolt the listener from a state of apathy.

Birth Control, who are currently propelled by two ex-Message men in Manfred Von Bohr (drums) and Horst Stachelhaus are — as "Titanic" (Brain), their new LP, shows — a different plate of liverwurst. Though they haven't got a great deal to say, they say it with whatever is the German equivalent of panache. Good time heavies, they cater for head-bangers and knee-flexers alike. It's doubtful if they'll ever be the critics' choice — however, despite the forced nature of Bruno Frenzel's lead vocals and the predictability of the band's material, they do possess something in the way of character and manage to communicate; which is probably why they've been able to stay in business for so long.

Whether **Big Balls** will be around for any great length of time is debatable. A three-piece, formed by Peter, Alfred and Atili Grund, they've obviously read Albert Von Veedon's *Play New Wave In A Day* tome. In '77, the band — then a five piece that included Baron Adolf Kaiser (vocals) and Wolfgang Lorenze (guitar) — cut an album for Nova. Called "Big Balls And The Great White Idiot" (the band's full moniker), they offered no less than 17 cuts comprising mainly one and a half minute long Shlitz-blitzers possessing titles such as "I'm A Punk" and, more engagingly, "I'm Singing To You With My Fingers In Your Ass," the repertoire also including a cover shot of The Sex Pistols' "Anarchy" (retitled "Anarchy In Germany") plus crash-smash re-treads of Velvet Underground's "White Light, White Heat" and The Stooges' "Search And Destroy".

More recently, the Grunds have surfaced again with "Foolish Guys" (Strand), an album which comes decorated with razor blade motifs (though, thankfully, there's not a safety-pin in sight!) and which displays little or no improvement on last term's report. In fact, the disc wouldn't be worth mentioning at all except for the fact that some of the songs and back-up vocals are credited to one George Alexander. Could this be the same fun-loving George of Flamin' Groovies fame? Frankly, I don't know. But I expect someone will write and tell me.

Finally, a report from our man on Mount Fuji, who claims that the next Nip biggie heading our way will be **"The Story Of Genesis",** a limited edition double that comes replete with booklets, photographs and the other assorted paraphernalia usually associated with our bonzai bashing chums. Tracks include "The Knife", "The Musical Box", "Watcher Of The Skies", "Supper's Ready", "Lover's Leap", "The Guaranteed Eternal Sanctum", "Ikhnatron And Itsacon", "How Dare I Be So Beautiful", "Willow Farm", "Apocalypse", "As Sure As Eggs Is Eggs", "I Know What I like", "The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway", "Dance On A Volcano", "Squonk", "Eleventh Earl Of Mar" and "Your Special Way".

Fred Dellar

FM
Black Noise *(Passport/CBC import*

Why should it be that a three piece band — basically consisting of synthesiser/bassist, drummer and violinist — automatically qualifies as a serious, nay an "intellectual" concern?

There is nothing remotely intellectual about FM, a Canadian technocrat-styled abomination utterly deserving of the mistrust which their work calls for from folk weaned on the development of a music based on acoustic structures.

Band leader Cameron Hawkins trots out the standard glockenspiel riff, "the synthesiser is not a strange instrument." True — what is strange is the predictable over-emphasis on a fake weirdness for its own sake, which FM propagate. Yes, they do sound like early manifestations of Yes, ELP, PFM, Jean-Luc Ponty. And that's a compliment? It's been bad enough enduring *those* geeks, putting up with their ludicrous pseudo-classical wanking, itself a blanket disguise for witless lyrical pomposity.

It used to be said that jazz was the last refuge of the scoundrel. Nowadays, technorock reigns in that category. Few musicians operating in the rock field have ever managed to restrain the beast of burden which arrives chained to standard electronic chicanery. Allen Lanier, Allen Ravenstein and Todd Rundgren are most of the people who haven't been obsessed with the modern marvels at their fingertips and have learnt to construct useful, economic melodic possibilities from potentially disastrous sources.

FM rely on bamboozling but they're only fooling themselves. If you think I'm taking seriously an album that includes songs called "Slaughter In Robot Village" and "Phasors On Stun", you can think again.

Next time that old cosmic starship checks into Toronto, boys, make damn sure you book the best seats. I'd hate you to miss the rest of us waving goodbye.

Max Bell

SKIDS TOUR

FEBRUARY	28th	NEWPORT	Stowaways
MARCH	1st	CARDIFF	Grannie's Club
	2nd	BRISTOL	University
	7th	YORK	Pop Club
	8th	LEEDS	Fan Club
	9th	BIRMINGHAM	Barbarellas
	10th	PORTSMOUTH	Polytechnic
	14th	STAFFORD	North Staffs Polytechnic
	15th	SHEFFIELD	Limits Club
	16th	HULL	College of Technology
	17th	LIVERPOOL	Eric's (2 shows)
	19th	EDINBURGH	Tiffanys (2 shows)
	20th	GLASGOW	College of Art
	21st	ABERDEEN	City Hall
	23rd	MANCHESTER	Russell Club
	24th	MIDDLESBOROUGH	Rock Garden
	25th	DUNFERMLINE	Kinema Ballroom
	28th/29th	LONDON	Marquee

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Sun. Mar. 4th: **THE BARNSHAKERS + THE COMMUTERS** Free
Mon. Mar. 5th: **V.I.Ps + THE REST** Free
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Nottingham: Malibu — March 10
Nottingham: Hearty — March 11
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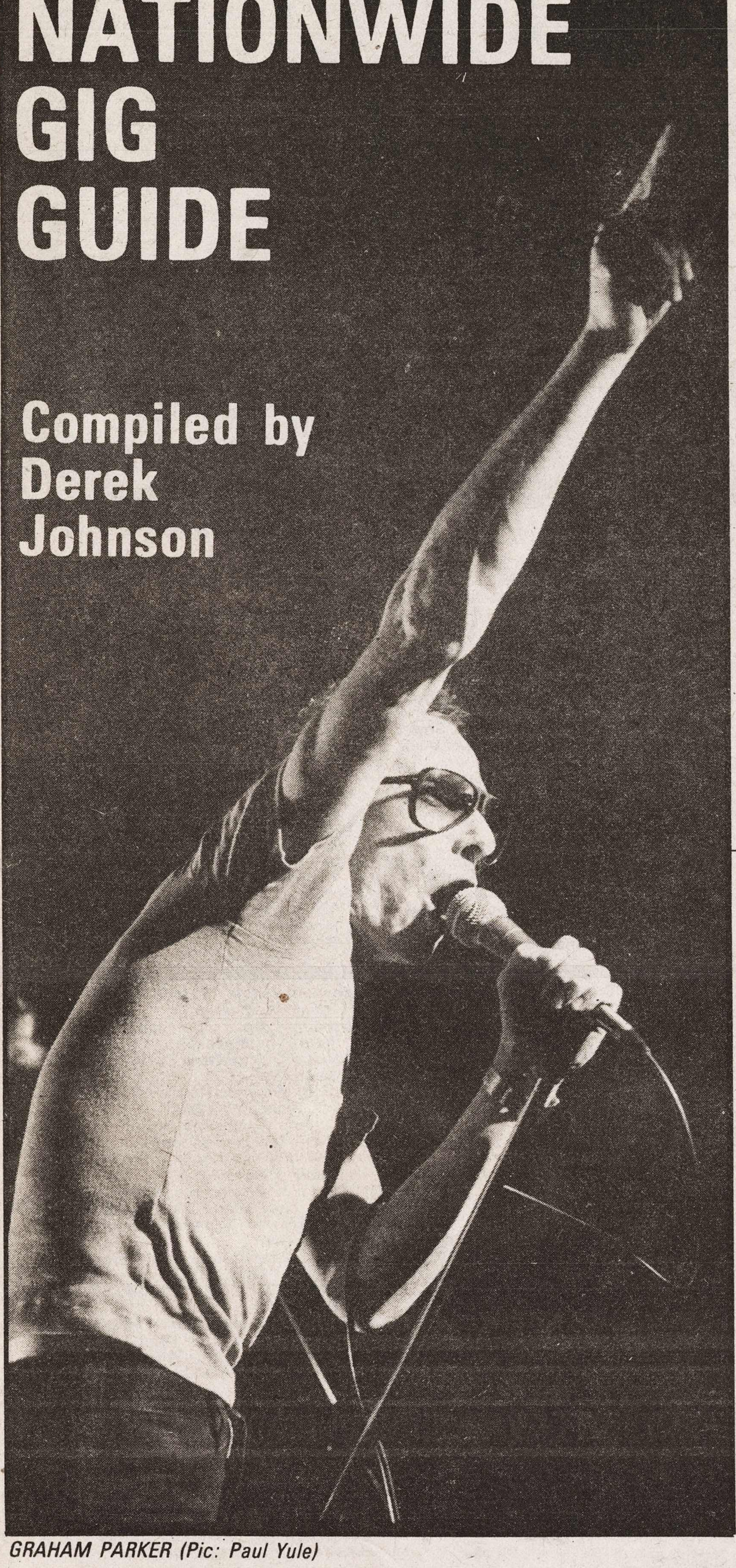
Wednesday 7th: Swan, Hammersmith
Friday 9th: King Alfred's College, Winchester
Saturday 10th: Bridge House, Bracknell
Sunday 11th: Elm Tree, Ringwood
Tuesday 13th: Western Counties, Paddington
Thursday 15th: Bournemouth Town Hall

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Compiled by Derek Johnson



GRAHAM PARKER (Pic: Paul Yule)

A busy week for new tours

IT'S ANOTHER big week on the circuit, with a batch of major tours opening. In addition to the acts already on the road, here's a round-up of this week's new action:

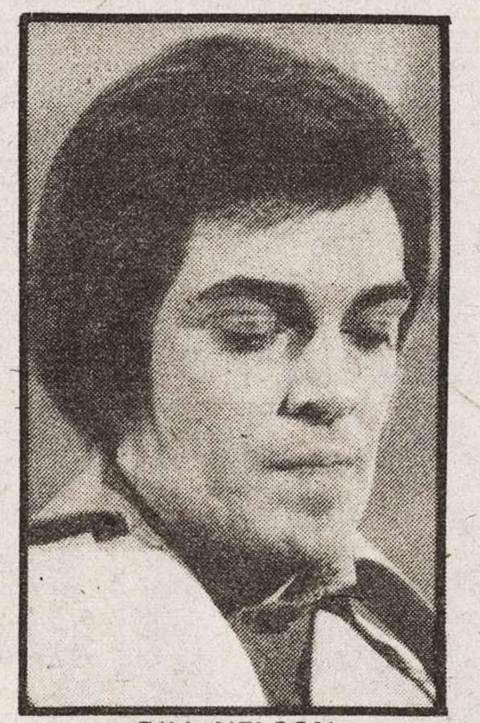
● GRAHAM PARKER & the Rumour get their extensive tour under way, coinciding with the release of their new single 'Protection'. Dates during the next few days are at Sheffield (Friday), Liverpool (Saturday), Newcastle (Monday), Edinburgh (Tuesday) and Aberdeen (Wednesday).

● EARTH WIND & FIRE are at last paying their long-awaited visit to Britain, at a time when they're riding high in the charts. They're only playing four shows, but they're at two of the biggest venues in the country — Stafford (Thursday and Friday) and London Wembley (Saturday and Sunday).

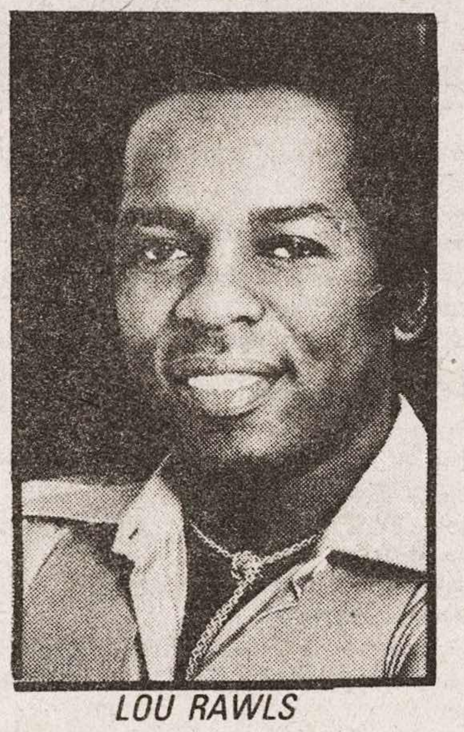
● URIAH HEEP undertake a mini-tour of seven venues, sandwiched between trips abroad. The first five are at Birmingham (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Newcastle (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday) and London Hammersmith (Wednesday).

● BILL NELSON, having now disbanded Be-Bop Deluxe, launches his new band Red Noise this week. They open their debut tour at Bristol (Sunday), Southampton (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday). at the same time their first single 'Furniture Music' album 'Sound On Sound'.

● JOAN ARMATRADING has proved herself to be one of our top female box-office attractions, and she's doing the rounds again this month — with initial dates at Glasgow (Friday), Newcastle (Saturday), Manchester (Monday and Tuesday) and Bristol (Wednesday).



BILL NELSON



LOU RAWLS

● LOU RAWLS, whose reputation in Britain has increased substantially during the past year or so, flies in for his first-ever tour of this country. His first two gigs are at Birmingham (Tuesday) and Slough (Wednesday), with more to follow next week.

● GONG, now officially billed as Pierre Moerlen's Gong, return for a series of concerts to promote their latest album — opening in Cambridge on Saturday.

● SLIM WHITMAN has probably succeeded in commercialising country music more than any other singer and he invariably plays to capacity houses — as you'll see when he visits Chelmsford (Friday), Aberdeen (Sunday), Inverness (Monday) and Croydon (Wednesday).

● STEVE GIBBONS BAND start a short series of selected gigs this week, playing Liverpool (Thursday), Bristol (Friday), Southampton (Saturday), Birmingham (Sunday) and Sheffield (Wednesday).

● THE ONLY ONES begin a new trek round the UK to promote their second album 'Even Serpents Shine' — kicking off at York (Friday) and Glasgow (Saturday).

● THREE DEGREES have been over here playing mainly cabaret engagements, but they complete their visit with three concerts — at Brighton (Thursday), Portsmouth (Friday) and Bournemouth (Saturday).

And finally, don't forget the special one-off charity concert by WHITESNAKE at London Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday.

Thursday

Abedeen Art College: **The Scottish Monos**
Aberdeen Arts Centre: **Company**
Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: **Roger Champman & The Shortlist**
Ampthill Folk Club: **Tundra**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Hi-Fi**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Special Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham The Bell: **The Clerks**
Bishopscastle Three Tuns: **Steve Cooper**
Bradford Princeville Club: **Howard Ellis Band**
Brighton Dome: **The Three Degrees**
Brighton Polytechnic: **Spud**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **Juan Foote 'n' The Grave**
Bristol Granary: **Speed Limit**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Bury St. Edmunds RAF Honnington: **Yakety Yak**
Cardiff Glamis Club: **The Skids**
Carnforth United Social Club: **The Bombers**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Misty**
Dundee Bloomers: **90° Inclusive**
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: **Nightrider**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Average White Band/ Inner Circle**
Exeter Routes: **Red Tape**
Exeter University: **Steve Hillage Band**
Glenrothes Rothes Hotel: **The Motels**
Glossop The Trap: **J.G. Spoils**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Billy Connolly**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Straight 8**
Keele University: **Magazine**
Leeds Fan Club: **U.K. Subs/Steve Elgin & The Flatbackers**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **The Alwoodley Jets**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Gruppo Sportivo**
Leicester Bailey's: **The Barron Knights (for three days)**
Lincoln Drill Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers/Essential Logic/Robert Rental & The Normal**
Liverpool Eric's: **Raaw**
Liverpool Everyman: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Liverpool Oscar's: **Steve Gibbons Band**
London Camden Brecknock: **Sucker**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Low Numbers/Tenpole Tudor**
London Camden Music Machine: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Portraits**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Addix**
London Epping Folk Club: **Mathews Brothers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ex-Directory**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Beast**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Joy Division**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Fall/Staff 9**
London Marquee Club: **Zaine Griff**
London North Polytechnic: **Pressure Shocks**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **Belt & Braces Band**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Tour De Force**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Warren Vache/George Masso Quintet (for three days)**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Secret Seven/The Dark**
London Strand Kings College: **Lene Lovich/Fingerprintz**
London University Collegiate Theatre: **Landscape**
London Waterloo Young Vic Theatre: **Bob Pegg**
Luton Alberto's: **The Funboy Five**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Groundation**
Middlesborough Town Hall: **Darts**
Newcastle City Hall: **Bad Company**
Norwich Boogie House: **The Undertones**
Norwich Coltishall RAF Station: **Rokotto**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Oxford New Theatre: **Michel Legrand**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **Eric Bell Band**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Cottonsong/The Hughes Bros.**
Salisbury Queen's Hotel: **The Heroes**
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: **Tours**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **Earth, Wind & Fire**
Worthing The Balmoral: **The Tinsels**
Yeovilton Heron Club: **Writz**

Friday

Atherstone Three Tuns Hotel: **Armpit Jug Band**
Axminster Guildhall: **China Street**
Banbury Upper School: **Thieves Like Us**
Banbury Winter Gardens: **Steve Ashley/Dave Pegg/ Steve Rowland/Simon Nicol etc.**
Birmingham Aston University: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Wild Horses**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel: **The Rockets**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Bad Earth**
Birmingham Odeon: **Uriah Heep/Bram Tchaikovsky**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Spitfire**
Birmingham The Sheldon: **Streetlite**
Bournemouth Rooftop Hotel: **Staa Marx**
Bradford Royal Standard: **Anniversary**
Bristol University Rag Ball: **Steve Gibbons Band/Gordon Giltrap Band/Lene Lovich/The Kids/Chas & Dave/90° Inclusive/Fingerprintz/The Directors/ Einstein's Brain/The Europeans/The Brothers K/Alex Welsh Band**
Burton 76 Club: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Chelmsford Odeon: **Slim Whitman**
Chesham Elgiva Hall: **Midnite Follies Orchestra**
Corby Raven Hall: **S.W.1**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Stiff Little Fingers/Essential Logic/Robert Rental & The Normal**
Doncaster Bircotes Sports Centre: **Radio Stars**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **N.W.10**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Joan Armatrading**
Glasgow Burns Howff: **The Deft Jerks**
Great Yarmouth Caister Holiday Centre: **Ray Campi & The Rockabilly Rebels**
Guildford Surrey University: **'Be Limp' Package Tour**
Harlow Playhouse Theatre: **Noel Murphy & Jenny Beeching**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Eric Bell Band**
High Wycombe Bucks College of Higher Education: **Simon Townshend Band**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Pressure Shocks**
Huntingdon RAF Alconbury: **Yakety Yak**
Ironbridge The Crown: **Steve Cooper**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kidderminster College: **Speed Limit**
Knaresborough Folk Club: **Spredthick**
Lancaster University: **Average White Band/Inner Circle**
Leeds Bodlington Hall: **Best Friends**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Butterflies**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Darts**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Vipers**
London Camden Dingwalls; **High Speed Grass/The Press**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **ABC**
London Camden Music Machine: **Streetband/The Heroes**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Lea Hart**
London City University: **Pasadena Roof Orchestra**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Carol Grimes Band**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Medium Medium/The Distributors**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dead Ringer**
London Fulham Town Hall: **Misty/U.K. Subs**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **The Leyton Buzzards**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Enid**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Carpettes**
London Hendon Middlesex Polytechnic: **Racing Cars/Nick Pickett**
London Kensington Royal College of Art: **Gino & The Sharks**
London Kentish Town North Polytechnic: **Oxy & The Morons/Charge**
London Marquee Club: **The Members**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Jerry The Ferret**
London N.5 North Polytechnic: **The Resisters/Rubber Johnny**
London Paddington Western Counties: **First Aid**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Steve Hillage Band**
London Regents Park Bedford College: **After The Fire**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Angletrax/The Hour**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Cool Notes**
London Victoria The Venue: **Gruppo Sportivo**
London Waltham Forest College: **Tour De Force**
London Waterloo Young Vic Theatre: **Bob Pegg**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Local Operator/The Q.T.'s**
London W.1 Portman Hotel: **Roger James Band**
London W.1 (Wells St.) Hombre: **Rokotto**
London W.C.2 School of Economics: **Belt & Braces Band**
Loughborough University: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Van Morrison**
Manchester The Factory: **The Undertones/The Squares**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Groundation**
Newcastle City Hall: **Bad Company**
Newport Harper Adams College: **Spud**
Newport The Village: **The Cure**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Hi-Fi**
Oxford Keeble College: **Quasar**
Oxford New Theatre: **Chris De Burgh/Catherine Howe**
Peterlee Easington Club : **The Bombers**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Three Degrees**
Reading University: **Writz**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Smirks**
Sheffield City Hall: **Graham Parker & The Rumour**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Sniff & The Tears**
Southampton Onslow Arms: **The Underdogs**
Southend College of Technology: **The Damned**
Stafford New Bingley Hall; **Earth, Wind & Fire**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Magazine**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Supercharge**
York Revolution Club: **Steve Elgin & The Flatbackers**
York University: **The Only Ones**

Saturday

Basildon Towngate Theatre: **Julie Felix**
Bexhill Ancaster School:**Thieves Like Us**
Birkenhead The Gallery:**Eric Bell Band**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Supercharge**
Birmingham Bogarts:**Sticky Fingers**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Au Pairs**
Birmingham Imperial Hotel (lunchtime): **Exposure**
Birmingham (King's Heath) Hare & Hounds: **Bernard Wrigley**
Birmingham Mr Sam's: **Atlas**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Denizens**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Gypp**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **The Three Degrees**
Bradford Royal Standard: **Anniversary**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Darts**
Bridlington The Coachman: **Tom Cotton's Truth Hurts**
Brighton Alhambra: **Dip Dazzle & The Indicators**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Cambridge University Union: **Pierre Moerlen's Gong**
Cardiff Heath Hospital Medical Club: **The Soft Centres**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Riot Rockers**
Colchester Essex University: **Magazine**
Durham University: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
Eastbourne The Archery: **The Heroes**
Edinburgh Classic Cinema: **The Valves**
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: **The Only Ones**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist**
Gravesend Thamesview Hall: **Writz**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **Sniff & The Tears**
Hastings College of Education: **After The Fire**
Hemel Hempstead Porters Club: **The Funboy Five**
Hornchurch The Bull: **Jerry The Ferret**
Hove Hangleton Manor: **Airport**
Hull University: **The Alwoodley Jets**
Ilford Kings Club: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Chris De Burgh / Catherine Howe**
Ipswich Tracey's: **Rokotto**
Ki.gston Gipsy Hill College: **Simon Townshend Band**
Leec' Haddon Hall: **Tragician**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Steve Elgin & The Flatbackers**
Leeds University: **Average White Band/ Inner Circle**
Leicester Pippin Inn: **S.W.1**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Pressure Shocks**
Leicester Spinney Hill Club: **Strange Days**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Graham Parker & The Rumour**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Undertones / The Squares**
London Battersea Mayhem Club: **Escalators**
London Brixton George Canning: **First Aid**
London Camden Brecknock: **Urchin**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jackie Lynton's Happy Days**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Morrissey-Mullen Band**
London Ealing Technical College: **Misty**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Lea Hart**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Whitesnake/ Marseille**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Quartz**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Kensington Imperial College: **U.K.**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Soft Boys**
London Marquee Club: **The Members**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Steve Hillage Band**
London Regent's Park Cecil Sharp House: **Threadbare**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Michel Legrand**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Cool Notes**
London Victoria The Venue: **Kokomo**
London Wembley Arena: **Earth, Wind & Fire**
London West Hamstead Moonlight Club: **Split Rivitt/Electrotunes**
London Wimbledon Southlands College: **Hi-Fi**
London W.C.1 Institute of Education: **Company**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Uriah Heep-/Bram Tchaikovsky**
Manchester Lesser Free Trade Hall: **Bill Mason Band / Sam Hill / 100% Proof**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Radio Stars**
Manchester University: **Lene Lovich-/Fingerprintz**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **The Elgins**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Cure / The Carpettes**
Milton Keynes College: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Newcastle City Hall: **Joan Armatrading**
Norwich Boogie House: **Warm Jets**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Outward Band**
Petersfield Denmead Hall: **The Assassins**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Zaine Griff**
Retford Porterhouse: **Wild Horses**

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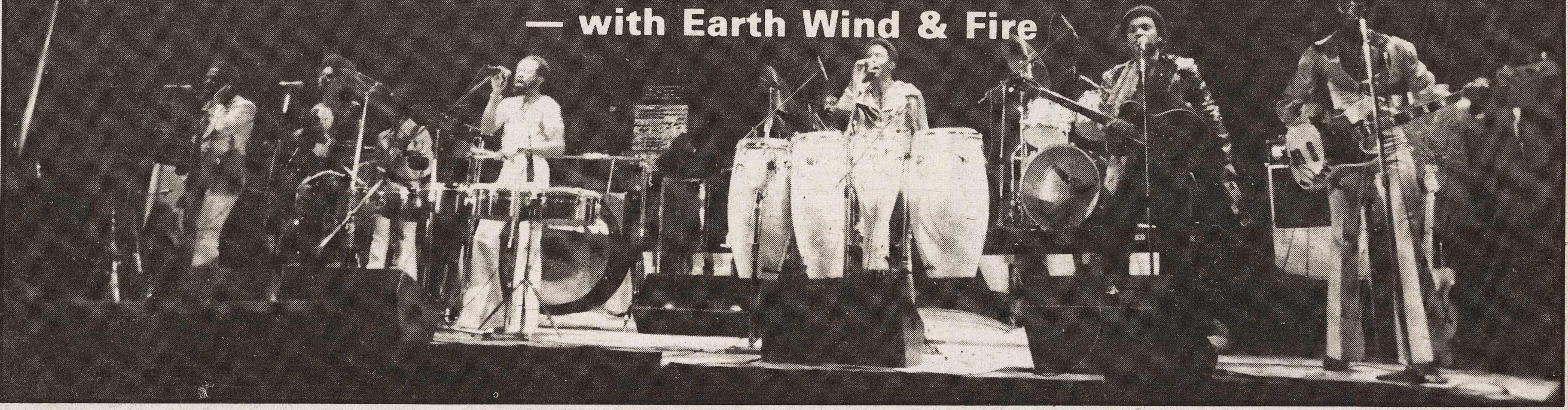
GIG GUIDE CONTINUES

— with Earth Wind & Fire



Salisbury City Hall: **Billy Connolly**
Seahouses The Dolphin: **The Bombers**
Sheffield RAR Club: **Jump / Defective Turtles**
Slough Community Centre: **Gruppo Sportivo**
Southampton University: **Steve Gibbons Band / Fischer-Z**
Telham Black Horse: **Steve Cooper**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
York Revolution Club: **Ziggy Hero**
York University: **Butterflies**

Sunday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Slim Whitman**
Bath University: **N.W.10**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham University: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Bishops Stortford Old Maltings: **Jobida**
Bradford Princeville Club: **Isis**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Piranhas**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Steve Hillage Band**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Bill Nelson's Red Noise**
Bristol Locarno: **Stiff Little Fingers / Essential Logic / Robert Rental & The Normal**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Christchurch Jumpers Tavern: **Tours**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Lene Lovich / Fingerprintz**
Exeter University: **The Fans**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **The Trendies**
Hayes Alfred Beck Centre: **Julie Felix**
Leeds Staging Post: **Vesuvius**
Leeds Victoria Hotel: **Best Friends**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Brecknock: **Scarecrow**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jo-Ann Kelly / Phil May / Chris Yulden / Martin Stone etc.**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Drill**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Finchley Torrington: **The Inmates**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Little Acre**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Beast**
London Greenwich Theatre: **Squeeze / The Resistance**
London Highbury Roadhouse: **The Dead / The Curve / Swell Maps / Steve Treatment / Schoolgirl Bitch**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Barnshakers / The Commuters**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Gruppo Sportivo**
London Wembley Arena: **Earth, Wind & Fire**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Steve Cooper**
London W.1. Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Pamela Knowles**
London W.C.1 Institute of Education: **Company**
Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre: **Michael Legrand**
Middlesborough Crypt Club: **Radio Stars**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Undertones**
Newcastle City Hall: Uriah Heep/Bram Tchaikovsky
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Nottingham Netherfield B.R.S.A.: **Strange Days**
Oxford New Theatre: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Van Morrison**
Poynton Folk Central: **Bernard Wrigley / The Hughes Bros.**
Southern Shrimpers: **Too Much**
Swindon Oasis Centre: **Billy Connolly**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Walsall Palace Theatre: **Heathcliffe**
Wolaston Nags Head: **S.W.1**

Monday

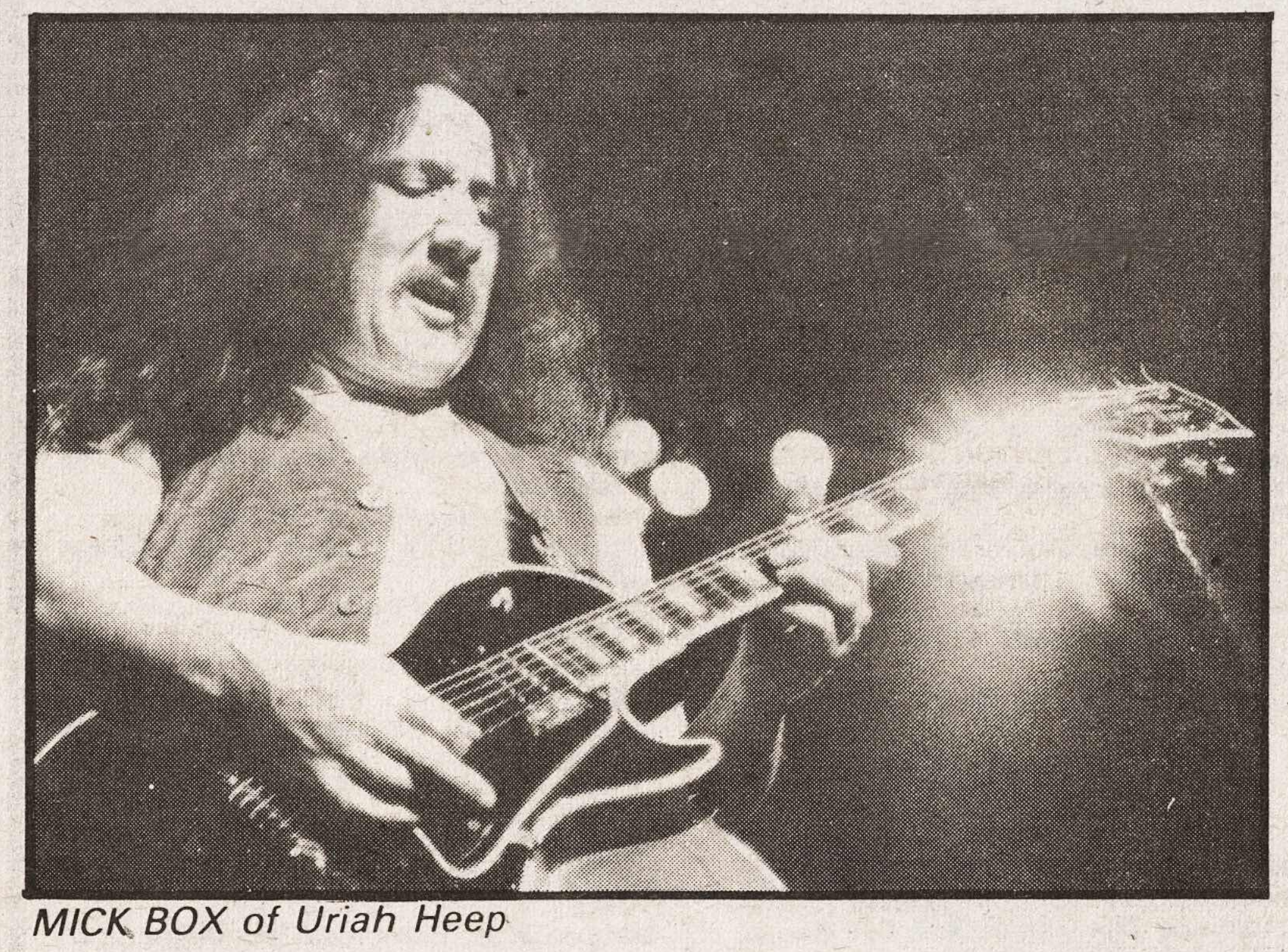
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Fashion**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Zaine Griff**
Brighton Dome: **Van Morrison**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Average White Band/Inner Circle**
Bristol Polytechnic: **The Smirks**
Cambridge University: **Magazine**
Chatham Medway Folk Centre: **Steve Cooper**
Chester Smartyz: **Warm Jets**
Coventry Theatre: **Chris De Burgh/ Catherine Howe**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Bad Company**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **The Movies**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Uriah Heep/Bram Tchaikovsky**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Funboy Five**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **Slim Whitman**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Howard Ellis Band**
Leeds (Yeadon) The Peacock: **Red Eye**
Liverpool Eric's: **Supercharge/C.P. Lee/ John Dowie**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
London Camden Brecknock: **Little Egypt**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Heroes/ Dog Watch/Harem Scarum**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **KHz/Innocent Bystanders**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Neon**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Keith Ingham**
London Old Brompton Rd. Troubadour: **Giorgio Mackay**
London Putney Half Moon: **Cliff Aungier/ Julian Dawson's A-Z**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames (for two weeks)**
London S.E.1 (London Bridge) Cockneys: **Eyes**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The V.I.P.'s/The Rest**
London University University College Union: **64 Spoons**
London University Collegiate Theatre: **Bert Jansch**
London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: **Threadbare**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Method/Strangeways**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Joan Armatrading**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Newcastle City Hall: **Graham Parker & The Rumour**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Plymouth Guildhall: **Billy Connolly**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Darts**
Portsmouth HMS Nelson: **Light Of The World**
Sheffield Fiesta Club: **Michael Legrand**
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: **N.W.10**
Sunderland Boilermakers Club: **Ray Campi & The Rockabilly Rebels**
York Pop Club: **The Undertones**

Tuesday

Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **The Movies**
Birmingham Aston University: **Mosiah**
Birmingham Barbarellas: **Radio Stars**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Odeon: **Lou Rawls**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Cartoons**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Mad Chateaux**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **The Bombers**
Brighton Dome: **Average White Band/Inner Circle**
Brighton Sussex University: **The Funboy Five**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Van Morrison**
Bristol Technical College: **Wild Horses**
Chatham Van Damme: **Too Much**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Graham Parker & The Rumour**
Falmouth Cellar Club: **The Heroes**
Fleet Fox & Hounds: **Roy Harris**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Bad Company**
Leeds Fan Club: **Chronic/Nasty Media/The Donkeys/Dean Ravido**
Leicester University: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist**
Liverpool Polytechnic: **Belt & Braces Band**
London Camden Becknock: **Japanese Toys**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wayne Kramer**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Decorators / Transmitters**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Lizzie Christian**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Gino & The Sharks**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Keith Ingham & Friends**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Scottish Monos/Skinflicks**
London West Hamstead Moonlight Club: **Neo/The Heroes**
London W14 The Kensington: **SW1**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Stiff Little Fingers/Essential Logic/Robert Rental & The Normal**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Joan Armatrading**
Manchester Musicians Collective: **Slight Seconds/Cindy & The Virgins/Vibrant Thigh**
Norwich Boogie House: **The Mekons**
Nottingham University: **N.W.10**
Oxford New Theatre: **Darts**
Plymouth Metro: **The Cure**
Poole Arts Centre: **Michel Legrand**
Reading University: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders/Lew Lewis Reformer**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Undertones**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Bill Nelson's Big Noise**
Stoke Jollees: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
Taunton Odeon: **Billy Connolly**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wednesday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Graham Parker & The Rumour**
Ashington Northumberland College: **Chris Barber Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Bedlam**
Birmingham Odeon: **Bill Nelson's Red Noise**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Luxound Deluxe**
Bournemouth Town Hall: **The Cure**
Bradford University: **Slade**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Dials**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Joan Armatrading**
Cardiff Great Western Hotel: **The Soft Centres**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Yakety Yak**
Cleethorpes Bunnies Club: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Slim Whitman**
Dawlish Grand Hotel: **The Flys**
Exeter Art College: **Red Tape**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Bad Company**
Hatfield Forum Theatre: **Michel Legrand**
Ilford Oscar's: **Dog Watch**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Darts**
Keele University: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist**
Lancaster University: **Belt & Braces Band**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Those Naughty Lumps**
London Camden Brecknock: **Secret Seven**
London Camden Dingwalls: **China Street**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Out To Lunch**
London Camden Music Machine: **Landscape/Beast**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders/ Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Scottish Monos**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Pinpinpoints**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Lee Fardon & The Legionaires**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Uriah Heep/Bram Tchaikovsky**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Thieves Like Us**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Bar**
London Marquee Club: **Wild Horses**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Keith Ingham & Friends**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Neon/The Millionaires**
London Twickenham St. Mary's College: **Writz**
London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: **Mr. Gladstone's Bag**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Extras/Hong Kong Toys**
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: **Bobby Henry**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Supercharge**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
Oxford New Theatre: **Van Morrison**
Plymouth Woods Centre: **The Smirks**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Steve Hooker's Vampire Lovers**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Billy Connolly**
Reading Target Club: **Lost**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Tribesman**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Sheffield University Union: **The Mekons-/Paul Bower**
Slough Thames Hall: **Lou Rawls**
Solihull Golden Lion: **Special Clinic**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Wakefield Bretton College: **The Straits/ The Squares**
Worthing The Balmoral: **Airport**
York Pop Club: **The Skids**



MICK BOX of Uriah Heep

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TUES 6
FROM DETROIT U.S.A., former guitar hero with the legendary M.C.5.
WAYNE KRAMER.
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RAY CAMPI AND HIS ROCK'A'BILLY REBELS
AND WED 21
SON SEALS BAND

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SATURDAYS 3rd, 10th & 31st MARCH

BEAST
playing
Thursday, March 1st
THE SWAN, HAMMERSMITH
Sunday, March 4th
THE GREYHOUND, FULHAM
Wednesday, March 7th
MUSIC MACHINE

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(London Road)
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THE CURE
+ SAMARITANS
Admission 80p with S.U. cards, £1.20 others.

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see ROBERT and THE REMOULDS
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by **I JOG AND THE TRACKSUITS**
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Friday, March 2nd
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Saturday, March 3rd
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Sunday, March 4th
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Friday, March 2nd and Sunday, March 4th:
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Monday, March 5th:
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Wednesday, March 7th:
ILFORD OSCARS
Thursday, March 8th:
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Friday, March 9th:
STOKE NEWINGTON PEGASUS
Saturday, March 10th:
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SATURDAY 10th MARCH at 7·30
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Brentwood Youth House, Shenfield Road, Brentwood
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Welcome Back
ZAINE GRIFF
+ *Special guests*
TOUR DE FORCE
If in doubt phone recorded programme on Brentwood 218897 anytime.

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BEGGAR
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BILL HALEY
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With his Special Guest Stars

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PLUS
FLYING SAUCERS

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WINTER GARDENS BOURNEMOUTH. SAT. 10th MARCH at 8 pm
Tickets £5, £4, £3, £2 from Box Office Tel. (0202) 27338.

COLSTON HALL BRISTOL. SUNDAY 11th MARCH at 8.30 pm
Tickets £4.50, £3.50, £2.50 from Box Office Tel. (0272) 291768.

FESTIVAL THEATRE PAIGNTON. MON. 12th MARCH 6.30 & 9.00pm
Tickets £4.50, £3.50 from Box Office Tel. (0803) 558641.

ROYAL HALL HARROGATE. WED. 14th MARCH 6.00 & 8.30 pm.
Tickets £4, £3.50, £3, £2.50, £2 from Box Office Tel. (0423) 503649.

ODEON BIRMINGHAM. THURS. 15th MARCH at 8.15pm.
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RAINBOW THEATRE LONDON. SAT. 17th MARCH at 8.00 pm. Tickets £5, £4, £3, £2 from Box Office Tel. (01) 263 3148. or from usual agencies or send self-addressed envelope to EMBER CONCERT DIVISION, Booking Dept. (H) P.O. Box 460, Brighton, Sussex BN1 5BQ. Postal Orders only. Enquiries to 01 263 3148.

GUILDHALL PRESTON SUNDAY 18th MARCH AT 9.00pm
Tickets £4.50, £4, £3.50, £2.75 from Box Office Tel. (0772) 21721.

APOLLO THEATRE GLASGOW. MON. 19th MARCH at 8.00 pm.
Tickets £4.50, £3.50, £2.50 from Box Office Tel. (041) 332 9221

FIESTA CLUB SHEFFIELD. MON. 20th MARCH. Doors open 8.00pm Tickets £5, £4.50, from Box Office Tel. (0742) 760101.

FESTIVAL HALL CORBY. WED. 21st MARCH at 8.00 pm.
Tickets £4, £3, £2 from Box Office Tel. (05366) 3482.

FULERUM CENTRE SLOUGH. THURS. 22nd MARCH 6.30 & 9.00 pm.
Tickets £4, £3.75, £3.50, £3, £2.75, £2.25, from Box Office Tel. (75) 38669.

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WALTHAM FOREST COLLEGE
Mon, Mar 5th
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Fri, Mar 9th
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Sat, Mar 17th
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Mon, Mar 19th
THAMES POLY, WOOLWICH
Mon, Mar 26th
HERMIT CLUB, BRENTWOOD
Wed, Mar 28th
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Thurs, Mar 29th
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Doors open 7, show time 9, £3

Thursday March 2nd
GRUPPO SPORTIVO
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Show times 8.30 & 12. £3

Saturday March 3rd
KOKOMO
Doors open 7, show time 9, £3

Friday March 9th
STEVE GIBBONS
Doors open 7 & 11
Show times 9 & 12. £3

Saturday March 10th
GONZALEZ
VOICE SQUAD
DANA GILLESPIE
On stage at 9 pm. £3

Sunday March 11th
GONG
One show, 8.30 pm. £3.25

CULTURE CUMBOLO

CULTURE ARE COMING!

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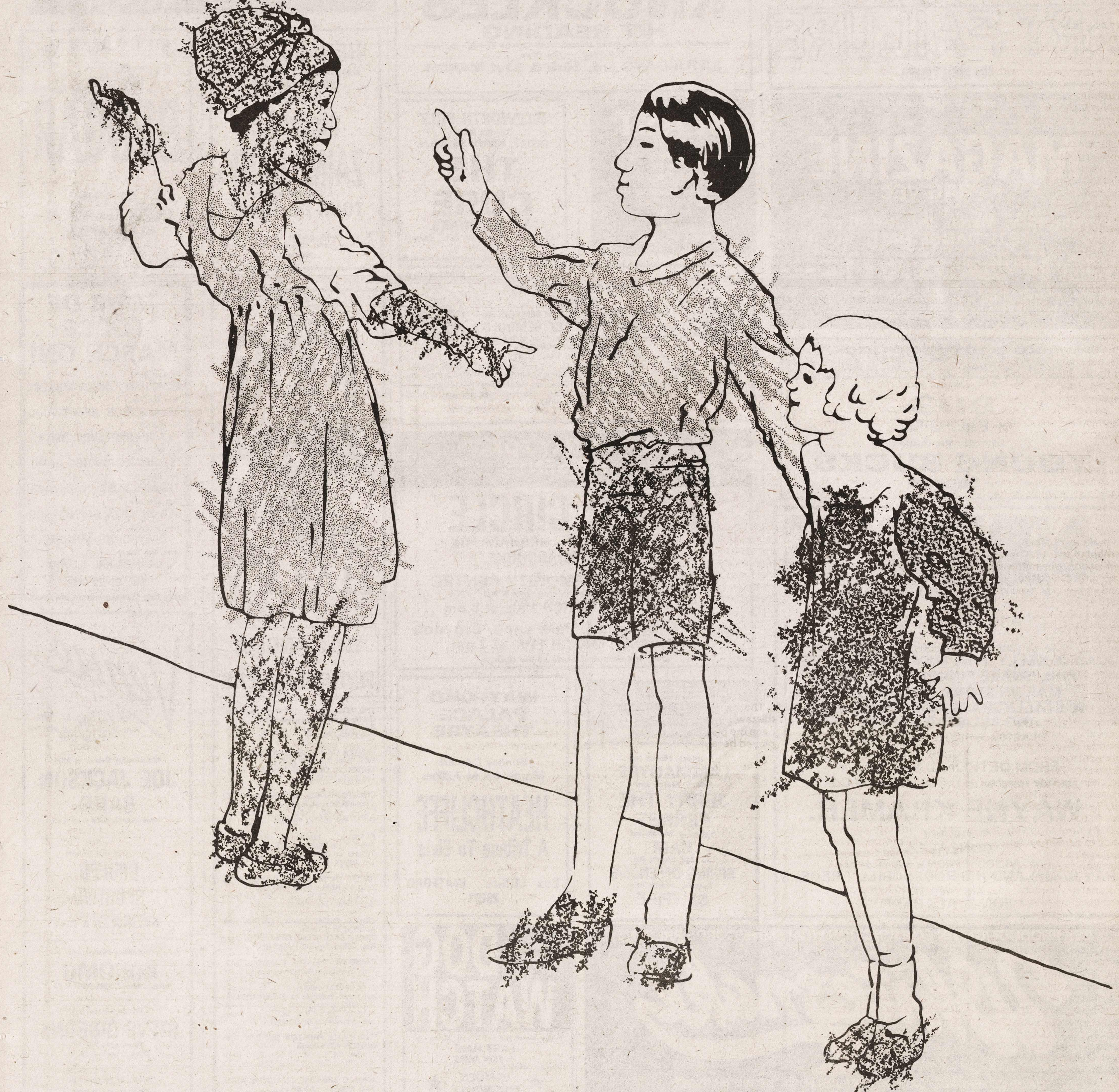
16th	BRIGHTON	Top Rank
17th	WEST RUNTON	Pavillion
18th	BRISTOL	Romeo & Juliet's
19th	SHEFFIELD	Top Rank
20th	WOLVERHAMPTON	Civic Hall
21st	CARDIFF	Top Rank
22nd	PORTSMOUTH	Locarno
24th	LONDON	Rainbow
25th	LONDON	Rainbow



CUMBOLO (Friendship) The New Album From CULTURE Out Now On Virgin's Front Line FL1040

ON THE TOWN

A VAN for all sheashonsh? Pic PENNIE SMITH

Van Morrison

Belfast

Spiritual leader returns after 12 years exile

For the war children of Belfast, Van Morrison's homecoming after 12 years was an emotional celebration, creating an atmosphere in the Whitla Hall equal to that of Earl's Court when Dylan played there.

Blackmarket tickets were selling for over £60 each, and to deflate a roaring business the wooden seats downstairs in the hall were removed, allowing another 200 people in for each of Van's two nights. And after the first the anticipation was intensified with unfounded rumours of a pathetically short set and Morrison quitting the stage half-way through 'Gloria'.

So for the second show a freaky electricity rippled through the audience. There was no support, the rock fans applauded the roadies and were in a giddy froth by 8.30 when the Van Morrison Orchestra took their positions and lightly touched the brisk opening chords of 'Moondance'.

"Van the man is back in town!" somebody announced. "Will you welcome home VAN MORRISON!"

A roar explodes in the long, narrow hall as he strides across the stage; a balding, short figure dressed in black, but stocky, hard and aggressive-looking. He grabs the mike with his left hand, and with his legs stretched rigidly apart he starts to sing the curling, jazzy melody.

Swinging casually, the band sound is at first damp and badly defined. The rhythms are firm but the saxes, guitar and violin subdued and washy. The arrangement is too ambitious, an unnecessarily hurried statement of approach with Katie Kissoon, one of the two backup girls, taking the second verse vocal, followed by sax and then violin solos.

But the response is predictably ecstatic, temporarily covering the band's discomfort. The ten musicians behind Van quickly go into a slightly ponderous 'And It Stoned Me', uncertainly trying to settle down behind their imperious conductor. Within a few minutes they are displaying their initial range of textures — first with the dark resonance of Toni Marcus' violin, then Pat Kyle's bright, sharp tenor sax and finally Bobby Tench's prickly electric guitar. At the same pace, they gracefully flow on to 'Into The Mystic', to be met by the crowd's yelps.

Morrison's control is ruthless, compounded by the occasional mid-solo prowl, glancing icily to each side of the stage, sometimes clapping encouragement. His presence seems intimidating as he dictates the mood and pace, creating a comfortable mould for himself.

Nobody upstages a legend, and the strict discipline is only relaxed by degrees. The leash is slackened inch by inch, as they bubble and bounce through a rocky 'Wavelength', the poised blues of 'Don't Look Back' and then the rolling 'Wild Night'. The hard accents stun; the kids are delirious as they're bathed in bright orange lighting. His leather jacket off by now to reveal a tight waistcoat, Morrison looks like a tough pool-hall hustler, pure Cagney shaking the lyric by the scruff of the neck as he methodically slams the mike-stand against the boards.

Abruptly he strides off stage while Katie tenderly leads the orchestra through a beautiful 'Crazy Love'. Herbie Armstrong's acoustic playing is gentle, with Kyle's flute circling, dipping and gliding off Peter Bardens' delicate piano phrasing.

Van returns to a more confident, even brave band for 'Checkin' It Out', the unison baritone and tenor saxes of John Altman and Kyle jauntily tripping across the strong rhythm of Peter Van Hooke (drums) and bassist Mickey Feat. And apart from 'Kingdom Hall', the last of the three 'Wavelength' songs, it's all classic Morrison material: 'Moonshine Whiskey', 'Tupelo Honey', 'Saint Dominic's Preview' and 'I've Been Working'.

Consistency is provided by the soft, persuasive backing vocals of Kissoon and Anna Peacock, the rhythm section, and Morrison's composed passion and confidence. Moods change quickly as the band explore their own versatility: jangly and ragged on 'Whiskey', controlled and polished on 'Honey' and 'Preview'.

And the audience play an integral, inspirational part: applauding lyrics and solos. *'It's a long way to Belfast city too . . .'* he sings pointedly on 'Preview', prompting another wild response. So after just an hour on stage the band — pushed, pulled and encouraged by the crowd — stomp on 'Working' with Van furiously blowing phlegm into the harmonica.

"We'll be back," the Man promises. "Thank you!"

But they sing *'GLORIA! . . . GLORIA!'* until the Orchestra returns for 'Caravan', illustrating just how positively the ensemble's dynamics are controlled by Van's vocal flexibility. Ten minutes of that is still not enough and again the chant of *'GLORIA! . . . GLORIA! . . .'* brings a second encore.

Led by the piano and acoustic guitar into a slow, light melody, Morrison swigs from a glass and then softly sings, *'Well, I'm caught one more time . . .'* — but the line of 'Cypress Avenue' is instantly obliterated by audience noise.

The emotion finally gets to Morrison: he laughs on the ambiguous *'little school girl'* line, indulges in quiet lyrical repetition and finally builds the song into a thunderous climax — finally yelling, *'IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP NOW!'*

'Gloria' was the only possible last encore; somehow 14 years doesn't seem a lifetime ago.

Tony Stewart

Public Image Ltd

Manchester

Race Today magazine / organisation, acknowledging the central importance of Manchester in the struggle of black people, launched their northern campaign with a fund raising "Creation For Liberation" concert. Unfortunately they used the cold, cavernous Kings Hall as their venue; but inspirationally they used the normally reticent Public Image Ltd as their main attraction.

The dusty, decrepit home of the tawdry Belle Vue circus — once the place supergroups played because they were too 'super' for anywhere else, where Buzzcocks are forced to play at the end of March — is sadly sited within a half-dismantled fairground, next to a dead zoo, in dreary Gorton, two depressing miles from the city centre. Approximately 3,000 curious and committed filed into this unappealing building. There was no bar, seats were hard, heating barely functional and tinny brass music dribbled out of crackling speakers.

"It's not like a normal concert," said a voice.

The inevitable John Cooper Clarke bounded on, the lights unsurely dimmed, the event stuttered into being.

Cooper Clarke's unsavoury syllables and stewed surrealism soon stimulated. The agitated, lurid, lucid agitator has discovered a charming new dance whilst on tour with Costello, presumably so that people at the back of large halls could see some sort of activity on stage. Sort of early Ari Up mixed-up with Ken Dodd; very fetching. Cooper Clarke is due a hit single in March, then he can retire.

If he is a poet of irrational reason, Linton Kwesi Johnson is a poet of rigorous righteousness.

His proud, intense poetry is couched stubbornly and self-consciously in melodramatic, provocative imagery of bloodshed, vomit, fists and freedom. It is strong poetry that has risen from tension and trauma. But though the rhythms of his delivery are as appealing as Cooper Clarke's, the context and concern of his fiery poems find little favour with most restless rock audiences. A shame, and shaming.

Following Johnson's rhetoric, up popped an unidentified little irritant (a Pop Group person!) playing self-described "skeleton music". Scratching electric guitar, the cowboy whined and scatted a few quick, quirky ditties that could hardly penetrate in such an environment, then disappeared.

"It's like a talent contest," said another voice.

The event gathered momentum; an atmosphere threatened to drop. The weedy brass music was replaced by booming electronic Fantasia excerpts that eventually spluttered into Dylan's live 'Shelter From The Storm'. Symbolic? Silly.

The Pop Group joked into their awesome and/or appalling set, lining up and smashing congas and bongos with deadpan abandon. Bumpy, revolving rhythms continued throughout their first piece; guitars, bass and voice slashed, smiled and screamed at each other. Previous assumptions on my part were obviously premature. The '79 Pop Group sound is thick, dark and convulsive. The pieces of the music fit and fight together with wilful logic and formless fury.

They attack their audience relentlessly and fluently, their songs packed and puckered with disciplined activity and bold noise.

The recent association with dub producer Dennis Bovelle has had resounding effect on the accent and emphasis of their music. A dub piece is a journey, a landscape: full of shapes, shifts and shadows. They've adventurously grafted the abstractions of dub and the defiant spontaneity of improvised music on to a frantic irregular rock basis, and are regulating their visuals and gestures so that impact is determined and direct.

It was a crushing exhibition of touch and assault. The drama and detail of their music was bewildering. Obscure and overstated? Probably. Room for abbreviation? Undoubtedly. Affected and arrogant? Of course. I can't wait for the records.

"Bring back Devo," said another voice.

Merger confirmed that most indiginous reggae is complacent and cumbersome, and damagingly self-contained. A lot of their indulgence and behaviour would be abruptly and rightly dismissed if a rock group based their act on such tricks. All the songs started like 'Hotel California' and then fell into listless, preoccupied patterns. Dylan apparently likes them; meanwhile his last live record was the only pop record in the building.

"Knock knock knocking on heaven's door," whined another voice.

The seatless circle, where the circus ring is usually positioned, was a tight mass of people as Public Image Ltd settled on stage. John Lydon lurched to the front of the makeshift stage and plonked his carrier bag by the mike. Sneering, bent at the waist, he surveyed the scene. There were cheers.

"The voice of a generation?" questioned somebody.

Following The Pop Group's considered, concentrated alternative to static images and protected rock riffs, Public Image offered theirs; it is less overwrought and complicated, more absorbing and haunting. A long way from Chuck Berry and The Sex Pistols, yes; probably the ultimate pure rock'n' roll sound. Visually, they're very understated, purposefully uncaring — inviting accusations of lethargy.

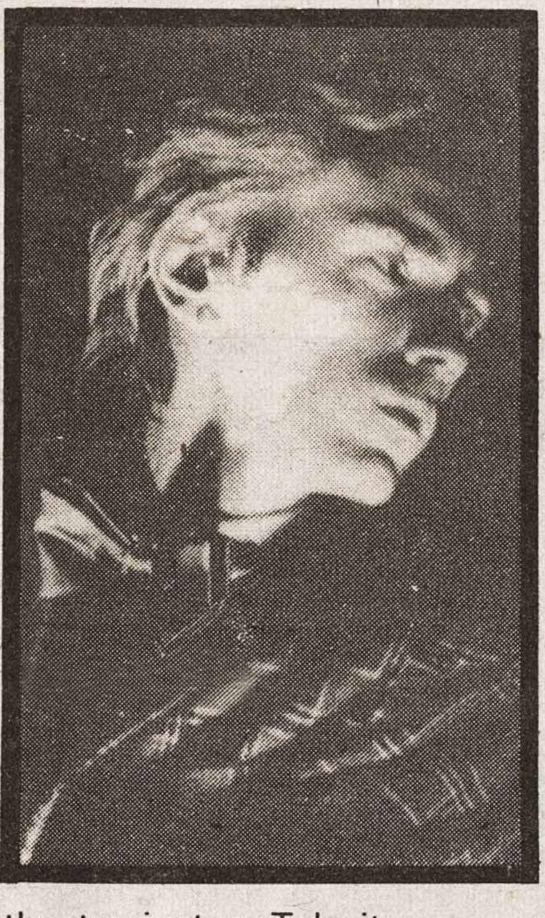
After the surreal drone of 'Theme' and the insistent assailing of 'Annalisa', Lydon speaks. "No gimmicks, no

● Continues over

The Thin White Dork. Pic KEVIN CUMMINS

MORE ROTTEN REVIEW

■ *From previous page*



theatre, just us. Take it or leave it."

Public Image autonomously create a shocking, deceptive rock music, the innovation and ambition of which has escaped just about everyone due to disgraceful diffidence and disrespect. The single was merely the almost frivolous, sophisticated tip of their vulnerable and discerning primitivism.

They take orthodox rock sound and literally split it open.

Their noise boisterously balances between bare coherence and total chaos. Keith Levine's guitar spews out an erratic, saturating homage to white noise; Jah Wobble, disconcertingly sitting stage right through the entire performance, fingers a deep, droll bass; the new white drummer laboriously bashed out a bare base; and the pale, unimpressed Lydon deviously pours his monstrously flexible vocals on to the very edge of the sound. His wily, consistently significant presence is remarkable.

A lone green light played up on his face from under his chin, wickedly exaggerating the lines and leers of his expressions. A lot of the time he was on his haunches, almost as if he was reading the words on the floor. Sometimes his trunk hung limply, like Wall's professor, and his face turned mockingly towards the audience. Occasionally, because of a faulty catch in the mike stand, Lydon had to uncomfortably hold the microphone in his hand, like a crooner.

He laughed quite a bit, but even in such a restrained, humoured mood, Lydon's totality is the most awesome thing in rock'n'roll.

PIL play it blank and cryptic, offering no easy clues or anything tangible to grab hold of. They satirise, ridicule, delude and elude. It's a joke, a challenge, an indulgence, an assertion, a revenge, an adventure, a disturbance, a fascinating rock'n'roll sound.

You take it seriously or you don't. Whichever way, they're incredibly important.

'Religion' was sticky and sour. 'Attack' emphasised the fluidity and solidity of PIL music. During 'Belsen' the group got hopelessly lost. Lydon laughed uproariously — "Fucking egg on face." They do it again. 'Public Image' is rendered prim and proper, although a couple of times Levine's guitar collapses deliciously.

"Most of you out there are better than us but you're too fucking lazy!"

'Annalisa' is repeated with hostile power. That's it. It was an impassive, unperturbed performance — "Treat it like a rehearsal." It was subtly, effectively poisonous.

"What a shambles!" said another voice.

I was totally drained.

Paul Morley

Poor ol' tortured me. Pic: GERVAISE SOEUROUGE.

Revenge starts here

Sham 69

Paris Theatre

Sham were unexpectedly, 'temporarily' reunited under controlled, sterile conditions: a recording for *Radio One's* elderly, durable *In Concert* series in front of passive, mostly impartial spectators squeezed into the miniature BBC Paris Theatre studios near Trafalgar Square.

So there was no trouble to exaggerate, misinterpret and blandly attribute to Sham; but similarly no realistic reaction for their stunningly aggrieved and emancipated 40 minute burst of repressed anger. It was a performance of paradoxes; a polite discipline draped over the proceedings; a remarkable explosive exhibition of desire and need from the band.

Playing in unnatural circumstances, relieved to be performing, stunned by recent events, edgily unsure about their future, fronted by unparalleled athleticism and animation by an unbelievably bitter and blase Jimmy Pursey — Sham turned out possibly the tightest and fiercest set of their young, wounded lives.

This was Sham 69 playing nasty, emotional rock'n'roll. This was Sham 69 with their eyes open, revised and remorseless.

This was Jimmy Pursey getting selfish, sorely, sighing, '*I ain't got the answers*,' and for the first time not caring. This was Pursey scorning his naivety and artless idealism, and squashing it.

And when Sham maturely and imaginatively interpreted The Beatles' 'Day Tripper', this was a Jimmy Pursey, brutally screaming *'I've found a good reason for taking the easy way out'*, none of us expected to hear: hurt, hateful and dismissive. The joviality and chumminess that has long given Sham their cheeky, idiotic reputation was smashed.

Jimmy teased the radio audience, provoked the studio audience, his performance malicious and (self) mocking.

It was not just Pursey who revealed new amoral articulation and a hard, selfish attitude; the whole band were inspired, forcing tension and denseness into a sound previously predictable and vulnerable. They flew through '(Angelic Upstarts Are) Innocent', 'Angels With Dirty Faces', 'Who Gives A Damn', 'That's Life', 'Tell Us The Truth', 'Borstal Breakout', 'Day Tripper'. Pursey resentfully prefaced each blitz with a demoralised crack or comment, and blackly singing them with controlled, insulted outrage.

The introduction of Tot Taylor on keyboards was an experiment that has had little chance to develop, but it seems a positive and permanent move. Sham's sound now has depth and detail. The moody might of this hopefully new Sham is typified by the full, fresh drive of their next single 'Questions And Answers', which they concluded the set proper with.

The group played out with a wavering 'Barbara Ann', demonstrating the art of 'harmonising' for the BBC producer; Kid Jensen and Paul Gambaccini then presented Pursey with a silver disc for the 'That's Life' LP. Jimmy looked at it, muttered "A couple of weeks ago that might have meant something," dropped it on the floor, put his heel through it, and walked off stage. A cheated man.

Knowing that Pursey will not stop gigging simply because he couldn't, wouldn't, shouldn't, it's a hard, invincible Sham that'll take to the road later this year; playing rock'n'roll cos that's

all they've ever wanted to do; led by a guy who is at last beginning to think realistically about and rationalise what he's doing.

Sham start here. Revenge starts here.

Paul Morley

Penetration Victim Six Tele

Belfast

This wasn't the warmest welcome for these Geordies by a city usually noted for its heatwave receptions.

Taking place in Queens University's small assembly hall, the gig was hampered by the stage being irritatingly placed in the corner of the room with an incongruous and imposing plaque of honorary students as a backdrop, and the acoustics of a toilet. Add to this the long wait the audience suffered for Penetration to play a meagre 35 minutes, and you'll understand why more than one 'Lover Of Outrage' voiced dissatisfaction after the show.

Two local bands played support. Catching only the end of a set by an odd looking bunch called Six Tele, I decided that as they looked and sounded blank, the response was understandably blanker.

Victim, a band who've had enough line-up changes to fill a Pete Frame family tree, followed with their most consistent incarnation to date. They hit form on the opening instrumental 'Emergency Ward 10', and in 'Legends Never Die' rediscovered the thread of strong and clever fast-rock melody apparent on their neglected debut single, 'Strange Thing By Night'. But their overstated heavy metal fatigue left me unsure as to their true worth.

Though short, Penetration's performance was still a minor revelation. I appreciate what they had aimed for on their debut album even though they were often off target. But it's onstage that they really come alive, trading in the often sterile album renditions for burning, stinging pungency.

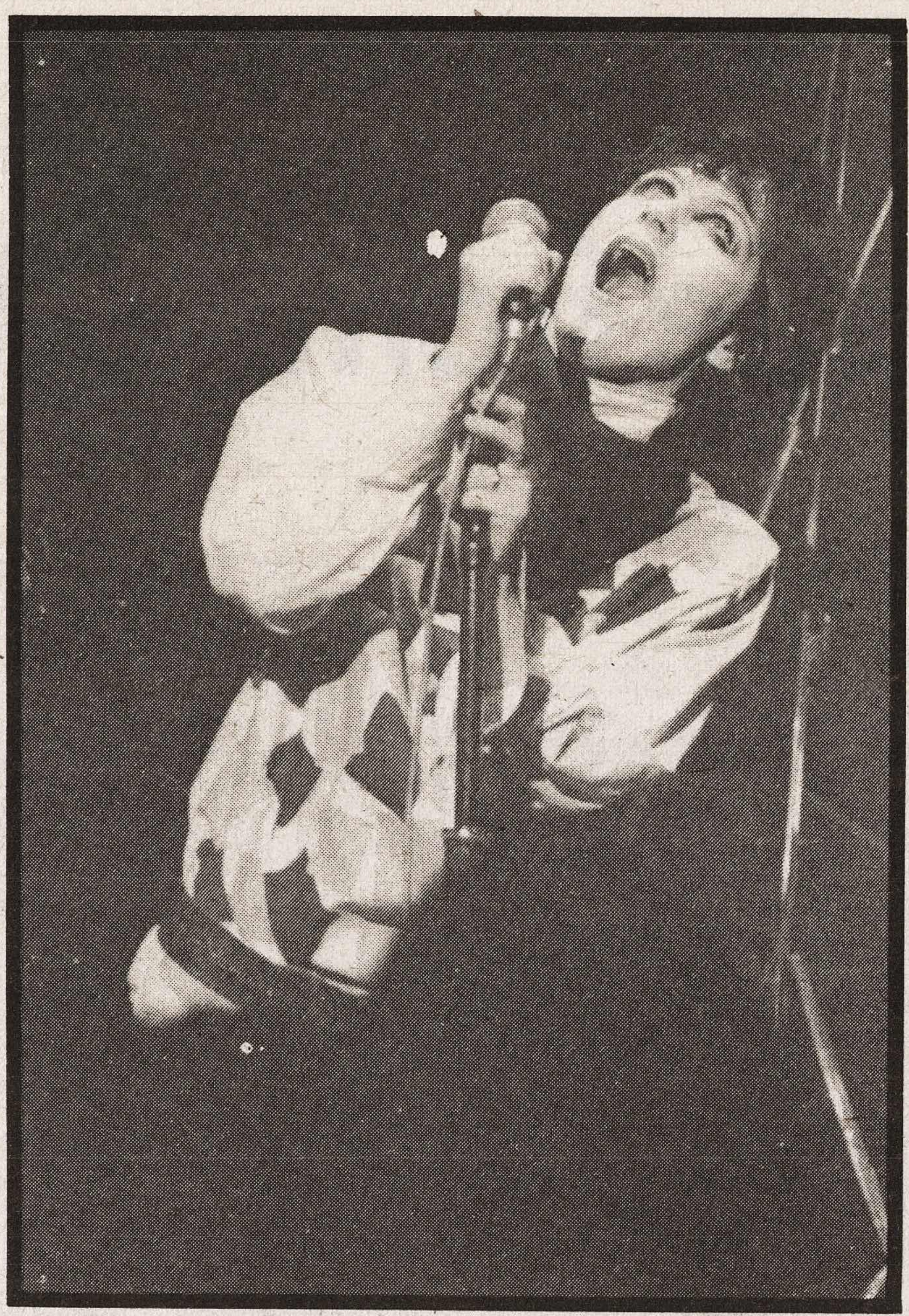
Their obvious focal point and essential guiding-light is the redoubtable Pauline Murray. Live she becomes a Real Star — larynx unleashed and conquering. The others score more than on record, and prove themselves to be a marvellous dance band; but they rarely overshadow the charismatic Murray who controls the stage without flaunting her body or selling her sex.

When you're endowed with a vocal talent that has the double-edged attack of an eagle (swooping, soaring and always in for the kill), physical attributes and hammy theatrics are superfluous. Not for her the mean Ice Goddess From Death Valley posing of Siouxsie, the fixed sultriness of Gaye Advert, nor the move-over-Fiona-Richmond-coz-I'm-this-year's-wetdream-fantasy enacted by Debbie Harry. She simply submerges herself totally in the performance, creating a very tangible *reality* (although it only lasts for half an hour).

It's a pleasingly friendly performance projecting the inner warmth of Pauline's personality, and I sincerely hope the reactionary phlegm spitters and the inevitable pathetic shitheads who bawled out lewd remarks, are all bloody ashamed of themselves.

New material is rare in the Penetration camp, and it's left to old favourites from the album to provide highspots. 'Life's A Gamble' is robust, raucous and tantalising; and Patti's 'Free Money' is my personal favourite, even though I couldn't stand the original. But the focus is

PENETRATING PAULINE. Pic: P. McHUGH



always on Pauline — those eyes, that dancing and of course that voice.

It almost obliterates the group's aimless, ranting and vacant lyrics which sometimes challenge TV Smith for inanity. And while they reach a higher station live than on vinyl, their failure to fire the listener's imagination to the same degree as their chanteuse means they become slightly ponderous at times.

I'm not saying that Pauline's talent is going to waste; it just isn't completely fulfilled.

Gavin Martin

The Jacksons Real Thing

Rainbow

It's a man's life in The Jacksons. Ten years on from 'I Want You Back', do we detect the stiffness of age or the staleness of success creeping into the fab fivesome's weary bones as they drag themselves through their 20th show in a 13-day British tour — an itinerary which also crammed in two days' TV manoeuvres in Geneva?

No, we do not.

Michael Jackson glides across the stage, eyes closed, head uplifted, his right foot never leaving the ground as that long left leg whiplashes him forward, singing all the time. Suddenly he pauses, whirls twice on the spot like elastic unwinding, and flings out his right arm and leg ... at the exact same moment that brothers Jackie and Marlon, who've been engaged in some ridiculously complicated dance routine of their own, fling *their* right arms and legs out, perfectly synchronised.

And already they're off, into the next split-choreographed routine, seemingly free and loose-limbed yet simultaneously better drilled than a troupe of performing seals.

Which — and I have no wish to be unkind — is not a bad comparison.

Sure, they put on a brilliant show — but the J5 have still not fully conquered the growing pains that dumped them into the slough of teenyboppery back in '72, causing an artistic slump that lasted all through their remaining years with Motown (the 'Dancing Machine' album excepted). Despite concerted efforts by Messrs Gamble & Huff and The Jacksons themselves since their move to Epic — their current self-produced set 'Destiny' goes a long way to setting things right — they still can't quite get to grips with the Modern World.

But this is certainly not the case with their support band, the Liverpudlian vocal trio, Real Thing.

Backed by a shit-hot six-piece, Chris Amoo hollers his men through a stunning short set of heady disco-funk that took me clean by surprise.

The silver suits may sparkle in the traditional manner, but The Jacksons have tried to ditch their past in no uncertain terms.

Michael throws out a pleasant 'Ben' and a shortened but excellent 'I'll Be There' to appease our hungry nostalgia, and there's also a hideously mangled medley of 'I Want You Back', 'ABC' and 'The Love You Save' that simply makes me wish they hadn't bothered. The rest is all 'new'.

Abetted by guitar, bass, drums and keyboard — players plus chubby Tito Jackson on guitar — no slouch — and 16-year-old Randy Jackson on keyboards and percussion, Jackie, Marlon and Michael are content to skate ultimately across the surface of their recent work, promising much but ultimately achieving little.

What they're trying to do with songs like 'Enjoy Yourself', 'Let Me Show You The Way' and — the genesis of the new style — 'I Am Love', makes sense: a kind of updating of 'I Want You Back', vocal gymnastics over a mature funk base. But too often they lack focus; brilliant singer though he is, Michael doesn't grab the song by the throat.

For this reason, the best songs on the night were 'Blame It On The Boogie' — a pulsating encore which got the smart six-quid-a-head crowd dancing ecstatically but left them mysteriously silent afterwards: no applause, let alone shouts for more! — and an extended 'Destiny'.

Now there's a song. It's got the lot: 'emotion', melody, dynamics, power.

If The Jacksons can build on that, they may yet transcend the 'brilliant seals' category. I hope so ... but I'm not betting on it.

Phil McNeill

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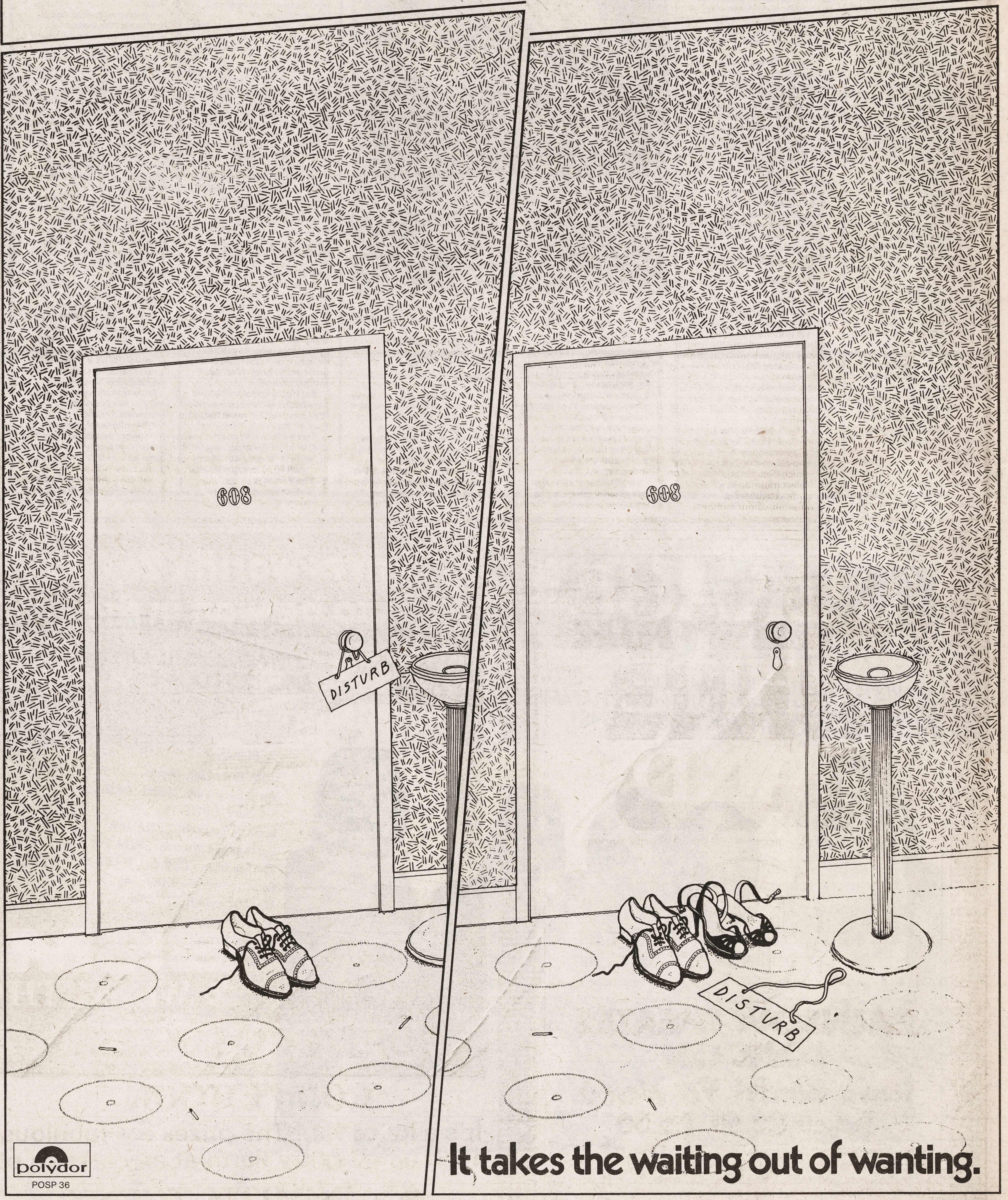


Putting skids under the Skids

The Skids

Marquee

Welcome to another steamy soiree of suppurating sensaround. I chance upon this scene of flying phlegm as if late '77 was only yesterday.

Both The Skids and their newly acquired fearsome army are expansive in taste, insular in style, but all dressed up with nowhere to go.

My last encounter with the band (Stranglers' sun-tan session, Battersea Park), saw them floundering somewhere between a fading, anarchic verve and their fumbled, arty song structures. They played a disagreeable 25 minutes, and no-one moved a muscle.

Five months later, backed by two EPs and an album in the can, they're capable of a decent, fresh 25 minutes which filters from monotony to tedium to chaos.

Horizons have stretched both ways. On one hand they've reverted to an early '70s Black Sabbath three-chord flash, diffused by a loose, flagging, powerless undercurrent. On the other, they've moved on to write in direct, clear-cut arrangements, and use their tempo changes as functional rather than deliberately provocative.

Most numbers they play as a three-piece, with muscle-bound Celtic vocalist Richard Jobson occasionally strapping on an extra rhythm guitar. None of them being rousing or remotely ingenious musicians, the rhythm section tends to drag and lose contact, as guitarist Stuart Adamson fills in sparse chords and peels off glum, shapeless solos.

The initial spark of self-assurance in such fine, balanced footwarmers as 'Sacred To Dance', is only resurrected midway by the martial strains of 'The Saints Are Coming'.

The rot sets in with a weary, flaccid, R 'n' B-style cover of Reed's 'Walk On The Wild Side.'. They hammer the song's last traces of delicacy, and then sky-dive into a medley of mundane, chant-chorus anthem numbers that spit, growl and aggravate.

Tesco of The Members, who's attempting to add vocals, beats a retreat as the stage gets swamped. The lighting column sags — shades of another Sham fiasco. Hence the flashback to '77: even in this heat, The Skids leave me cold.

Mark Ellen

THE SKIDS: seems like yesterday . . . Pic: PAUL SLATTERY

Dead Fingers Talk

Nashville

Dead Fingers don't just talk — they scream.

Bobo Phoenix screams an awful lot, as befits the singer of songs so soul-scarred and obsessive. Gaunt, austere and tortured, the image of an Egon Schiele, the frontman of this four-piece from Hull is one of young rock's more absorbing sights.

He — and they — are seen best on 'Harry', a savage and anguished attack on that kind of over-conformist mentality which likes to lavish hatred on select minorities such as same-sex lovers or different-colour humans.

'Harry' is the undisputed peak of DFT's repertoire: horror-theatrical and harrowing; a phenomenon that even hardened bar-proppers can't shrug off.

I'm just wild about 'Harry',but worried about the strength of any Fingers' set without it. If deprived of it they could survive for a while.

Well-enhanced by strobe, echo and a touch of the pre-recordeds, numbers such as 'Storm The Reality Studios' (title of their Mick Ronson produced debut) indicate a tightly exciting group with more to say than five - and - a - half more - acclaimed outfits put together.

This band have developed a brand of British heavy metal that's stuffed with imagination.

Jeff Parsons' searing guitar-work tangles and entwines around the rhythmic twists of bassist Andy Linklater and the lazy, brutal backbeat of Tony Carter. While reminiscent of middle-Bowie ('Stardust', 'Sane' and 'Diamond Dog'), it's sufficiently individual to be convincing.

But, deeper in the night, convictions dissipate from the time that focalist/vocalist Bobo Phoenix takes up his black guitar and melts back into the band. And the later songs get samey, undistinguished, too reliant on worn-out structures.

It's no capital crime to be ordinary, of course; except after you've betrayed a capability for the extraordinary, shown the potential to transcend, to rise Phoenix-like from the ash-trays. From others this might be acceptable — from DFT it's just frustrating.

To go from bad to good is fine. To go from great to good is disappointing.

Paul Du Noyer

Rod Argent

The Venue

After a three year absence from the stage, this was Rod Argent's solo return.

Ex-Zombie, ex-Argent and session keyboardist to the stars, he had recruited an impressive cast of sidemen: Weather Reporters Chester Thompson (drums) and Alphonso Johnson (bass) provided a classy rhythm section; while Brand X were heavily represented by John Goodsall on guitar, Morris Pert on alternative percussion and Peter Robinson and Robin Lumley on keyboard back-up.

The cabaret style interior of The Venue provided the perfect setting as Rod, newly-shorn and wearing red and black satin, took the stage to the roars and cheers of an audience composed mainly of media creatures and record company freeloaders. He was understandably nervous, especially when talking or singing, yet his playing was as assured as it should have been after 15 years in the profession.

Unfortunately his writing powers have obviously not endured as well. Opening with numbers culled from his recent solo album, his influences are too diverse: ranging from orchestral structures and Bossa Nova, through a fusion of jazz-rock and Latin American rhythms to plain old schmaltz. Lyrically, he's inclined to go towards the latter. 'Home is Where The Heart Lies' opened with a tastefully tinkling piano segueing into an orchestral morass in Wings/Elton John fashion, 'Silence' boasted a jungly Santana rhythm underpinning Rod's jazzy synthesizer and shaky vocals, although the muscle of the song was softened by soppy lyrics.

Despite some Emerson-like pyrotechnics during 'In The Mood' the problem of having a keyboardist as the focal point of a rock band was emphasised: a piano is simply not expressive enough.

Ironically, the highlight of the evening was undoubtedly the appearnce of Colin Blunstone to sing on two classic Zombie numbers, 'She's Not There' and 'Time Of The Season'. Looking youthful and wiry, Blunstone sang with the same frail passion as Marty Balin or Peter Perrett.

Unfortunately, Argent's final numbers were mainly undistinguished, though 'Recollection' slid into a rousing 'Hold Your Head Up' before the final encore. The evening was a modest success, but clearly Rod Argent's potential is in a band whose focal point is A. N. Other.

Neil Norman

They stink, in spades

Wire
prag VEC

Birmingham

Every now and then we come across bands with an intellectual stance, and the only criteria for assessing their live act is what they sound like — which is tough on prag VEC because they just don't cut it.

As an experimental band they disregard utterly any notions of beat, melody or mood. They're a misunderstood, misplaced radical chic combo with as much appeal as a spin-dryer full of bricks — and so the ideal support act for Wire.

A recent review in these pages accused (harshly, I thought) Wire of disappearing up their own rectums. Now that I've seen them, I can only add that they have come out a treat.

Where even the most tinpot rock outfit would try to offer an audience a little *release,* Wire strive to aggravate that same tension one hopes to shed at a concert.

Without exception, they are the most humourless, morbid and unpleasant band I have seen. Their stage act is a miserable study of alienation. They looked as happy as lepers with boils. Their status as a post-punk experimental outfit (and they were as ragged and cacophonous as any band that graced the Roxy club stage in '77), has led them down a one-dimensional plug-hole.

It's not as if Wire are incompetent; they handle their instruments with skill, precision and a measure of force. But the ensuing sound is anything but entertaining. Their set is a loud, monotonous assault on the senses, almost entirely a low-register, unmelodic ponderous dirge of unvarying rhythm and snarled, catatonic vocals, not unlike a file of Sherman tanks passing through a tunnel. Even the shards of feedback came as light relief.

Wire don't project, they recede. Their only recognition of an audience was a prolonged bout of psycho stare-out tactics deployed from a stage lighted a dim, cold blue. Perhaps they cater for a specialist musical taste known as Letting The Bad Times Roll.

An appreciable following of transfixed and motionless fans at least had the courtesy to unfold their arms and clap between the numbers (songs would be too effete a word). But to add insult to injury, Wire don't even say "thanks, goodnight". They just switch off (lights included) in the middle of a cheerless thrash and slunk off into the floorboards.

Rick Joseph

Dafne and the Tenderspots

Imperial College

Can a band called Dafne and the Tenderspots really make good music? Well, this was their 'official unveiling' and they could take the world by storm.

Dafne (ex-actress D. Nancholas) come on like some wonderfully depraved Mother Goose or hip Wicked Witch to deliver the hilarious, whacko and very topical ditties which ricochet off the wall, catching you on the rebound. Some very sharp feminist barbs cleverly take the michael out of the male mentality, but are hidden in such contagious tunes that the blokes in the audience laugh loudest.

Ex-Burlesque bassist Steve Hughes (who has traded in his hiking shorts for a vintage Bowie wet-suit), and Graham Smith, nulti-instrumentalist extraordinaire, (here guitar and vocals), together with Dafne, are responsible for the killer lyrics and controlled havoc of hooks. Alan Normal on keyboards and drummer Nick Monas fill in the twiddly bits with great verve.

Fleeting reference points of Burlesque, Roxy, Kinks and XTC-like quirkiness aside, they really sound like nothing else on this planet. D and the 'spots are very visual, very '70s, very danceable, very inventive and *very very* wicked with easily the funniest Disco parody ever.

You want more? I do. This is how cults are made.

Elissa Van Poznak

999

Lyceum

You want 'The Sound Of The Suburbs', I'll give you the sound of the suburbs. London Transport just doesn't like us travelling on Sundays and does all it can to stamp the habit out — two trains off and the third forgets to stop and let me off.

Still, since when did rock gigs start on time anyway?

Warm and lovable as they are, The Members took a while to break the ice: half the crowd had frostbite after queuing outside, surveyed from panda-cars and patrolled by the bristle-bonced bozos of the British Movement.

All rather boring of course, but otherwise no more than grist to The Members' mill; they're a young band who extol the banal with a repertoire of cheeky-chappie anthems in celebration of the suffocatingly humdrum. Fittingly in this gilded palace of sin which is the Lyceum, The Members give us Rock'n'Roll Music-Hall.

If you've not caught them yet, even on *Top Of The Pops,* then what you're missing is a Punky Reggae Party, and one you'd be advised to invite yourself along to soonest. Shallow and irresistable entertainment, broadly comparable to the Rats (the Geldof/Tesco parallels are especially tempting), it's a guaranteed evening of engaging daftness and shifty rhythms.

Daddy may be a chainstore magnate but singer Nicholas Tesco looks to be aiming for the New-Wave Norman Wisdom title; a persona you'll find either appealing or appalling. But do go and find out.

As Members' gigs go this one went, though only just. All the same I enjoyed it more than the apparently successful 999 set that followed.

Making a belated acquaintance with this band (though I've fond recollections of its leader Nick Cash in his Wilko-esque High Road days with Kilburn And), my reaction was bemusement at the fanatical acclaim afforded by the audience to some awful slight material — and disappointment that the live act does no more than fulfill the limited promise of the recorded article.

The sound and form of 999 is that of a shiny, compact machine tuned to perfection and geared to perform at its maximum efficiency, but a machine that's simply got nothing to do, no function to serve and even less to say.

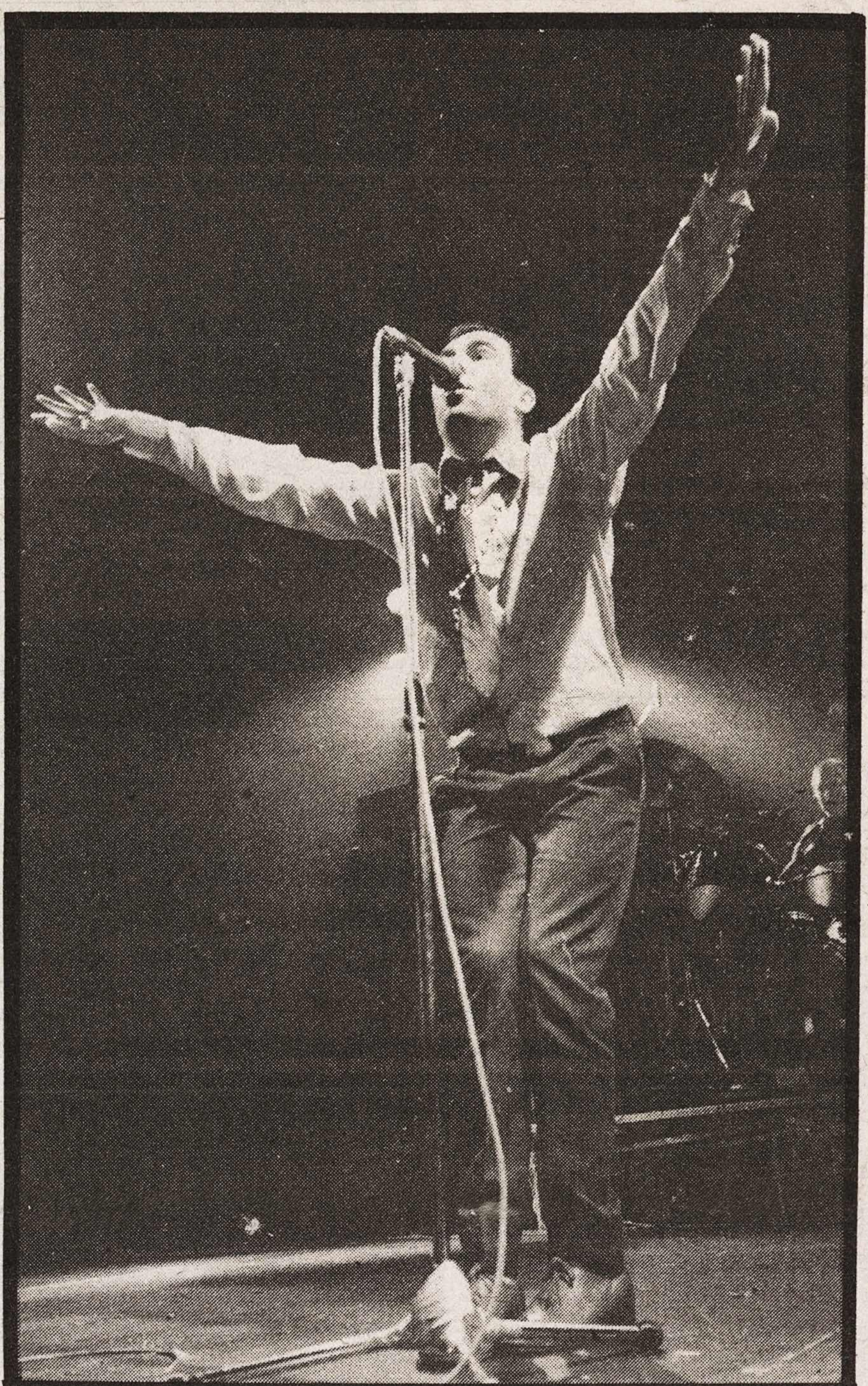
Naturally, songs don't need to be 'about' anything. But if not then they should evoke emotions, mainline the imagination. 999 strike postures: aggressive, manic, cynical . . . but nothing sticks, no feelings.

Good band, sure — Pablo Labritain on drums, Jon Watson on bass, Guy Days and Cash on guitars — the problem isn't incompetence; it's the identity crisis which comes from having no identity at all.

As a singer, as a 'mover' (it's important), as a frontman Nick Cash doesn't cut it. Though his longing for affinity with the kids is obvious ('Feeling Alright With The Crew' — have we still got "a crew" in London, then? "Yeah!"), the Jimmy Sham-isms are doomed.

"And this one's called 'Hit Me'." Somebody give that man a Rhythm-Stick.

Paul Du Noyer



999. Picpicpic: Georgegeorgegeorge Bodnarbodnarbodnar.

Herbie Hancock

Rainbow

Over the last few years Herbie Hancock has attained mass-market popularity without compromising himself.

Sure, there are those who angrily brand his present excursions into disco as "a shallow sell-out," but all that he has attempted to do is expand his potential audience.

As his association with jazz super-group V.S.O.P. confirms, Hancock hasn't forsaken one important facet of his talent to the detriment of the other. With V.S.O.P. he's retained his original hard-core jazz following, and 'Headhunters' and 'Sunlight' have attracted fusion freaks and disco dancers respectively.

In fact, Hancock cuts more jazz albums than any other kind. The only problem is that his solo piano sets and those he cut with Ron Carter (bass) and Tony Williams (drums) have so far been exclusive to the Japanese market. But in concert Hancock manages to strike an acceptable balance of such diverse styles and no matter which side of his talent preferred, you won't really feel short-changed.

Split into two one hour-plus sets, he begins his show with a rhapsodic solo interpretation of 'My Funny Valentine', after which, he is joined by bassist Paul Jackson and the nuclear-powered drummer, Alphonse Mouzon. When, the second number 'Actual Proof' is given over to a remarkable solo showcase for Mouzon, you know they mean business.

Just 20 minutes into the set, these three musicians hit a peak which most bands take three hours to attain.

Augmented by second-keyboardist Webster Lewis, guitarist Ray Obiedo, percussionist Bill Summers and multi-saxist Bennie Maupin, they perform two more extended titles beginning with 'No Means Yes".

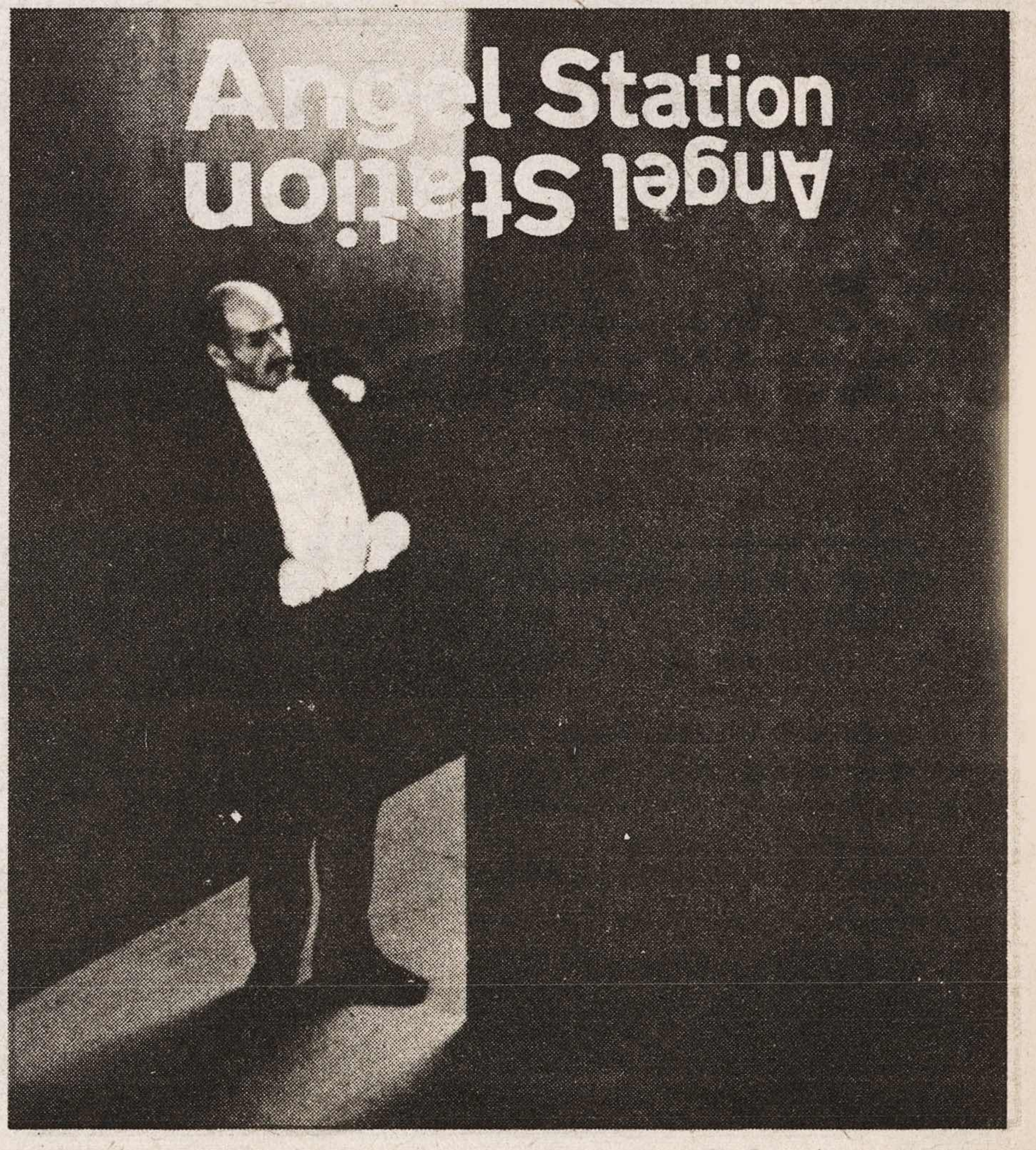
Unlike so many bands who dabble with sophisticated instrumental electronics, Herbie's herd use them to enhance their individual personalities, building each piece on natural energy instead of turning up the volume. Neither are they restricted by their complex guide-line arrangements, and each musician is given considerable solo space, and the innumerable abrupt time shifts and unexpected accents added just the right amount of spontaneous humour.

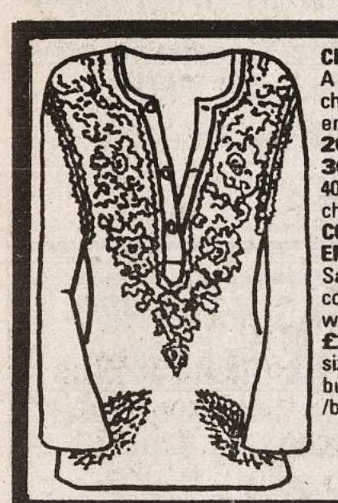
If the discodominated second half sacrificed some of the subtlety of the first hour, it was partly compensated for by the steam heat. Veering at times to the more tribal aspects of dance music (as in Sly Stone and James Brown), it nevertheless retained its richly textured latinized ambience. And on 'I Thought It Was You' and 'You Bet Your Love', Hancock strapped on his ice-cream tray mini-keyboard and a telephonist ear/mouth piece Vocoder synthesizer to reproduce his familiar Sparkey's magic piano vocals. A little goes a long way, and he didn't over-play this gimmick.

Whereas George Benson and Roy Ayers only scored due to the lack of Stevie Wonder product, Hancock has aimed for this very same market with much more imagination and has refrained from reducing his music to shopping precinct and cocktail lounge muzak.

There's much more to Herbie Hancock than can be crammed into a couple of hours, but to his credit he managed to give everyone a taste. You can't please all of the people all of the time — but Hancock's making some headway.

Roy Carr





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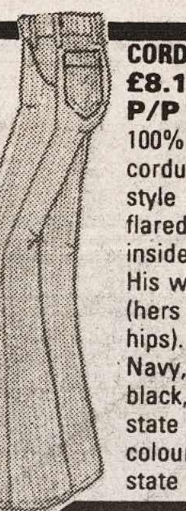

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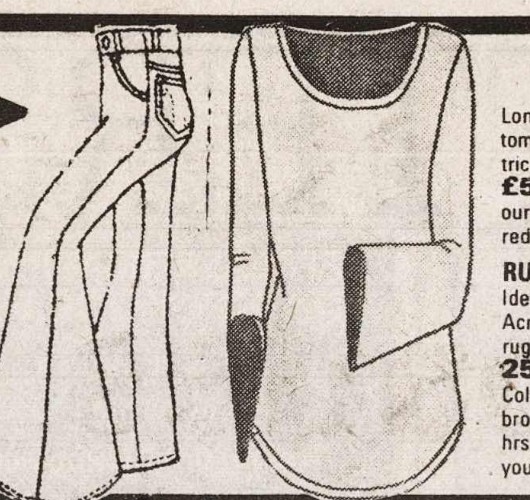

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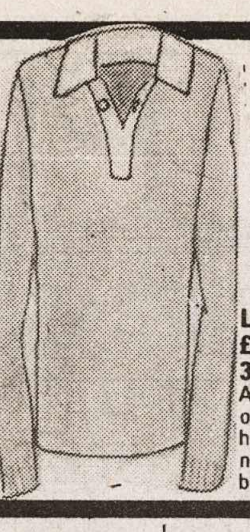

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MICHAEL JACKSON, in another silly hat, with STEVE WINWOOD.
Pic: TERRY LOTT.

THE JACKSONS

■ *From page 33*

love playing those stand-up gigs, although even when we play the theatres — where was it we played last night? Manchester — people do eventually get up and dance. I like that.

"Actually, I suppose I really prefer the small club dates, because the sound is always so much better, and it's possible to get everything so much tighter. But in the States we have to play those really huge auditoriums, y'know? Like Madison Square Gardens — have you ever been there? It's huge — and the Astrodome in Texas.

"Actually we hold the record attendance at the Astrodome; there's a plaque on the wall with our name on it. I really hope that record stands. It makes me feel really good when other bands who've played there meet us and tell us they've seen our plaque."

IN MANCHESTER it was the plush Apollo Theatre. Tonight it's a huge concrete abattoir called Bingley Hall — to which the kids lend an air of reluctant uptown funk specially for the occasion.

The official capacity is 3,000, but rumour has it that 6,000 tickets have been sold — though it doesn't look that full to me.

The sound is no where near as crisp and sure as Manchester, and pillars consistently and obstinately obscure my vision. There's an evil smell of gas in the air and the floor is cold concrete.

But there are no seats, the band create real magic, and the kids are real fans. The mood of the music is perfect; from the slyly infectious 'Let Me Show You The Way' through the gleefully evocative 'Enjoy Yourself' to the up-market soul of 'Destiny'.

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Even the unfortunately hurried medley of their old hits manages to strike the right nerve despite, or maybe because of, everything.

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Michael Jackson was the first performer an entire generation of soul fans could relate to, identify with. He wasn't just another star; he wasn't one of the old school — wasn't just as good as they were, he was better.

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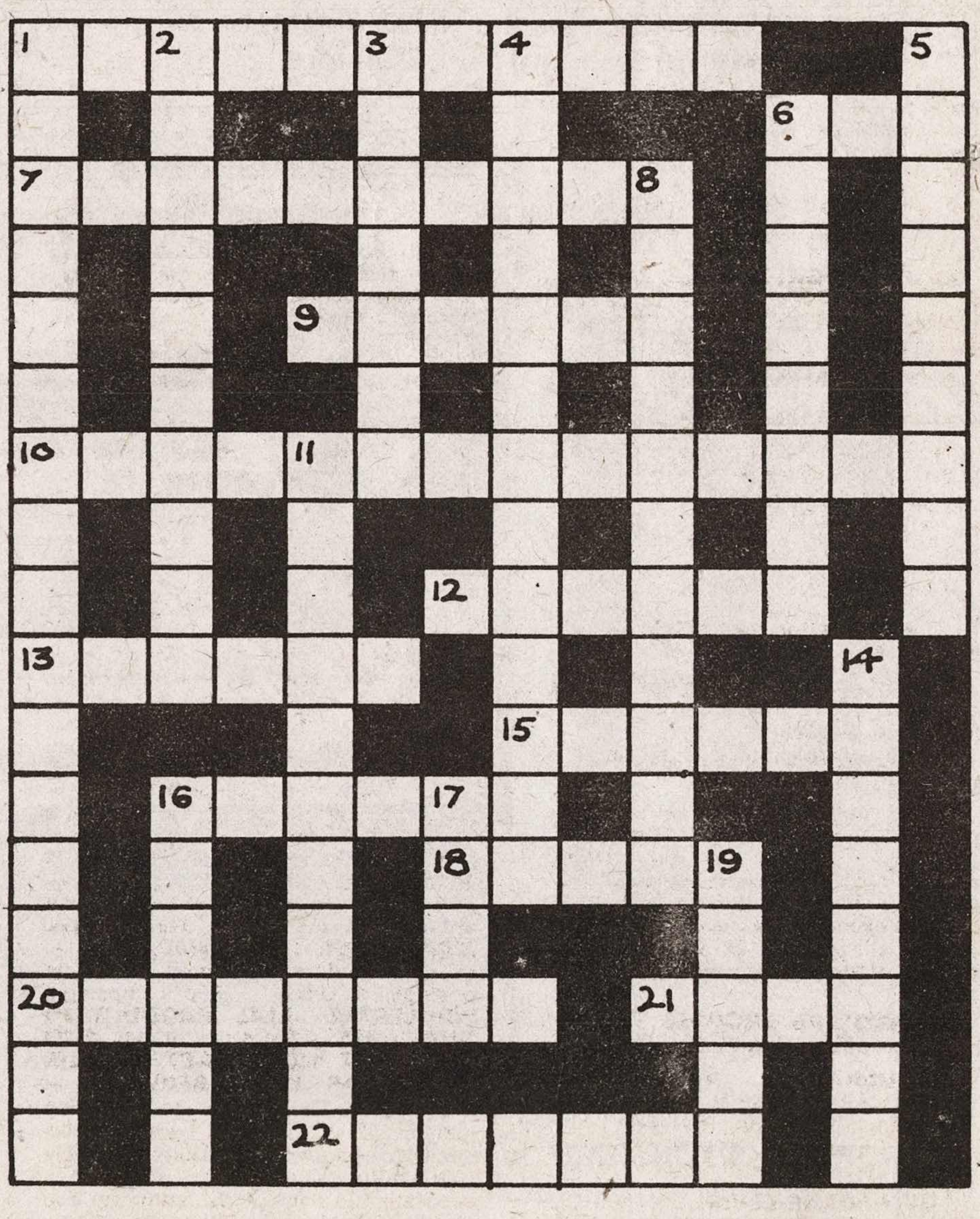
9 Tommy's hard-man pose — this clue dedicated to veterans of the 2 I's coffee bar.
10 Golf moves in IRA (anag. 2 words).
12 Sew rat in Floydian stitch up!
13 Marley album.
15 Roger, Mick, Liz . . .
16 Watch it kid, here comes the Old Bill!
18 Wishbone Ash (oldie) album that's probably still their best known.
20 What you'd get at a rowdy session of the Politburo, eh Bill?! (3, 5)
21 and 16 down. The Moody Blue who opted *out* of the comeback (the *NME* crossword salutes you sir!)
22 Micky, Peter, Mike, Davy . . . surrogate Fab Four.



DOWN

1 The gentle whine on the electric lawnmower, the comforting squelch of the chamois against the Marina, the industrious buzz of the Black & Decker . . . hey those boys are singing about *our* town! (5, 2, 3, 7)
2 EC single EC single. (5, 5)
3 UK No 1 from the Golden Age of T. Recstasy. (3, 2, 2)
4 Contemporaries of Zeppelin, F.Mac and J.Tull — decidedly last decade's thing. (3, 5, 5)
5 Lissen, the one with legs up to her armpits can come round and prattle in *our* ear any time she chooses . . . (3, 6)
6 Guess it's true what they say Glen, money isn't everything. (4, 4)
8 Beatles first No. 1. (3, 5, 3)
11 Rose Royce album. (2, 4, 5)
14 Aside of H.Devoto, rock's best known receding hairline. (5, 3)
16 See 21.
17 Driving sort of group . . . *(God, this is awful — Ed).*
19 . . . but watch out for greasy patches *(This is worse).*

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK. LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW.

ACROSS: 1 "Cool Meditation"; 6 Little Bob Story; 8 New Wave; 9 Beatle; 10 Sandie Shaw; 12 Rolling Stones; 14 Ry Cooder; 18 Eric (Idle); 20 "Diamond Dogs"; 21 "(Roll Over) Beethoven".
DOWN: "Oliver's Army"; 3 "Milk And Alcohol"; 4 Dobie (Gray); 5 Al Stewart; 7 "Roll Over (Beethoven)"; 11 (Bob) Seger; 13 (Hall &) Oates; 14 Roddy (Llewellyn); 15 Chart; 16 Eddie (& The Hot Rods); 17 (Mickie) Most; 19 (Eric) Idle.

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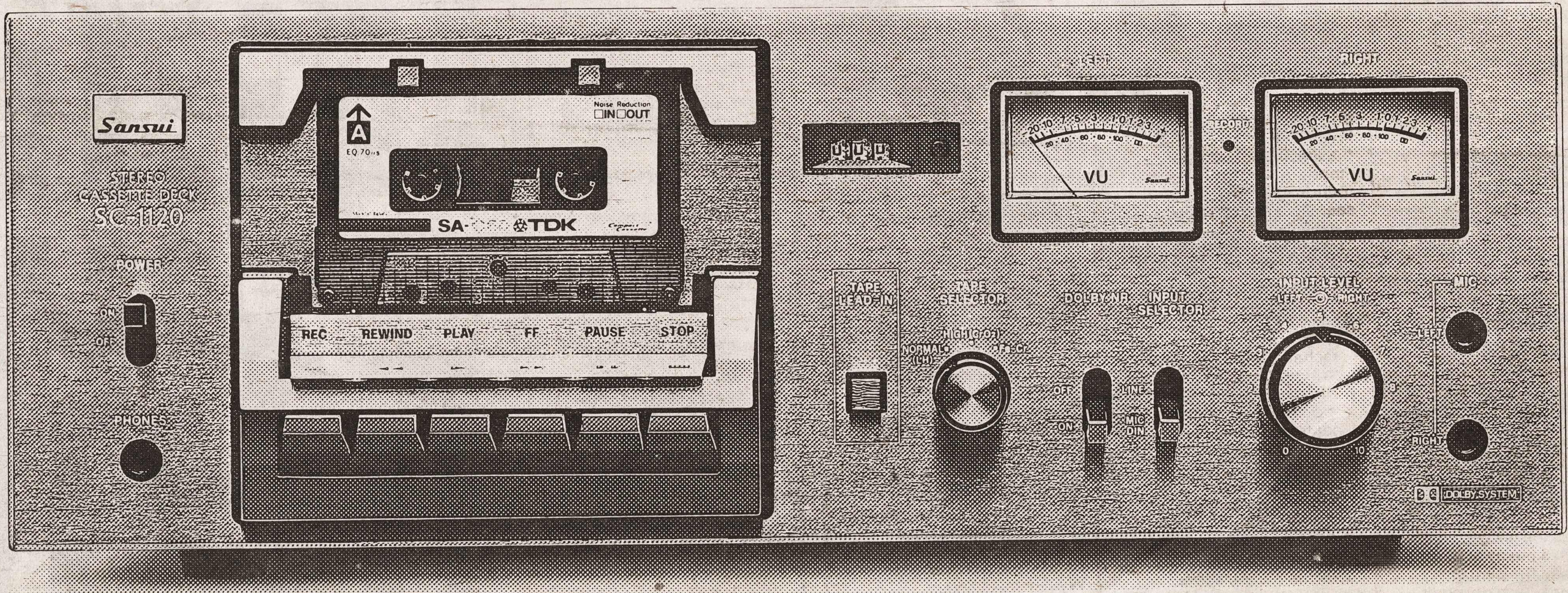
What's an "A WHAM BAM BOOM" without "A WOP BOP A LOO BOP"!

And what use is a "Yeah, Yeah Yeah" when you haven't heard "She Loves You?" Not a lot. Professionals know this. That's why they never use the first few seconds of the tape. The surfaces are not uniform and this can cause dropouts and level fluctuations. Worse still if you record on the leader. An unfinished symphony is one thing but an unstarted one quite another. And no "A Wham Bam Boom" is complete without a "Wop Bop A Loo Bop" to start with.



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DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

HI FI: By BERNARD FUTTER

Turntable turn-ons

THE TURNTABLE market stands in danger of being swamped by technological overkill. To have any chance of success manufacturers feel they must offer more in the way of flashing LED readouts, strobes and quartz lock speed controls.

Yet because the role of a turntable is simple — namely to rotate the record at a constant speed without introducing motor or extraneous noise — some of the best designs are not complex.

Reckoned by the cognoscenti to offer the finest audible performance is the Scottish **Linn Sondek**. Although not cheap at £250 less arm, it incorporates the less fashionable belt drive system and is classically simple in a mechanical sense. It eschews gimmickry to such a degree that it operates at the 33⅓ speed only!

When selecting a turntable you will have to decide whether you want an integrated unit including amp and in some cases pick-up cartridge, or wish to buy the units separately. If you are looking for the finest possible quality then you will probably be better off following the latter course.

The finest possible pick-up cartridges do need careful matching with a compatible arm.

For most the choice will be an integrated unit, and in spite of the inevitable sacrifice in flexibility there are many fine units on the market.

The most common and cost-effective drive system is the belt drive. This utilises a composite rubber belt which provides the linkage between a pulley at the motor and the platter.

Advantages of the belt drive system are that it is cheap to produce, reliable, and the belt itself helps isolate the platter from vibrations from the motor.

Before we discuss the subject of this month's review, which is a belt drive, perhaps a few words about the other system on the market, the direct drive, would not go amiss.

In the direct drive deck the platter itself becomes part of the motor. Advantages are faster start-up times and better speed constancy.

On the debit side they are generally more expensive and some would argue that they do not offer a better performance for the extra outlay.

Now let's move on to our review sample, the **Micro Seiki MB10**, kindly donated by Harman UK, distributors of much top-flight hi fi equipment.

As stated this is a belt drive model and comes with an integrated tone arm pre-fitted with a magnetic cartridge.

Visually the MB10 looks very striking, with a dark grey plinth and top panel offset by the ubiquitous smoked dust cover.

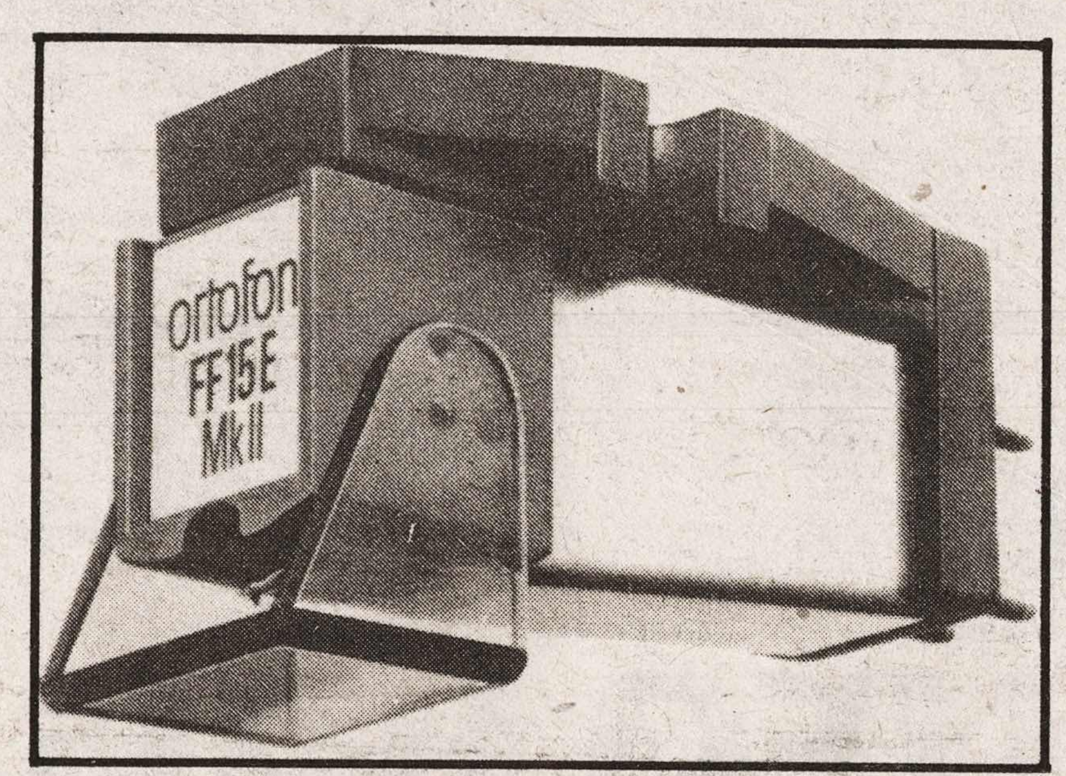
Controls are quite simply a push button on/off switch and rotary speed change lever. The pick-up arm is finished to a very high standard with low apparent friction values and would seem to be compatible with a wide range of popular cartridges.

The cueing device on the arm did seem a little ponderous and exhibited some lateral drift. The striking looking headshell is detachable, enabling swift cartridge changing if further shells are obtained.

In operation the MB10 was exceptionally quiet — both listening though the speakers and with an ear close to the unit.

Auditioning with the cartridge supplied, a **MICRO VF 3300** magnetic, revealed a decidedly average performance. However, those kind people at Harman had also sent us the highly acclaimed **Ortofon FF15E MK2** cartridge — which certainly produced exceptionally good results with a good overall balance and plenty of attack.

The MICRO SEIKI MBIO turntable, with integrated tone arm prefitted with magnetic cartridge. Price range: £80-£100.



ORTOFON's acclaimed FF15E Mk 2 cartridge.

At the risk of endorsing much that has already been said, this cartridge, particularly related to the modest selling price of about £14, offers amazing value for money.

The Micro Seiki MB10, particularly when combined with the Ortofon FF15E MK2 is certainly a turntable package that should appeal to many in the £80 - £100 price range.

MICRO-SEIKI MB10 TURNTABLE: Typical Selling Price, £65. Details from HARMAN UK, St. John's Road, Tylers Green, High Wycombe, Bucks.

ORTOFON FF15E MK2 Cartridge: Typical Selling Price, £14. Details from: HARMAN UK, Address as above.

A new budget amp from NAD

WITH HIFI hardware costs rising steadily over the last couple of years there are now only a few budget amplifiers on the market in the £60 - £75 price bracket. Some of the ones that are available are not exactly noted for their quality and reliability.

In consequence, I was very interested to check out a new introduction from the **NAD** stable, the **3020**, due in the shops any day now. With a power output rating of 20 plus 20 wrms — which is more than sufficient for average room sizes — the selling price is, on the face of it, a very reasonable £69.

In terms of presentation NAD have elected to follow the smokey black route and the unit has a particularly solid and reassuring feel. The fascia, enlivened by a row of five LED power indicators to warn of overload, can be best described as functional. All controls tracked smoothly enough.

The 3020 does, however, incorporate a very interesting feature — namely, a "soft clipping" mode. If an amplifier is overdriven beyond its rated output results are likely to be very unpleasant on the ear and potentially damaging to speaker drive units. When switched into circuit the 3020's "soft clipping" device effectively filters out the worst of this distortion.

If you're having a knees-up and want to run the 3020 flat out there will be some degradation of sonic quality but nothing more harmful.

The sound quality of the 3020 was pretty exceptional for a unit in this price range. There was none of the harshness or greyness so often associated with most transistor designs.

If there was any criticism it would concern the slightly constricted mid-range, but this was only a subtle effect and did not detract from the overall performance.

In summary, I can wholeheartedly recommend this unit and it is encouraging to note that with the 3020 you could still put together a good basic system for about £200.

NAD 3020: Typical Selling Price £69. Details from NAD Sales, 60 Farringdon Road, London, EC1. Available from H Fi Market Shops.

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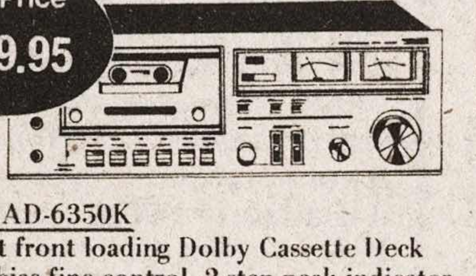

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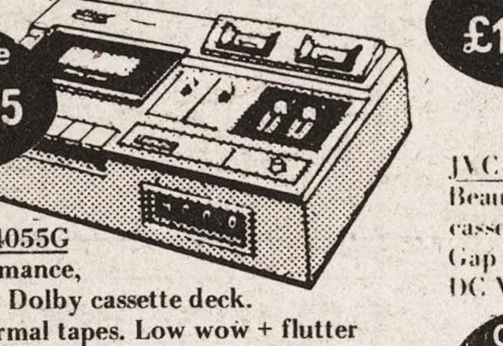

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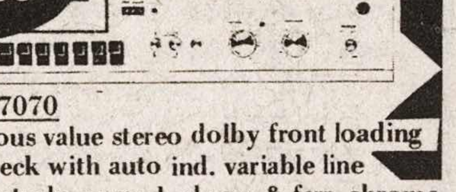

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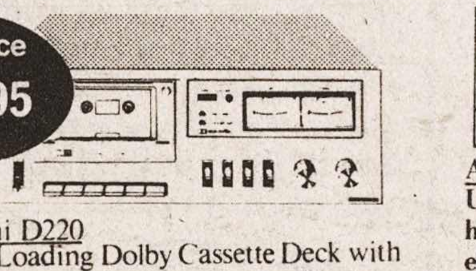

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key facts

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They lived and reviewed like there was no tomorrow — until there wasn't. That's when the day of retribution came, the day of. . .

Above: Steve Hillage sends a flaming cauliflower to strike fear in the hearts of Carnaby St.

UFO BAG

(Otherwise known as Close Encounters Of The Letter Kind)

I write in disgust after reading the pathetic article by the malodorous, misinformed Emma Ruth on a recent UFO concert. Ms Ruth is clearly one of these conceited wasters who like to of think themselves as left-wing intellectuals and are always singing the praises of "new wave" so-called music; after reluctantly admitting that UFO play fantastic music she takes up more space criticising "what music of this kind stands for" and in general abusing heavy metal fans.

"Human wreckage" is the term used by Ms Ruth with reference to those lucky enough to have front row seats. Obviously people of low I.Q. since for some weird obsolete reason they prefer listening to men who can play musical instruments rather than to those who cannot. Ms. Ruth apparently believes herself to be some higher life form merely because along with nearly every other rock journalist, she claims to enjoy the strange sounds made by groups of filthy unkempt dregs whose only claim to fame is that their vocabulary consists entirely of four-letter words.

"Five ordinary guys who just happen to play rock and roll for a living" is how Ms. Ruth describes Mogg and Co. Maybe she is bigheaded enough to believe that any clown like herself can pick up a guitar and be on par with Raymond, Chapman (or Schenker) or sing as well as Phil Mogg — I certainly am not. It is, however, common knowledge that anyone can, at the drop of a hat, become a new wave "musician".

Narrow-minded rock journalists like you at *NME* all seem to be under the impression that heavy metal fans are all long haired, uneducated, leather-clad morons, or even as your counterparts on the *Sounds* staff seem to think, neo-Nazi Pakibashers. I, and most of my associates who like HM, are short-haired, reasonably intelligent, smartly dressed fellows with moderate political views (with the exception of Mr. Max Todd).

So in conclusion I would ask you to stop slagging real music played by bands like UFO, Boston and other wholesome folk and start treating it as good entertainment.

RAYMOND R. K. WALKINSHAW, Kilmarnock.

Yeh, I don't know why calling any band "five ordinary guys who play rock for a living" should be considered such a damning insult either. Mind you, you get pretty pompous yourself R.K. Plus it's a pretty slim excuse for the UFO BAG right? Oh well, back to headbanging — NS.

Q. Why are your gig reviews of such a high quality whilst the albums pages are total bullshit?

A. Maybe it's because they're mostly written by critics who haven't got a regular job on the *NME* staff and therefore have to be honest and UNBIASED in their reporting.

Maybe it's because the jaded ol' hacks sitting pretty in Carnaby Street are fed up with music and don't like noisy pop groups and can cover their disinterest with verbal diarrhoea.

What's the point of giving someone an album to consider if they approach it with a biased mind and total apathy (i.e. Nick Kent on Hillage, Phil McNeill on Generation X)? Might not the dear reader benefit from reading an article that has a modicum of a constructive approach? I know no-one buys an album 'cos a reviewer says it's good, or more applicably, vice-versa, but don't you reckon it'd be interesting if occasionally you told us what some of the tracks were like, or reviewed an album without the constant facade of a journalist's (ah) petty snivellings?

I remember a few letters in the past when you let CSM loose on ELP, and up til recently, i.e. til Logan left, you reformed a bit — or has Neil Spencer started paying hatchet money? At least Ian Penman said "Love Beach" was crap in a constructive way, having considered the record from a few angles — Nick Kent went straight into the sarcasm (which we all know is the lowest form of wit). He might think Hillage is a "hippy-dippy grinning buffoon" but does he justify it in musical terms? Very slightly. Wouldn't it have been better to let Angus McKinnon review it? In fact, it'd be best to let him review everything, 'cos he's the best writer you've got since Brian Case left.

Now we all know that slagging bands is great fun for the writer and the reader — God, I just love hearing about the latest Kiss piccy disc or Judas Priest's new masterpiece and perhaps in cases such as these it is warranted — exploitation of gullible, impressionable adolescents is not acceptable and much of the criticism rightly comes for what these bands are. But you can't fairly criticise music if it is not overtly extravagant / pretentious / obscene, etc. — the average band shouldn't be poleaxed for their music if they aren't a group of posing turkeys making thousands out of sucker teenagers. And there aren't too many bands like that.

I know you either won't print this or'll get some smart-ass to write a sarcy comment and make me look a nurd for defending the likes of Hillage, ELP, Here & Now etc, but you're only fooling yourself. Your albums pages are absolutely awful and mar an otherwise OK comic.

ANDY SHIELDS, Nailsea, Bristol

Write a sarcy comment? Who me? Actually, I think what prompts the vitriol is not mere aesthetic outrage — I mean, any OGWT will give you that — but the thought that you punters are being asked to shell out the hard-earned readies for these albums. Anyway, not even Angus can face reviewing *another* Steve Hillage album. — NS

Dear Charlie, your review of The Dickies album was the biggest load of trash I have read for a very long time. I cannot see how such a scathing review of this record is justified. Yes they are real, real microphones, real instruments making real music. How can you say that just because it sells for under 3 quid pressed on yellow vinyl it is already a virtual success before it hits the market? That is pathetic.

The price, granted, has probably helped it get into the charts but I doubt in such a big way as you think. The colour of the vinyl has done bugger all for it. Why has no praise gone to this band for the low price of the record? You show me a person who would rather pay £4 plus and I'll show you a complimentary *NME* album review. So the album only lasts 26 mins, big deal, so do about half the albums in my collection (MC5, Gooz, Shadows Of Knight, Beach Boys and others). All I do is play it again.

This album is FUN. You, Charlie, take it so seriously, and don't we need records like this with so much bilge about? I hope it gets to number one and the next album they do is even cheaper on any colour vinyl they care to choose. It could even replace Blondie at the top — you know, the band that will never make it. Remember writing that?

SKY SAXON'S BROTHER, Stockport, Cheshire.

Well, Charlie, remember writing that? — NS

I certainly do. Have you never been wrong? I'm glad you consider the Dickies' album to be "fun" — I don't think I've ever had less "fun" from a record. Incidentally, can you honestly suggest any other reason for doing a cheap yellow album other than a simple desire to get a fast, spectacular chart entry? — CSM

I would just like to point out that I saw Kid Jensen shopping in C & A last week. He bought a pair of sun glasses and a car repair kit. Is he going on holiday?

DAVID BUTLER, Aldborough, Hull.

I think it's called 'The Radio One Roadshow' — NS

Dear McGuinn, Hillman & Clarke, if we were "such a great audience" (The Venue — 15th Feb 1979) don't you think we deserve a little more than just one hour's music (however good it was) for our £4?

Even Grandpa Dylan can manage a two hour set these days — and there was no time curfew at The Venue. So explanations please!!

MIKE WARE, Bath.

Well obviously it couldn't be a terminal lack of energy or a churlish disregard for their public so I'm stuck. Still, how many bands do play for more than an hour? Still, how many charge £4? — NS

I wish I could afford a nice, warm, expensive-looking, sheepskin overcoat like the one John Lydon is sporting in this week's *NME.*

SUSAN CHELSEA, Surrey.

Ah, stop feeling sorry for yourself — NS

I blame you snotty New Wave scribblers for this plague of leopardskin. Last Monday The Music Machine invited me free to see The Leyton Buzzards but all I saw was leopardskin shoes, hats, pants and even leotards and jackets. It was another armpit night in Camden Town. The support group The Favourites were far too poppy and the Buzzards were a noize and looked like tarts. At least The Favourites looked like boys.

Do you lot actually LIKE men to look like tarts? The NY Dolls don't know what they started. After the gig at 1.30 am I was standing outside on the corner with two punks, blond hair, black roots, leather, multi-zipped pants — the uniform, right? I dunno why but I said "What a life. . .and Sid's dead. . ." and one replied "Yeah but punk ain't." Just then my Dad arrived to pick me up in his Renault 18 and I heard a shout of 'YOU BIG COW'. I'm 5'8¾".

PATSY, Kilburn.

Know what ya mean. Even Monty Smith has taken to wearing a leopardskin donkey jacket — he don't exactly look like a tart though — NB

I'd like to put forward a few opinions which may seem outdated in the face of present media opinion. Surely the reason we all flocked to the 'New Wave' in the first place was the old thing about 'they're in touch with the street, live where we live, care about what we care about etc, unlike the Stones, Zep, Quo ad nauseam.' Well, it was true and it still is but certain elements seem to be trying to steer us safely back to '68, it seems to me. If you can't understand why there's a riot every time Sham play London then stay at home. Don't get me wrong, I don't condone it, but just take a walk through the Victorian back-to-backs or megalith council-block estates in any British city and then give us your middle-class snidey jokes about 'street credibility.' You took that term and, from an initial misinterpretation, distorted its value out of any context.

Of course the kids who live in council planning disasters with graffitti on every cold grey wall and a mugging a week on the stairs rallied to The Clash and later to Sham because it was true. But don't expect any group to ever change any of that or — as you seem to — harbour the fantasy that somehow the demonstration and celebration of their problems will make the kids 'see the light' and work for something better — that's the strongest hippie ideal of all and it's a lie. Does anybody honestly think 'London's Burning' will bring down the tower blocks or 'Borstal Breakout' will stop kids getting into trouble? I just don't see why the 'ugly' scenes at Middlesex Poly should make Jimmy Pursey 'think twice' unless he's misunderstood his fans as badly as Paul du Noyer.

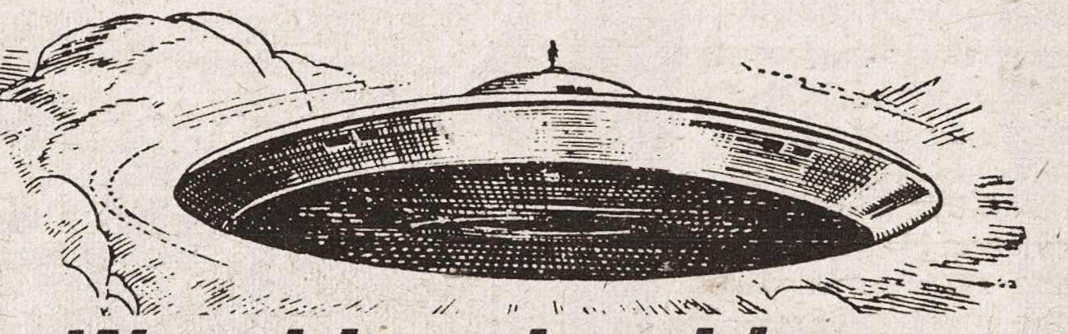
'They' have created an inner-city situation so horrific and inhuman with their planning and redevelopments and total lack of realistic and priorative law enforcement that when Pursey or Strummer or anybody with any suss who knows what it's like gets up on stage and turns it into (a) the best rock'n'roll in the world, (b) a bloody great bomb to throw back at them, or (c) someone telling you the real truth about your life as you know it to be, of course it explodes in their faces. It's the only time you feel *that.* intense, the only time you get any feelings of power, the only time you're massed with people who feel the same, the only time you can be seen. This society is screwed up and the working-class kids — who are the only ones who'll ever understand these things in their guts — are the ones who eat the most shit. Their reactions at gigs are just a natural expression of what's happening to them.

It's irrelevant to talk about 'mindless violence' or 'fighting each other when we should be fighting the system' (What bloody system?). Everyting's a cock-up, anarchy is here, so don't expect evolved planned reactions, you dreamer.

It doesn't even matter if Sham never play again, it doesn't matter if The Clash do 'well' in America (what does LA know about slum clearance?) of if they bring out an album about a deaf, dumb and blind kid, this music is here, now and gone. 'White Riot' was a moment in time, a feeling when they wrote it and a feeling the first time you heard it. 'White Riot' as a pure song is gone now. (ie they've moved to 'Tommy Gun' etc) but 'White Riot' the feeling is still there. It's still there to be topped but it'll never be channelled. It's an expression of passion, not a political statement. There is no hope, to paraphrase Patti Smith: 'They created it, now let's destroy it.'

ALAN COPLAND, Southampton

LP winner — NS



Watching the skies: *NEIL SPENCER*

Despatch your letter along the nearest ley line to GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W.1.

DOES this isle seem a fairer and sunnier place this week? It certainly is! Do the cruel jaws of winter seem to be relaxing their savage grip across our lands and lives? They certainly do! Can this have anything to do with the fact that **The Clash** have completed their mission overseas and are back in their native territory. How naive can you get?

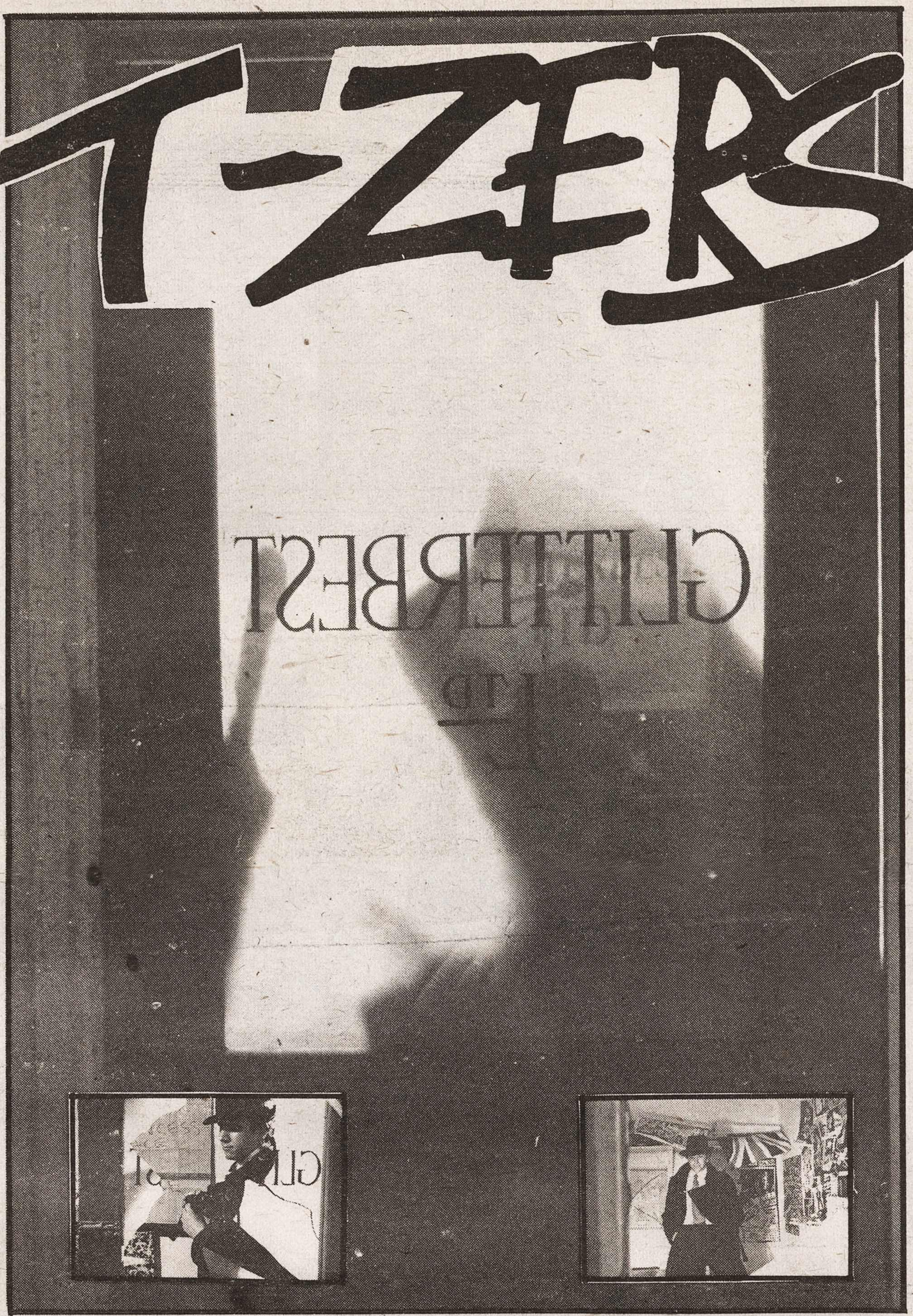
Still jetlagged out of his gourd and refusing with steadfast modesty to take any credit for rapidly improving climatic conditions. **Joe Strummer** fell by the *NME* offices to say hello (or "'ELLO!" to be precise) and allowed himself to get chained to a typewriter upon which he punched out his own account of The Clash's American sojourn. Did a full day's work — no pissing about — got his copy in on time, even answered the phone and took **Nick Kent's** messages for him . . . **Neil Spencer** says there's a job waiting for Strummer if his throat ever gives out on him, but he'd have to change his name to Joe Scribbler first.

While Joe was hard at work doing his Jimmy Olsen stuff, we got a call from The Clash's publicist offering us an interview with The Clash. Pity that wasn't one of the calls that Joe answered.

Meanwhile, a report from one of other correspondents on the subject of taking the Sound Of The Westway (ah! memories) to the land of coke and money tells us of a press conference in an Italian restaurant in New York which came to a premature end when Strummer jumped onto a table at the instigation of photographers. Prior to that, **Paul Simonon** had stated, "Here they have a tendency to lay money on the stage instead of gobbing. I made 17 dollars the other day — it's great!" **Mick Jones** added, "It's easier when there's no spit on the guitar — it gets slippery. The only people who gob in England are up north — they're a bit behind." They also stated that to meet, play and travel with **Bo Diddley** was "a great privilege" and that playing New York was "really an event". For further Clash stuff, we turn you over to Joe's own spiel on pages 19/20 . . .

This is where things start getting silly: **Neil Young** and **Keith Richards** are getting together to tour the States under the name of **The Barbarians** with **Willie Weeks** and **Andy Newmark** as rhythm section. We have no idea why, or how or when (let alone what they'll be playing), but our transatlantic spies tell us it's definitely on (unless someone changes their mind). More news as it happens on Radio WTZER . . .

Whoops: instant **Clash** update (actually, we had this information all along, but it was buried under a pile of rubbish here at Triple Dot Central and we just unearthed it with snow-ploughs): **Bruce Springsteen, David Johansen, Andy Warhol, Nico, John Cale, Robert deNiro** and all of **Blondie** all saw The Clash at the Palladium in New York.



It was just another day. I felt old and used. I set fire to another Lucky, bought myself a bourbon from the office bottle and wondered why STEVE JONES was posing by a door market 'Gutterbest' disguised as Robert Mitchum. Then it hit me. This must be another bunch of stills from ***The Great Rock'N'Roll Swindle*** *. . .*

When taken to Studio 54, the lads insisted that all of their entourage — even the unfashionable ones — be admitted to the sacred portals of N.Y.'s leading bastion of privilege. Natcho, they all were — even the bus driver — and all ended happily. They return Stateside to do it all again in June . . .

Radio Stars' Andy Ellison and **Trevor White** were making their way from a gig at Teesside Poly in Middlesbrough to a waiting car when they were attacked under mysterious circumstances by a "gang of middle-aged men". Ellison suffered from concussion and White received 12 stitches. Ellison's stunt-man abilities to fall over without injury obviously didn't help much in this particular instance. But the question still remains: why anybody would want to attack a bunch of fun-loving buffoons like Radio Stars in the first place *(Yes, why? — Ed).*

Anybody willing to endure the idiocy that passes every week for the nation's number one pop prog (Top Of The Flops) may, if they watch very closely tonight, be able to spot none other than **Simon Crowe** of those **Boomtown Rats** depping for **Thin Lizzy's Brian Downey**. On the other hand they may just get lots of eyeful's of **Phil Lynott's** badly shrunken trousers, which would at least give them something to think about for the rest of the week . . .

The erstwhile teen magnate of pop, **Phil Spector,** has added his own inimitable production flourish to both (yes, both) sides of the forthcoming **Ramones** single, 'Rock'n'Roll High School' b/w 'I Want You Around', the A-side being the title song from The Ramones screen deboo. This promises to be yet another bid for ultimate teenage approval from everybody's fave social outcasts., whose last encounter with the Philles recluse, you may recall, prompted the latter to draw and wave a loaded revolver in order to test out the former's 'toughness' . . .

They said it couldn't happen here, and it hasn't: The American radio stations' current favourite tub of lard, **Meatloaf** (whose "Bat Out Of Hell" album it is now possible to buy exclusively on singles) got hitched last week at **Todd Rundgren's** house in upstate New York. The lucky lady (we believe this is the proper expression but in this case we're not so sure) was one **Leslie Edmonds**. Best man was the Loaf's musical director **Jim Steinman** . . .

A rumour is at this moment spreading like wild-fire on Manchester's street telegraph to the effect that **Steve Diggle** of **Buzzcocks** has died. Notice he wasn't wearing any shoes on the cover of Buzzcock's last single? Notice he's not involved in any solo activities? Notice the initials of the song "E.S.P." when read backwards stand for 'Poor Steve's Expired'? Put two and two together and what do you get? That's right, the answer is six. Diggle, who hasn't been seen for the past few weeks remains strangely silent on the subject of his death. New Hormones refused to comment . . .

This is definitely not a very good year for **Sid Vicious' mum.** She was busted on Friday night after 25 lbs of cannabis had been found in a Paddington flat. She and three others were detained at Paddington Green police station . . .

Distress call: Chiswick Records are offering a reward of £50 to anyone returning to them in good condition the 2,500 sleeves of 'The Ace Story Vols 1 & II nicked from the Chiswick van (number VPG 379M) ripped off from Kentish Town Road last week. C'mon, whoever: fair's fair. Give 'em their sleeves back (and the van'd go down a treat as well) . . .

Department of corrections and misinformation (1): **Harry George** asks us to point out that the line "Stiff-equals-Dung" in his **Lene Lovitch** live review last week should have read "Stiff-equals-*Dury*". Put it down to an acute case of proofreaders' eyeball, awright? . . .

Department of corrections and misinformations (2): last week we mentioned that Seditionaries was closed. However, that was a one-off, and the hallowed back parlour is currently well'n truly open for business (if you happen to like that sort of thing, that is) . . .

This sounds like fun: **David Cassidy** (that's Shaun's elder brother for those of you who've got thankfully forgotten the vogue he enjoyed a few years back as screamage idol) has bought the rights for a film dramatization of **J. Paul Getty III's** kidnapping in Rome back in '73 . . .

The digitalis please, nurse, the excitement is killing the poor little dots: fuelling rumours that he's signing **The Angelic Upstarts** to WEA (see *Frills),* **Jimmy Pursey** rang **Phil McNeill** on Monday from Warners' offices pretending to be a WEA press officer. Why anyone would pretend to be a WEA PR is quite beyond us . . .

And just as we were getting ready to collapse at the end of a strenuous Monday, **Tom Robinson** sauntered into the offices clutching a cassette of the **TRB** Two' album — produced, natch, by **Todd Rundgren** — and an informal conclave of everybody in the office still capable of remaining approximately upright staggered into the review room to check it out. The collaboration of TR and TRB has resulted in what a panel of sociologists, ethnomusicologists and basic rock and roll nutters described as "alternately epic and raunchy, with a decided leap in both musical capability and fun-o-meter rating". Tom reckons that TRB need to establish some musical in addition to their extant social/ political/ nice guy credibility, and the dots reckon he's got just the elpee to do it with . . .

This we don't believe: self-confessed 'weedy little vegetarian with overrated haircut-**Ian Penman** mistaken for a skinhead at the **Generation X/Fall** Lyceum gig and checked out for steel toecaps . . .

And further to last week's *T-Zerz,* wherein we stated that **Greg Kihn** was getting the honour of premiereing **Loose Windscreen**'s 'Rendezvous', we are taken to task and put under heavy heavy manners by **Audry O** of the fine county of Leicestershire, who informs us with more than a hint of asperity that the Boss has, of course, appeared on illicit bootleg vinyl with this and many other songs. Okay, okay, we meant 'officially premiere' . . .

Right, the dots are going home. If any more pop stars want to write us articles, play us cassettes of their new elpees or ring up and play funny buggers, tell 'em they'll haveta wait until next week. Ours is a sextuple . . .

THE ALBERTOS pretend that they're just kidding around with typical Mancunian deadpan wackiness and not really commenting on PETE SHELLY's production techniques. Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS.

ROY WOOD stands in front of CHEAP TRICK doing the Bronosaurus while DAVE EDMUNDS plays on, mutely aghast. Pic: PAUL SLATTERY.

BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN

This week		Last week
1	Clash Police	(1)
2	PIL	(2)
3	Buzzcocks	(3)
4	Skids	(—)
5	Gang of Four	(—)
6	All Mod Cons	(—)
7	999	(5)
8	Alternative Ulster	(4)
9	The Mekons	(—)
10	New Siouxsie	(—)

New releases **20p:** Be Stiff, The Future is Female (Wayne County), Sex Pistols: Rock'n'Roll Swindle, Never Trust a Hippy, Cash From Chaos, Believe in the Ruins, The Only Notes That Matter, They Swindled Their Way to the Top. True Love (Jilted John), UK Subs CID.

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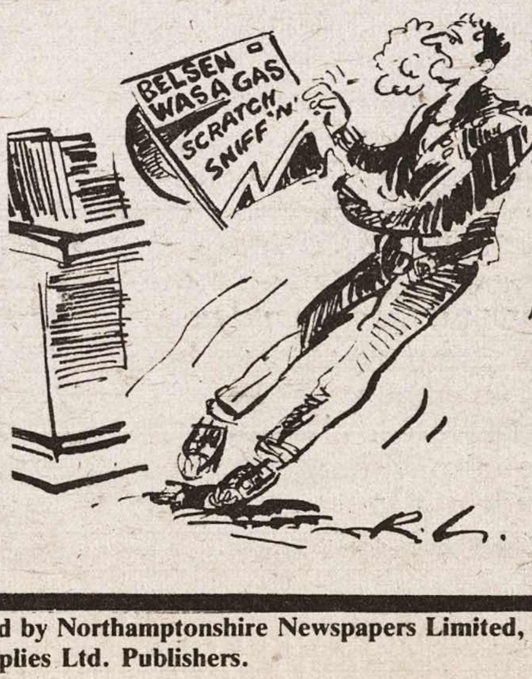

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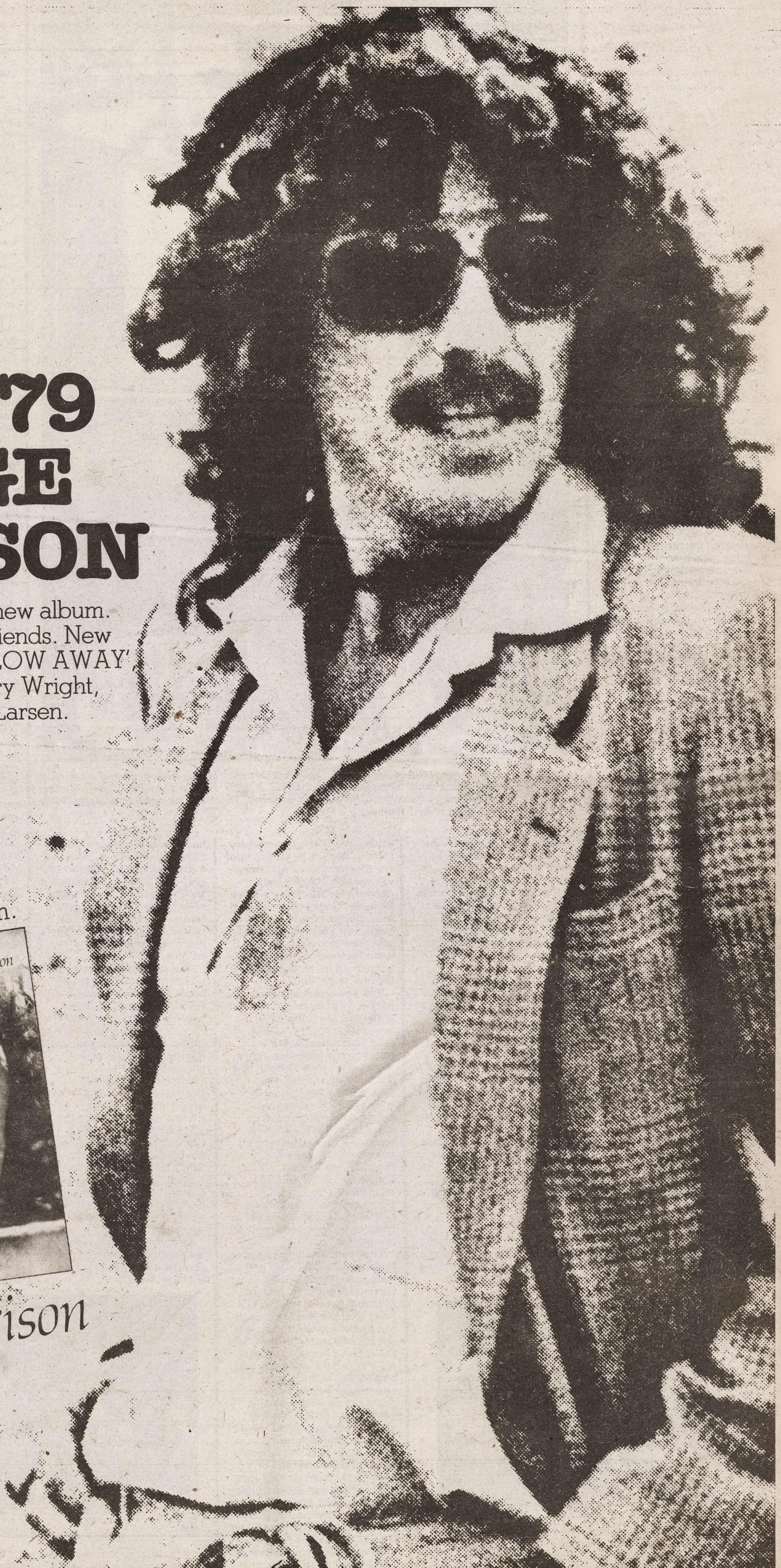
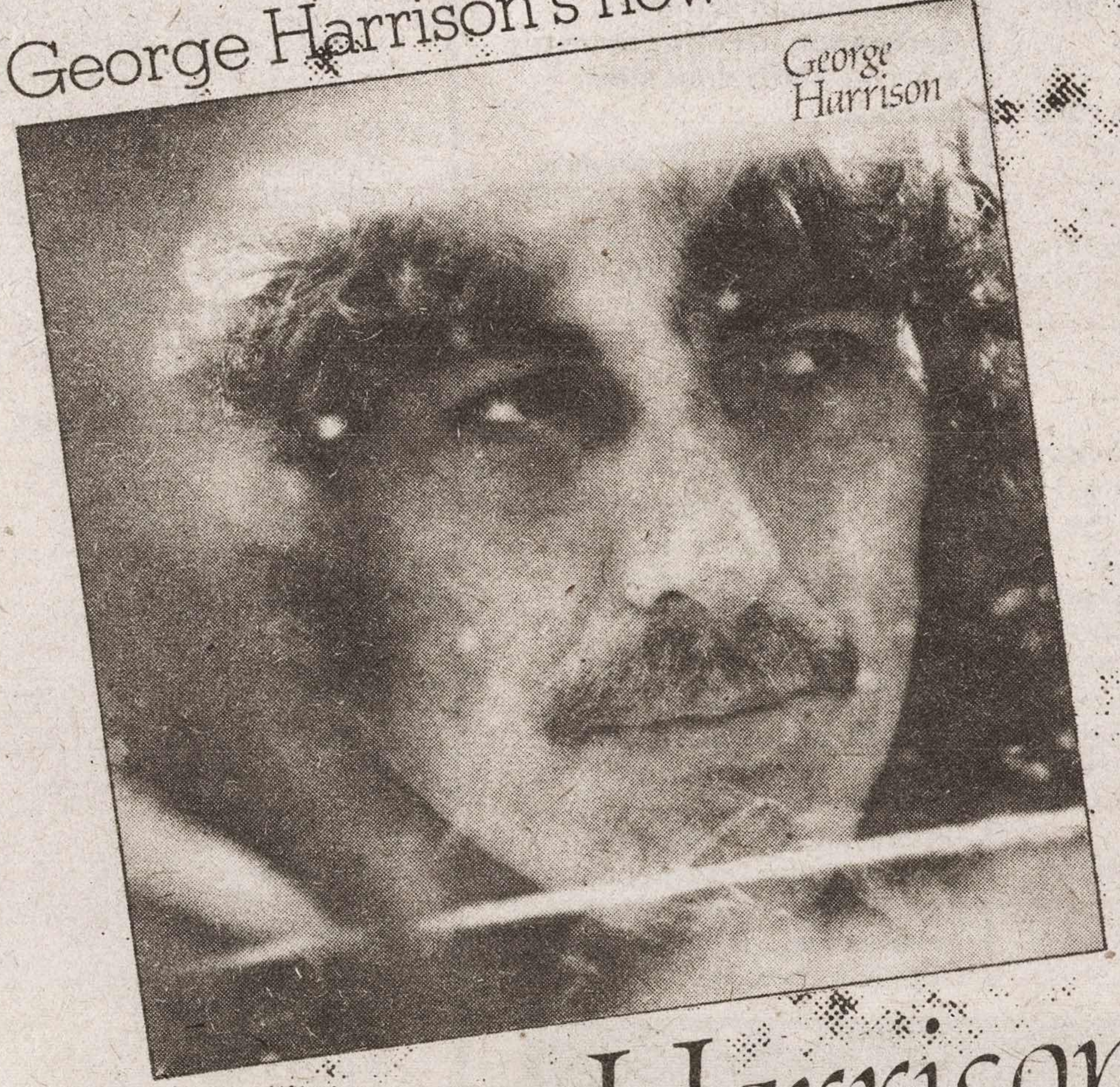


THE 1979 GEORGE HARRISON

George Harrison, is George's new album. Featuring new songs and old friends. New songs including his new single 'BLOW AWAY' with friends Eric Clapton, Gary Wright, Steve Winwood, and Neil Larsen.

George Harrison's new album.



George Harrison

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